CAMILLA:

OR,

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

EVELINA AND *CECILIA.*

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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CONTENTS

OF THE

FOURTH VOLUME.

BOOK VII.

		Page
CHAP. I.	The right Style of Arguing,	1
II.	A Council,	12
III.	A Propoſal of Marriage,	26
IV.	A Bull-Dog,	37
V.	An Oak Tree,	52
VI.	A Call of the Houſe,	68
VII.	The Triumph of Pride,	88
VIII.	A Summons to Happineſs,	101
IX.	Offs and Ons,	124
X.	Reſolutions,	141
XI.	Eaſe and Freedom,	157
XII.	Dilemmas,	174
XIII.	Live and Learn,	189

BOOK

CONTENTS.

BOOK VIII.

		Page
CHAP. I.	A Way to make Friends,	208
II.	A Rage of Obliging,	230
III.	A Pleaſant Adventure,	253
IV.	An Author's Time-keeper,	270
V.	An agreeable Hearing,	283
VI.	Ideas upon Marriage,	304
VII.	How to treat a Defamer,	315
VIII.	The Power of Prepoſſeſſion,	337
IX.	A Scuffle, - -	353
X.	A Youthful Effuſion,	373
XI.	The Computations of Self-Love, - -	398
XII.	Juvenile Calculations,	414

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CAMILLA;

OR,

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

BOOK VII.

CHAP. I.

The right Style of Arguing.

CAMILLA was received with the moſt tender joy by all her family, again reaſſembled at Cleves to welcome the return of young Lynmere, who was expected every hour. Sir Hugh, perfectly recovered from his late illneſs, and buſy, notwithſtanding all remonſtrance, in preparation for the approaching nuptials, was in ſpirits that exhilarated whoever ſaw him. Eu-

genia awaited that event with gentleneſs, though with varying ſenſations; from fears, leſt her perſonal misfortunes ſhould prove repulſive to Clermont, and from wiſhes to find him reſembling Melmond in talents, and Bellamy in paſſion and conſtancy.

Dr. Orkborne gave now his leſſons with redoubled aſſiduity, from an ambition to produce to the ſcholaſtic traveller, a phenomenon of his own workmanſhip in a learned young female: nor were his toils leſs ready, nor leſs pleaſant, for a ſecret ſurmiſe they would ſhortly end; though not till honour ſhould be united with independence, for his recompence. But Miſs Margland fretted, that this wedding would advance no London journey; and Indiana could not for a moment recover from her indignation, that the deformed and ugly Eugenia, though two years younger than herſelf, ſhould be married before her. Lavinia had no thought but for the happineſs of her ſiſter; and Mr. Tyrold lamented the abſence of his wife, who, alike from underſtanding and affec-

tion, was the only perſon to properly ſuperintend this affair, but from whom Dr. Marchmont, juſt arrived, brought very faint hopes of a ſpeedy return.

Eugenia, however, was not the ſole care of her father, at this period. The countenance of Camilla ſoon betrayed, to his inquiring eyes, the inefficacy of the Tunbridge journey. But he forbore all queſtion; and left to time or her choice to unravel, if new incidents kept alive her inquietude, or, if no incident at all had been equally prejudicial to her repoſe.

* * * * * *

Two days after, while Camilla, ſtill aſtoniſhed by no news, nor ſight of Edgar, was ſitting with her ſiſters, and recounting to them her late adventures, and preſent difficulties, with Sir Sedley Clarendel, Jacob brought her, in its own ſuperb bird-cage, the learned little bullfinch; telling her, it had been delivered to him without any meſſage, by a man who ſaid

ſhe had left it, by miſtake, at Tunbridge, whence he had had orders to follow her with it to Cleves park.

She was much provoked thus to receive it. Mrs. Arlbery had preſſed her to take it in her uncle's chaiſe, which ſhe had firmly refuſed; and ſhe now concluded this method was adopted, that Sir Sedley might imagine ſhe detained it as his gift.

In drawing out, ſoon after, the receptacle for the bird's nouriſhment, ſhe perceived, written with a pencil upon the wood, theſe words: "Thou art gone then, fair fugitive! Ah! at leaſt, fly only where thou mayſt be purſued!"

This writing had not been viſible till the machine was taken out to be repleniſhed. She recollected the hand of Sir Sedley, and was now ſure it was ſent by himſelf, and could no longer, therefore, doubt his intentions being ſerious.

With infinite perplexity ſhe conſulted with her ſiſters; but, when candidly ſhe had

had related, that once, to her never-ending regret, ſhe had apparently welcomed his civilities, Eugenia pronounced her rectitude to be engaged by that error, as ſtrongly as her gratitude by the preſervation of her life, and the extraordinary ſervice done to Lionel, not to reject the young baronet, ſhould he make his propoſals.

She heard this opinion with horror. Timid ſhame, and the counſel of her father, united to impede her naming the internal obſtacle which ſhe felt to be inſurmountable; and, while caſting up, in ſilence, her appealing eyes to Heaven for relief, from the intricacy in which ſhe found herſelf involved, ſhe ſaw Lionel gallopping into the park.

She flew to meet him, and he diſmounted, and led his horſe, to walk with her.

She flattered herſelf, ſhe might now repreſent the miſchief he was doing, and obtain from him ſome redreſs. But he was more wild and impracticable than ever. "Well, my dear girl," he cried,

"when are all theſe betterings and worſ-ings to take place? Numps has ſent for me to ſee poor little Greek and Latin hobble to the altar; but, 'tis a million to one, if our noble baronet does not wiſk you there before her. He's a charming fellow, faith. I had a good long confab with him this morning."

"This morning? I hope, then, you were ſo good, ſo juſt, as to tell him when you mean to pay the money you have borrowed?"

"My dear child, I often think you were born but yeſterday, only, by ſome accident, you came into the world, like Minerva, grown up and ready dreſſed. What makes you think I mean to pay him? Have I given him any bond?"

"A bond? Is that neceſſary to juſtice and honour?"

"If I had aſked the money, you are right, my dear; I ought, then, certainly, to refund. But, as it now ſtands, 'tis his own affair. I have nothing to do with it: except, indeed, receiving the dear little

little golden boys, and making merry with them."

"O fie, Lionel, fie!"

"Why, what had I to do with it? Do you think he would care one fig if he ſaw me ſunk to the bottom of the Red Sea? No, my dear, no; you are the little debtor; ſo balance your accounts for yourſelf, and don't caſt them upon your poor neighbours, who have full enough to ſettle of their own."

Camilla was thunderſtruck; "And have you been ſo cruel," ſhe cried, "ſeeing the matter in ſuch a light, to place me in ſuch a predicament?"

"Cruel, my dear girl? why, what will it coſt you, except a dimple or two the more? And don't you know you always look beſt when you ſmile? I aſſure you, it's a mercy he don't ſee you when you are giving me one of my lectures. It diſfigures you ſo horribly, that he'd take fright and never ſpeak to you again."

"What can I ever ſay, to make you hear me, or feel for me? Tell me,

at leaſt, what has paſſed this morning; and aſſure me that nothing new, nothing yet worſe, has occurred."

"O no, nothing at all. All is in the faireſt train poſſible. I dare ſay, he'll come hither, upon the grand queſtion, before ſun-ſet."

Camilla gaſped for breath, and was ſome time before ſhe could aſk whence he drew ſuch a concluſion.

"O, becauſe I ſee he's in for it. I have a pretty good eye, my dear! He ſaid, too, he had ſuch a prodigious----- friendſhip, I think he called it, for you, that he was immeaſurably happy, and all that, to be of the leaſt ſervice to your brother. A fine fellow, upon my word! a fine generous ſpark as ever I ſaw. He charged me to call upon him freely when I had any little embarraſſment, or difficulty, or was hard run, or things of that ſort. He's a fine buck, I tell you, and knows the world perfectly, that I promiſe you. He's none of your drivellers, none of your ignoramuſes. He has the true notion

notion of things. He's juſt a right friend for me. You could not have made a better match."

Camilla, in the moſt ſolemn manner, proteſted herſelf diſengaged in thought, word, and deed; and declared her fixed intention ſo to continue. But he only laughed at her declarations, calling them maidenly fibs; and, aſſuring her, the young baronet was ſo much in earneſt, ſhe might as well be ſincere as not. "Beſides," he added, "'tis not fair to trifle where a man behaves ſo handſomely and honourably. Conſider the £.200!"

"I ſhall quite loſe my ſenſes, Lionel!" cried ſhe, in an agony; "I ſhall quite loſe my ſenſes if you ſpeak in this manner!"

Lionel ſhouted aloud; "Why, my dear girl, what is £.200 to Sir Sedley Clarendel? You talk as if he had twenty pound a-year for pin-money, like you and Lavinia, that might go with half a gown a-year, if good old Numps did not help you. Why, he's as rich as Crœſus, child. Beſides, he would have been quite af-

fronted if I had talked of paying him ſuch a trifle, for he offered me any thing I pleaſed. O, he knows the world, I promiſe you! He's none of your ſtarched prigs. He knows life, my dear! He ſaid, he could perfectly conceive how hard it muſt be to a lad of ſpirit, like me, to be always exact. I don't know that I ever made a more agreeable acquaintance in my life."

Camilla was in an agitation that made him regard her, for a moment, with a ſerious ſurpriſe; but his natural levity ſoon reſumed its poſt, and, laughing at himſelf for being nearly, he ſaid, taken in, by her childiſh freaks, he proteſted he would bite no more: "For, after all, you muſt not think to make a fool of me, my dear. It won't do. I'm too knowing. Do you ſuppoſe, if he had not already made up his mind to the nooſe, and was not ſure you had made up yours to letting it be tied, he would have cared for poor me, and my ſcrapes? No, no; whatever he does for me, before you are married,

married, you may ſet down in your own memorandum book: whatever he may pleaſe to do afterwards, I am content ſhould be charged to poor Pillgarlic."

He then bid her good-morrow, by the name of Lady Clarendel; and ſaid, he would go and ſee if little Greek and Latin were as prepoſterous a prude about young Lynmere.

Camilla remained almoſt petrified with amazement at her own ſituation; and only was deterred from immediately opening her whole heart and affairs to her father, with the confidence to which his indulgence entitled him, by the impoſſibility of explaining her full diſtreſs without betraying her brother.

CHAP. II.

A Council.

THE next morning, Camilla, eager to try once more her influence with her brother, accompanied him into the park, and renewed her remonſtrances, but with no better ſucceſs; and while they were paſſing by a private gate, that opened to the high road, they ſaw Sir Sedley Clarendel driving by in his phaeton.

Lionel, burſting from his ſiſter, opened the gate, called to Sir Sedley to give his reins to one of his ſervants, and brought him, not unwilling, though much ſurpriſed, into the park.

Camilla, in diſmay unſpeakable at this conduct, and the idea of ſuch a meeting, had run forward inſtantly to hide herſelf in the ſummer-houſe, to avoid re-paſſing

the gate in her way to the manſion; but her ſcheme was more precipitate than wiſe; Lionel caught a glimpſe of her gown as ſhe went into the little building, and ſhouted aloud: "Look! look! Sir Sedley! there's Camilla making believe to run away from you!"

"Ah, fair fugitive!" cried the baronet, ſpringing forward, and entering the ſummer-houſe almoſt as ſoon as herſelf, "fly only thus, where you may be purſued!"

Camilla, utterly confounded, knew not where to caſt her eyes, where to hide her face; and her quick-changing colour, and ſhort-heaved breath, manifeſted an exceſs of confuſion, that touched, flattered, and penetrated the baronet ſo deeply and ſo ſuddenly, as to put him off from all guard of conſequences, and all recollection of matrimonial diſtaſte: "Beautiful, reſiſtleſs Camilla!" he cried; "how vain is it to ſtruggle againſt your witchery! Aſſure me but of your clemency, and I will adore the chains that ſhackle me!"

Camilla,

Camilla, wholly overcome, by ſorrow, gratitude, repentance, and ſhame, ſunk upon a chair, and ſhed a torrent of tears that ſhe even ſought not to reſtrain. The ſhock of refuſing one, to whoſe error in believing himſelf acceptable ſhe had largely contributed, or the horror of yielding to him her hand, while her heart was in the poſſeſſion of another, made her almoſt wiſh, at this moment, he ſhould divine her diſtreſs, that his own pride might conclude it.

But far different from what would produce ſuch an effect, were the feelings of pride now working in his boſom. He imagined her emotion had its ſource in cauſes the ſofteſt and moſt flattering. Every perſonal obſtacle ſunk before this idea, and with a ſerioufneſs in his manner he had not yet uſed: "This evening, lovely Camilla," he cried, "let me beg, for this evening, the audience accorded me upon that which I loſt at Tunbridge."

He was then going; but Camilla, haſtily riſing, cried, "Sir Sedley, I beſeech----" when Lionel capering into the little apartment,

ment, danced round it in mad ecſtaſy, chanting "Lady Clarendel, Lady Clarendel, my dear Lady Clarendel!"

Camilla now was not confuſed alone. Sir Sedley himſelf could gladly have puſhed him out of the building; but neither the looks of ſurpriſe and provocation of the baronet, nor the prayers nor reprimands of Camilla, could tame his wild tranſport. He ſhook hands, whether he would or not, with the one; he bowed moſt obſequiouſly, whether ſhe would regard him or not, to the other; and ſtill chanting the ſame burden, made a clamour that ſhook the little edifice to its foundation.

The ſtrong taſte for ridicule, that was a prominent part of the character of Sir Sedley, was ſoon conquered by this ludicrous behaviour, and both his amazement and diſpleaſure ended in a hearty fit of laughter. But Camilla ſuffered too ſeverely to join in the mirth; ſhe bluſhed for her brother, ſhe bluſhed for herſelf, ſhe hung her head

in

in ſpeechleſs ſhame, and covered her eyes with her hand.

The noiſy merriment of Lionel preventing any explanation, though rendering it every moment more neceſſary, Sir Sedley, repeating his requeſt for the evening, took leave.

Camilla looked upon his departing in this manner as her ſentence to miſery, and was purſuing him, to decline the viſit; but Lionel, ſeizing her two hands, ſwung her round the room, in defiance of her even angry expoſtulations and ſufferings, which he neither credited nor conceived, and then ſkipt after the baronet himſelf, who was already out of the park.

She became now nearly frantic. She thought herſelf irretrievably in the power of Sir Sedley, and by means ſo forced and indelicate, that ſhe was ſcarcely more afflicted at the event, than ſhocked by its circumſtances; and though incapable to really harbour rancour againſt a brother ſhe ſincerely loved, ſhe yet believed at this moment

moment ſhe never ſhould forgive, nor willingly ſee him more.

In this ſtate ſhe was found by Lavinia. The hiſtory was inarticulately told, but Lavinia could give only her pity; ſhe ſaw not any avenue to an honourable retreat, and thought, like Eugenia, ſhe could now only free herſelf by the breach of what ſhould be dearer to her even than happineſs, her probity and honour.

Utterly inconſolable ſhe remained, till again ſhe heard the voice of Lionel, loudly ſinging in the park.

"Go to him! go to him! my deareſt Lavinia," ſhe cried, "and, if my peace is dear to you, prevail with him to clear up the miſtakes of Sir Sedley, and to prevent his dreaded, killing viſit this evening!"

Lavinia only anſwered by compliance; but, after an half hour's uſeleſs conteſt with her riotous brother, returned to her weeping ſiſter, not merely ſucceſsleſs with regard to her petition, but loaded with freſh ill tidings that ſhe knew not how to impart. Lionel had only laughed at the repugnance

of

of Camilla, which he regarded as ſomething between childiſhneſs and affectation, and begged Lavinia to be wiſer than to heed to it: "Brother Sedley has deſired me, however," he added, "not to ſpeak of the matter to Numps nor my father, till he has had a little more converſation with his charmer; and he intends to call to-night as if only upon a viſit to me."

When Camilla learnt, at length, this painful end of her embaſſy, ſhe gave herſelf up ſo completely to deſpair, that Lavinia, affrighted, ran to the houſe for Eugenia, whoſe extreme youth was no impediment, in the minds of her liberal ſiſters, to their belief nor reverence of her ſuperior wiſdom. Her ſpecies of education had early prepoſſeſſed them with reſpect for her knowledge, and her unaffected fondneſs for ſtudy, had fixed their opinion of her extraordinary underſtanding. The goodneſs of her heart, the evenneſs of her temper, and her natural turn to contemplation, had eſtabliſhed her character alike for ſanctity and for philoſophy throughout the family.

She

She liſtened with the ſincereſt commiſeration to the preſent ſtate of the caſe: "Certainly," ſhe cried, "you cannot, in honour, now refuſe him; but deal with him ſincerely, and he may generouſly himſelf relinquiſh his claims. Write to him, my dear Camilla; tell him you grieve to afflict, yet diſdain to deceive him; aſſure him of your perfect eſteem and eternal gratitude; but confeſs, at once, your heart refuſes to return his tenderneſs. Entreat him to forgive whatever he may have miſtaken, and nobly to reſtore to you the liberty of which your obligations, without his conſent, muſt rob you."

To Lavinia this advice appeared infallible; but Camilla, though ſhe felt an entanglement which fettered herſelf, thought it by no means ſufficiently direct or clear to authoriſe a rejection of Sir Sedley; ſince, ſtrangely as ſhe ſeemed in his power, circumſtances had placed her there, and not his own ſolicitation.

Yet to prevent a viſit of which her knowledge ſeemed conſent, and which her

conſent

conſent muſt be moſt ſeriouſly to authoriſe, ſhe deemed as indiſpenſable to her character, as to her fears. She heſitated, therefore, not a moment in preferring writing to a meeting; and after various converſations, and various eſſays, the following billet was diſpatched to Clarendel Place, through the means of Molly Mill, and by her friend Tommy Hodd.

To Sir Sedley Clarendel.

I SHOULD ill return what I owe to Sir Sedley Clarendel by cauſing him any uſeleſs trouble I can ſpare him. He ſpoke of a viſit hither this evening, when I was too much hurried to repreſent that it could not be received, as my brother's reſidence is at Etherington, and my father and my uncle have not the honour to be known to Sir Sedley. For me, my gratitude muſt ever be unalterable; and where accident occaſions a meeting, I ſhall be moſt happy to expreſs it; but I have nothing to ſay, nothing to offer, that could recompenſe one moment

ment of Sir Sedley's time given voluntarily to ſuch a viſit.

CAMILLA TYROLD.

Ill as this letter ſatisfied her, ſhe could deviſe nothing better; but though her ſiſters had both thought it too rigorous, ſhe would not riſk any thing gentler.

During the dinner, they all appeared abſent and dejected; but Sir Hugh attributed it to the non-arrival of Clermont, in watching for whom his own time was completely occupied, by examining two weather-cocks, and walking from one to the other, to ſee if they agreed, or how they changed; Indiana was wholly engroſſed in conſultations with Miſs Margland, upon the moſt becoming dreſs for a bride's maid; and Mr. Tyrold, having obſerved that his three girls had ſpent the morning together, concluded Camilla had divulged to them her unhappy perplexity, and felt ſoothed himſelf in conſidering ſhe had ſoothers ſo affectionate and faithful.

Early

Early in the evening Tommy Hodd arrived, and Molly Mill brought Camilla the following anſwer of Sir Sedley.

Miſs Camilla Tyrold.

Ah! what in this lower ſphere can be unchequered, when even a correſpondence with the moſt lovely of her ſex, brings alarm with its felicity? Muſt I come, then, to Cleves, fair Inſenſible, but as a viſitor to Mr. Lionel? Have you taken a captive only to ſee him in fetters? Allured a victim merely to behold him bleed? Ah! to-morrow, at leaſt, permit the audience that to-day is denied, and at your feet, let your ſlave receive his doom.

Sedley Clarendel.

Camilla turned cold. She ſhrunk from a remonſtrance ſhe conceived ſhe had merited, and regarded herſelf to be henceforth either culpable or unhappy. Unacquainted with the feminine indulgence which the world, by long preſcription, grants to coquetry, its name was ſcarcely known

known to her; and ſhe ſaw in its own native egotiſm the ungenerous deſire to pleaſe, where ſhe herſelf was indifferent, and anticipated from Sir Sedley reproach, if not contempt. No ſophiſtications of cuſtom had warped the firſt innocence of her innate ſenſe of right, and to trifle with the feelings of another for any gratification of her own, made ſucceſs bring a bluſh to her integrity, not exultation to her vanity.

The words *victim* and *bleeding*, much affected the tender Lavinia, while thoſe of *fetters*, *captive*, and *inſenſible*, ſatisfied the heroic Eugenia that Sir Sedley deſerved the hand of her ſiſter; but neither of them ſpoke.

"You ſay nothing?" cried Camilla, turning paler and paler, and ſitting down leſt ſhe ſhould fall.

They both wept and embraced her, and Eugenia ſaid, if, indeed, ſhe could not conquer her averſion, ſhe ſaw no way to elude the baronet, but by openly confeſſing her repugnance, in the converſation he demanded.

Camilla

Camilla ſaw not leſs ſtrongly the neceſſity of being both prompt and explicit; but how receive Sir Sedley at Cleves? and upon what pretence converſe with him privately? Even Lionel the next day was to return to the univerſity, though his preſence, if he ſtaid, would, in all probability, but add to every difficulty.

At length, they decided, that the conference ſhould take place at the Grove; and to prevent the threatened viſit of the next day, Camilla wrote the following anſwer:

To Sir Sedley Clarendel.

I SHOULD be grieved, indeed, to return my obligations to Sir Sedley Clarendel by meriting his ſerious reproach; yet I cannot have the honour of ſeeing him at Cleves, ſince my brother is ſmmediately quitting it for Oxford. As ſoon as I hear Mrs. Arlbery is again at the Grove, I ſhall wait upon her, and always be moſt happy to aſſure Sir Sedley of my gratitude, which will be as laſting as it is ſincere.

CAMILLA TYROLD.

Though

Though wretched in this ſtrange ſtate of things, ſhe knew not how to word her letter more poſitively, ſince his own, notwithſtanding its inferences, had ſo much more the ſtyle of florid gallantry than plain truth. Molly Mill undertook that Tommy Hodd ſhould carry it early the next morning.

* * * *

Lionel was ſo enraged at the non-appearance of the young baronet at night, that Camilla was compelled to confeſs ſhe had promiſed to ſee him, and to give him his anſwer at Mrs. Arlbery's. He was out of humour, nevertheleſs, leſt Sir Sedley ſhould be affronted by the delay, and feared that the beſt match in the whole county would prove abortive, from his ſiſter's fooliſh trimmings, and ſilly ignorance of life.

CHAP. III.

A Propoſal of Marriage.

THE increaſing depreſſion of Camilla, and the melancholy of her ſympathiſing ſiſters, though ſtill attributed to the adverſe wind by the compaſs-watching baronet, eſcaped not the notice of Mr. Tyrold; who, alarmed for the peace of his daughter, determined to watch for the firſt quiet opportunity of inveſtigating her actual ſituation.

Lionel, after breakfaſt, the next morning, was obliged to relinquiſh waiting for Clermont, and to ſet off for Oxford. He contrived to whiſper to Camilla, that he hoped ſhe would be a good girl at laſt, and not play the fool; but, finding ſhe only ſighed, he laughed at her calamitous ſtate, in becoming miſtreſs of fifteen thouſand per annum, only by the ſmall trouble of running over a ſhort ceremony; and, aſſuring

aſſuring her he would aſſiſt her off with part of the charge, if it were too heavy for her, bid her inform him in time of the propitious day.

Camilla, ſhortly after, ſaw from her window, gallopping full ſpeed acroſs the park to the houſe, Major Cerwood. She ſuſpected her tormenting brother to have been again at work; nor was ſhe miſtaken. He had met with the Major at the hotel at Tunbridge, while his ſpirits, always violent, were in a ſtate of almoſt intoxication of delight, at the firſt idea of ſuch an acceſſion to his powers of amuſement, as a new brother rolling in immenſe wealth, which he already conſidered as nearly at his own diſpoſal. High wrought, therefore, for what he deemed good ſport, he confirmed what he had aſſerted at the ball at Northwick, of the expectations of Camilla from Sir Hugh, by relating the public fact, of her having been announced, to the family and neighbourhood, for his uncle's heireſs, at ten years of age; and only ſinking, in his account, the revoc-

ation made ſo ſoon after in favour of Eugenia. To this, he added his advice, that no time was to be loſt, as numberleſs new ſuitors were likely to purſue her from Tunbridge.

The Major, upon alighting, inquired for Sir Hugh, deeming Mr. Tyrold of little conſequence, ſince it was not from him Camilla was to inherit her fortune.

The baronet, as uſual, was watching the winds and the clouds; but, concluding whoever came would bring ſome news from Clermont, received the Major with the utmoſt cordiality, ſaying: "I ſee, ſir, you are a ſtranger; by which I ſuppoſe you to be juſt come from abroad; where, I hope, you left all well?"

"I am juſt come, ſir," anſwered the Major, "from Tunbridge, where I had the honour, through my acquaintance with Mrs. Arlbery, of meeting daily with your charming niece; an honour, ſir, which muſt cauſe all the future happineſs or miſery of my life."

He then made a declaration, in form, of the moſt ardent paſſion for Camilla; mentioned his family, which was an honourable one; talked of his expectations with confidence, though vaguely; and deſired to leave the diſpoſition of the ſettlement wholly to the baronet; who, he hoped, would not refuſe to ſee his elder brother, a gentleman of fortune in Lincolnſhire, who would have the honour to wait upon him, at any time he would be ſo good as to appoint, upon this momentous affair.

Sir Hugh heard this harangue with conſternation. The Major was in the prime of life, his perſon was good, his ſpeech was florid, his air was aſſured, and his regimentals were gay. Not a doubt of his ſucceſs occurred to the baronet; who ſaw, in one blow, the darling ſcheme of his old age demoliſhed, in the deprivation of Camilla.

The Major impatiently waited for an anſwer; but Sir Hugh was too much diſordered to frame one; he walked up and down the room, muttering, in a deſpond-

ing manner, to himſelf, "Lord, help us! what a ſet of poor weak mortals we are, we poor men! The beſt ſchemes and plans in the world always coming to nothing before we can bring them about! I'll never form another while I live, for the ſake of this one warning. Nobody knows, next, but what Clermont will be carrying off Eugenia to ſee foreign parts! and then comes ſome other of theſe red-coats to take away Indiana; and, after doing all for the beſt ſo long, I may be left all alone, except juſt for Mrs. Margland and the Doctor! that I don't take much pleaſure in, Lord help me! except as a Chriſtian, which I hope is no ſin."

At length, endeavouring to compoſe himſelf, he ſat down, and ſaid, "So you are come, ſir, to take away from me my own particular little niece? which is a hard thing upon an uncle, intending her to live with him. However, I don't mean to find fault; but I can tell you this one thing, ſir, which I beg you to remember; which is, if you don't make her happy, you'll

you'll break my heart! For ſhe's what I love the beſt in the world, little as I've made it appear, by not leaving her a ſhilling. For which ſake, however, I can't but reſpect you the more for coming after her, inſtead of Eugenia."

"Sir?" cried the Major, amazed.

"The other two chaps," continued he, "that came about us not long ago, wanted to make their court to Eugenia and Indiana; as well as another that came to the houſe when I was ill, in the ſame coat as yourſelf, by what I can gather from the deſcription; but never a one has come to Camilla yet, except yourſelf, becauſe my brother can ſpare her but a trifle, having another young girl to provide for, beſides Lionel; which is the moſt expenſive of them all, poor boy! never having enough, by the reaſon Oxford is ſo dear, as I ſuppoſe."

The Major now wore an air of ſurpriſe and uneaſineſs that Sir Hugh began to obſerve, but attributed to his unpleaſant reception of his propoſals. He begged

his pardon, therefore, and again aſſured him of his reſpect for a choice ſo little mercenary, which he looked upon as a mark of a good heart.

The Major, completely ſtaggered, and ſuſpecting the information of Lionel to be ill grounded, if not purpoſely deluding, entreated his permiſſion to wait upon him again; and offered for the preſent to take leave.

Sir Hugh, in a melancholy voice, ſaid, he would firſt ſummon his niece! as he could not anſwer it to his conſcience preventing the meeting, unleſs ſhe gave him leave.

He then rang the bell, and told Jacob to call Camilla.

Major Cerwood was exceſſively diſtreſſed. To retreat ſeemed impoſſible; yet to connect himſelf without fortune, when he thought he was addreſſing a rich heireſs, was a turn of fate he ſcarcely knew how either to ſupport or to parry. All that, in this haſte, he could reſolve, was, to let the matter paſs for the moment, and then

inſiſt

inſiſt upon ſatisfaction from Lionel, either in clearing up the miſtake, or taking upon himſelf its blame.

When Camilla appeared, the diſturbance of Sir Hugh ſtill augmented; and he could hardly articulate, "My dear, in the caſe you are willing to leave your family, here's a gentleman come to make his addreſſes to you; which I think it right you ſhould know, though how I ſhall ſtruggle through it, if I loſe you, is more than my poor weak head can tell; for what ſhall I do without my dear little girl, that I thought to make the beſt comfort of my old age? which, however, I beg you not to think of, in caſe this young Captain's more agreeable."

"Ah! my dear uncle!" cried ſhe, "your Camilla can never return half the comfort ſhe receives from you! keep me with you ſtill, and ever! I am much obliged to Major Cerwood. I beg him to accept my ſincereſt thanks; but to pardon me, when I aſſure him, they are all I have to offer him."

Repulſe was not new to the Major; who, in various country towns, had ſought to retrieve his affairs by ſome prudent connection; his pride, however, had never ſo little ſuffered as on the preſent occaſion, for his apprehenſion of error or impoſition had removed from him all thought of even the poſſibility of a refuſal; which, now, therefore, unexpectedly and joyfully obviated his embarraſſment, and enabled him to quit the field by an honourable retreat. He bowed profoundly, called himſelf, without knowing what he ſaid, the moſt unhappy of men; and, without riſking one ſolicitation, or a moment for repentance, haſtily took leave, with intention, immediately, to demand an explanation of Lionel.

But he had not eſcaped a mile from the houſe, ere he gave up that deſign, from anticipating the ridicule that might follow it. To require ſatisfaction for a young lady's want of fortune, however reaſonable, would always be derided as ludicrous. He reſolved, therefore, quietly

to put up with the rejection; and to gather his next documents concerning the portion of a fair damſel, from authority better to be relied upon than that of a brother.

Sir Hugh, for ſome time, diſcovered not that he had retired. Enchanted by ſo unexpected a diſmiſſion, his favourite ſcheme of life ſeemed accorded to him, and he preſſed Camilla to his boſom, in a tranſport of joy. "We ſhall live together, now, I hope," he cried, "without any of theſe young chaps coming in again to part us. Not that I would object to your marrying, my dear girl, if it was with a relation, like Eugenia, or, with a neighbour, like Indiana, if it had not been for its going off; but to ſee you taken away from me by a mere ſtranger, coming from diſtant parts, and knowing nothing of any of us, is a thing that makes my heart ache but to think of; ſo I hope it will happen no more; for theſe trials do no good to my recovery."

Turning round, then, with a view to ſay ſomething conſolatory to the Major, he was ſeriouſly concerned to find him departed. "I can't ſay," he cried, "I had any intention to ſend him off ſo ſhort, his meaning not being bad, conſidering him in the light of a perſon in love; which is a time when a man has not much thought, except for himſelf, by what I can gather."

He then propoſed a walk, to watch if Clermont were coming. The wind, he acknowledged, was indeed contrary; but, he did not doubt, upon ſuch a particular occaſion, his good lad would not mind ſuch difficulties.

CHAP. IV.

A Bull-Dog.

SIR HUGH called upon his other nieces to join him; purpoſing to ſtroll to the end of a lane which led to the London road.

Camilla accompanied the party in the moſt mournful ſilence. The aſſuming letter ſhe had received; the interview ſhe ſhould have to ſuſtain; and her apparent dependance upon Sir Sedley, ſinking her into complete deſpondence.

When they came to the high road, Sir Hugh made a ſtop, and bid every body look ſharp.

A horſeman was ſeen advancing full gallop. By his figure he appeared to be young; by his pace, in uncommon ſpeed.

"That's him," cried Sir Hugh, ſtriking his ſtick upon the ground, and ſmiling moſt

moſt complacently; "I ſaid he would not mind the wind, my dear Eugenia! what's the wind, or the waves either, to a lover? which is a thing, however, that I won't talk about; ſo don't be aſhamed, my dear girl, nobody knowing what we mean."

Eugenia looked down, deeply colouring, and much regretting the lameneſs that prevented her running back, to avoid ſo public and diſcountenancing a meeting.

The horſeman now came up to them, and was preparing to turn down the lane; when, all at once, they perceived him to be Edgar Mandlebert.

He had left Tunbridge in a manner not more abrupt than comfortleſs. His diſappointment in the failure of Camilla at the rooms had been as bitter, as his expectations from the promiſed conference had been animated. When Lionel appeared, he inquired if his ſiſter were abſent from illneſs.----No; ſhe was only writing a letter. To take this moment for ſuch a purpoſe, be the letter what it might,

might, ſeemed ſporting with his curioſity and warm intereſt in her affairs: and he went back, mortified and dejected, to his lodgings; where, juſt arrived by the ſtage, he found a letter from Dr. Marchmont, acquainting him with his return to his rectory. In this ſuſpenſive ſtate of mind, to caſt himſelf upon his ſagacious friend ſeemed a relief the moſt deſirable: but, while conſidering whether firſt to claim from Camilla her promiſed communication, the voice of Lionel iſſuing from the room of Major Cerwood, ſtruck his ears. He darted forth, and accompanied the youth to his horſe, who was ſetting out upon ſome expedition, in the dark; and then received information, under the pretence of great ſecrecy, that Major Cerwood was going immediately to aſk leave of abſence, and proceed ſtraight to Hampſhire, with his final propoſals of marriage with Camilla. He now concluded this was the ſubject upon which ſhe had meant to conſult with him; but delicacy, pride, and hope all combated his interference. He

determined

determined even to avoid her, till the anſwer ſhould be given. "I muſt owe her hand," cried he, "to her heart, not to a conteſt ſuch as this: and, if impartially and unbiaſſed, the Major is refuſed, no farther cruel doubt, no torturing heſitation, ſhall keep me another minute from her feet!" With the dawn, therefore, he ſet out for Hampſhire; but, fixed to avoid Cleves, till he could learn that the Major's viſit were over, he devoted his mornings to rides, and his evenings to Dr. Marchmont, till now, a mile or two from the Park, he had met the Major himſelf, and concluded the acceptance or the rejection decided. They merely touched their hats as they paſſed each other; and he inſtantly took the route which the Major was quitting.

In the exceſs of his tribulation, he was galloping paſt the whole group, without diſcerning one of its figures; when Sir Hugh called out, "Why it's young Mr. Edgar! So now we've walked all this way for nothing! and Clermont may

may be ſtill at Jericho, or at Rome, for any thing we know to the contrary!"

Edgar ſtopt ſhort. He felt himſelf ſhiver at ſight of Camilla, but diſmounted, gave his horſe to his groom, and joined the party.

Eugenia recovering, now fearleſsly looked up; but Camilla, ſtruck and affected, ſhook in every limb, and was forced to hold by Lavinia.

Edgar called upon his utmoſt preſence of mind to carry him through what he conceived to be a final trial. He ſpoke to Sir Hugh, and compelled himſelf to ſpeak ſeparately to every one elſe; but, when he addreſſed Camilla, to whom he ſaid ſomething not very diſtinctly, about Tunbridge, ſhe curtſied to him ſlightly, and turned away, without making any anſwer. Her mind, taking ſuddenly a quick retroſpection of all that had paſſed between them, preſented him to her view as uncertain and deluſive; and, caſting upon him, internally, the whole odium of her preſent diſtreſs, and her feelings were

ſo

ſo indignant, that, in her preſent deſperate ſtate, ſhe deemed it beneath her to diſguiſe them, either from himſelf or the world.

Edgar, to whoſe troubled imagination every thing painted his rival, concluded the Major had been heard with favour; and his own adverſe counſel was now recollected with reſentment.

Sir Hugh, far more fatigued by his diſappointment than by his walk, ſaid he ſhould go no further, as he found it in vain to expect Clermont; and accepted the arm of Edgar to aid his ſtick in helping him home.

Camilla, ſtill leaning upon Lavinia, mounted a little bank, which ſhe knew Sir Hugh could not aſcend, that ſhe might walk on where Edgar could not join her; involuntarily ejaculating, "Lavinia! if you would avoid deceit and treachery, look at a man as at a picture, which tells you only the preſent moment! Rely upon nothing of time to come! They are not like us, Lavinia. They think themſelves free,

free, if they have made no verbal profeſſion; though they may have pledged themſelves by looks, by actions, by attentions, and by manners, a thouſand, and a thouſand times!"

Edgar obſerved her avoidance with the keeneſt apprehenſion; and, connecting it with her failure at the rooms, imagined the Major had now influenced her to an utter averſion of him.

Sir Hugh meanwhile, though wholly unheard, related, in a low voice, to Edgar, the hiſtory of his preparations for Clermont; begging him, however, to take no notice of them to Eugenia: and, then, adding, "Very likely, Mr. Edgar, you are juſt come from Tunbridge? and, if ſo, you may have met with that young Captain that has been with us this morning; who, I underſtand to be a Major?"

Edgar was thrown into the utmoſt trepidation; the artleſs openneſs of Sir Hugh gave him every reaſon to ſuppoſe he ſhould immediately gather full intelligence, and all his peace and all his hopes might

might hang upon another word. He could only bow to the queſtion; but before Sir Hugh could go on, a butcher's boy, who was riding by, from a wanton love of miſchief, gave a ſignal to his attending bull-dog, to attack the old ſpaniel that accompanied Sir Hugh.

Suſtained by his maſter many a year, the proud old favourite, though unequal to the combat, diſdained to fly; and the fierce bull-dog would preſently have demoliſhed him, had not Edgar, recovering all his vigour from his earneſt deſire to reſcue an animal ſo dear to Sir Hugh, armed himſelf with the baronet's ſtick, and thruſt it dexterouſly acroſs the jaws of his intended antagoniſt.

Nothing, however, could withſtand the fangs of the bull-dog; they ſoon ſevered it, and, again, he made at the ſpaniel; but Edgar ruſhed between them, with no other weapons than the broken fragments of the ſtick: and, while the baronet and Eugenia ſcreamed out to old Rover to return to them, and Lavinia, with more readineſs

readineſs of common ſenſe, exerted the fulleſt powers of which her gentle voice was capable, to conjure the wicked boy to call off his dog, Camilla, who was the laſt to look round at this ſcene, only turned about as the incenſed and diſappointed bull-dog, miſſing his object, aimed at Edgar himſelf. Rouſed at once from her ſullen calm to the moſt agoniſing ſenſibility, every thing and every body, herſelf moſt of all, were forgotten in the ſight of his danger; and, with a piercing ſhriek, ſhe darted down the bank, and arrived at the tremendous ſpot, at the ſame inſtant that the more uſeful exhortations of Lavinia, had induced the boy to withdraw the fierce animal; who, with all his might, and all his fury, obeyed the weak whiſtle of a little urchin he had been bred to love and reſpect, for bringing him his daily food.

Camilla perceived not if the danger were impending, or over; gaſping, pale, and agitated, ſhe caught Mandlebert by the arm, and, in broken accents, half pronounced,

pronounced, "O Edgar!-----are you hurt?"

The revulſion that had operated in her mind took now its ample turn in that of Mandlebert; he could hardly truſt his ſenſes, hardly believe he exiſted; yet he felt the preſſure of her hand upon his arm, and ſaw in her countenance terror the moſt undiſguiſed, and tenderneſs that went ſtraight to his ſoul. "Is it Camilla," he cried, "who thus ſpeaks to me?----Is not my ſafety or my deſtruction alike indifferent to Camilla?"

"O no! O no!" cried ſhe, ſcarce conſcious ſhe anſwered at all, till called to recollection by his own changed looks; changed from incredulity and amazement to animation that lightened up every feature, to eyes that ſhot fire. Abaſhed, aſtoniſhed, aſhamed, ſhe precipitately drew away her hand, and ſought quietly to retire.

But Edgar was no longer maſter of himſelf; he conceived he was on a pinnacle, whence he could only, and without any

any gradation, turn to happineſs or deſpair. He followed her, trembling and uncertain, his joy fading into alarm at her retreat, his hope transforming into apprehenſion at her reſumed coldneſs of demeanor. "Do you repent," he cried, "that you have ſhewn me a little humanity?----will the Major----the happy Major!----be offended you do leſs than deteſt me?"

"The Major!" repeated ſhe, looking back, ſurpriſed, "can you think the Major has any influence with me?"

"Ah, Heaven!" he cried, "what do you ſay!"----

Enchanted, affrighted, bewildered, yet ſilent, ſhe hurried on; Edgar could not forget himſelf more than a moment; he forbore, therefore, to follow, and, though with a ſelf-denial next to torture, returned to Sir Hugh, to whom his arm was doubly neceſſary, from the ſcene he had juſt witneſſed, and the loſs of his ſtick.

The butcher's boy and his bull-dog were decamped; and the baronet and

Eugenia

Eugenia were rivalling each other in fondling the reſcued ſpaniel, and in pouring thanks and praiſe unlimited upon Edgar.

They then walked back as before; and, as ſoon as they re-entered the manſion, the female party went up ſtairs, and Sir Hugh, warmly ſhaking Edgar by the hand, ſaid: "My dear Mr. Edgar, this is one of the happieſt days of my life, except juſt that of my nephew's coming over, which it is but right to put before it. But here, firſt, my dear Camilla's refuſed that young Captain, who would have carried her the Lord knows where, immediately, as I make no doubt; and next, I've ſaved the life of my poor old Rover, by the means of your good-nature."

"Refuſed?" cried Edgar; "my dear Sir Hugh!—did you ſay refuſed?"

Sir Hugh innocently gratified him with the repetition of the word, but begged him not to mention it, "For fear," he ſaid, "it ſhould hurt the young man when he falls in love ſomewhere elſe; which

which I heartily hope he will do ſoon, poor gentleman! for the ſake of its not fretting him."

"Miſs Camilla, then, has refuſed him?" again repeated Edgar, with a countenance that, to any man but the baronet, muſt have betrayed his whole ſoul.

"Yes, poor gentleman! this very morning; for which I am thankful enough: for what do we know of thoſe young officers, who may all be ſent to the Eaſt Indies, or Jamaica, every day of their lives? Not but what I have the proper pity for him, which, I hope, is all that can be expected."

Edgar walked about the room, in a perturbation of hope, fear, and joy, that diſabled him from all further appearance of attention. He wiſhed to relate this tranſaction to Dr. Marchmont, yet dreaded any retarding advice; he languiſhed to make Camilla herſelf the ſole miſtreſs of his deſtiny: the intereſt ſhe had ſhewn for his ſafety ſeemed to admit but one

interpretation; and, finally, he reſolved to ſtay at Cleves till he could meet with her alone.

Camilla had not uttered a word after the adventure of the bull-dog. The ſmalleſt idea that ſhe could excite the leaſt emotion in Edgar, brought a ſecret rapture to her heart, that, at any former period, would alone have ſufficed to render her happy: but, at this inſtant of entanglement with another, ſhe revolted from the indulgence of ſuch pleaſure; and inſtead of dwelling, as ſhe would have done before, on the look, the accent, the manner, that were ſuſceptible, by any conſtruction, of partiality, ſhe checked every idea that did not repreſent Edgar as unſtable and inconſiſtent; and ſought, with all her power, to regard him as Mrs. Arlbery had painted him, and to believe him, except in a few caſual moments of caprice, inſenſible and hard of heart.

Yet this entanglement, in which, ſcarce knowing how, ſhe now ſeemed to be entwined with Sir Sedley, grew more and more

more terrific; and when ſhe conſidered that her ſiſters themſelves thought her independence gone, and her honour engaged, ſhe was ſeized with ſo much wonderment, how it had all been brought about, that her underſtanding ſeemed to play her falſe, and ſhe believed the whole a dream.

CHAP. V.

An Oak Tree.

WHEN the ſiſters were ſummoned down ſtairs to dinner, planted at the door, ready to receive them at their entrance, ſtood Edgar. Lavinia and Eugenia addreſſed him as uſual; but Camilla could not ſpeak, could not return his ſalutation, could not look at him. She ſat haſtily down in her accuſtomed place by her uncle, and even the preſence of her father ſcarcely reſtrained her tears, as ſhe contraſted the hopeleſs uncertainties of Edgar, with the perilous purſuit of Sir Sedley.

Edgar, for the firſt time, ſaw her avoidance without ſuſpecting that it flowed from repugnance. The intereſt ſhe had ſhewn for his ſafety was ſtill bounding in his breaſt, and as, from time to time, he ſtole a glance at her, and obſerved her emotion, his heart whiſpered him the ſofteſt hopes, that

that ſoon the moſt perfect confidence would make every feeling reciprocal.

But theſe hopes were not long without alloy; he ſoon diſcerned ſomething that far exceeded what could give him pleaſure in her perturbation; he read in it not merely hurry and alarm, but ſuffering and diſtreſs.

He now ventured to look at her no more; his confidence gave place to pity; he ſaw ſhe was unhappy, and breathed no preſent wiſh but to relieve and conſole her.

When the deſſert was ſerved, ſhe was preparing to retire; but ſhe caught the eye of her father, and ſaw ſhe ſhould not long be alone; ſhe re-ſeated herſelf, therefore, in haſte, to poſtpone, at leaſt, his ſcrutiny.

Every body, at length, aroſe, and Sir Hugh propoſed that they ſhould all walk in the park, during his nap, but keep cloſe to the pales, that they might liſten for all paſſengers, in caſe of Clermont's coming.

To this, alſo, Camilla could make no objection, and they ſet out. She took an arm of each ſiſter, and indulged the heavineſs of her heart in not uttering a word.

They had not gone far, when a ſervant ran after Mr. Tyrold with a pacquet, juſt arrived, by a private hand, from Liſbon. He returned to read it in his own room; Lavinia and Eugenia accompanied him to hear its contents, and Camilla, for the firſt time, ſeemed the leaſt affectionate of his daughters; ſhe durſt not encounter him but in the mixt company of all the houſe; ſhe told Lavinia to make haſte back with the news, and took the arm of Indiana.

The compulſion of unintereſting diſcourſe ſoon became intolerable; and no longer chained to the party by the awe of her father, ſhe preſently left Indiana to Miſs Margland, and perceiving that Edgar was converſing with Dr. Orkborne, ſaid ſhe would wait for her ſiſters; and, turning a little aſide, ſat down upon a bench under a large oak.

Here

Here her painful ſtruggle and unwilling forbearance ended; ſhe gave free vent to her tears, and thought herſelf the moſt wretched of human beings; ſhe found her heart, her aching heart, more than ever devoted to Mandlebert, filled with his image, revering his virtues, honouring even his coldneſs, from a perſuaſion ſhe deſerved not his affection, and ſighing ſolely for the privilege to conſign herſelf to his remembrance for life, though unknown to himſelf, and unſuſpected by the world. The very idea of Sir Sedley was horror to her; ſhe felt guilty to have involved herſelf in an intercourſe ſo fertile of danger; ſhe thought over, with ſevereſt repentance, her ſhort, but unjuſtifiable deviation from that tranſparent openneſs, and undeſigning plainneſs of conduct, which her diſpoſition as much as her education ought to have rendered unchangeable. To that, alone, was owing all her actual difficulty, for to that alone was owing her own opinion of any claim upon her juſtice. How dearly, ſhe cried, do I now pay for the unthinking

thinking plan with which I riſked the peace of another, for the re-eſtabliſhment of my own! She languiſhed to throw herſelf into the arms of her father, to unboſom to him all her errors and diſtreſſes, and owe their extrication to his wiſdom and kindneſs. She was ſure he would be unmoved by the glare of a brilliant eſtabliſhment, and that far from deſiring her to ſacrifice her feelings to wealth and ſhew, he would himſelf plead againſt the alliance when he knew the ſtate of her mind, and recommend to her, ſo circumſtanced, the ſingle life, in the true ſpirit of chriſtian philoſophy and moderation: but all was ſo cloſely interwoven in the affairs and ill conduct of her brother, that ſhe believed herſelf engaged in honour to guard the fatal ſecret, though hazarding by its concealment impropriety and miſery.

Theſe afflicting ruminations were at length interrupted by the ſound of feet; ſhe took her handkerchief from her eyes, expecting to ſee her ſiſters; ſhe was miſtaken, and beheld Mandlebert.

She

She ſtarted and roſe; ſhe ſtrove to chace the tears from her eyes without wiping them, and aſked what he had done with Dr. Orkborne?

"You are in grief!" cried he in a tone of ſympathy; "ſome evil has befallen you!----let me aſk----"

"No; I am only waiting for my ſiſters. They have juſt received letters from Liſbon."

"You have been weeping! you are weeping now! why do you turn away from me? I will not obtruſively demand your confidence----yet, could I give you the moſt diſtant idea what a weight it might remove from my mind,----you would find it difficult to deny yourſelf the pleaſure of doing ſo much good!"

The tears of Camilla now ſtreamed afreſh. Words ſo kind from Edgar, the cold, the hard-hearted Edgar, ſurpriſed and overſet her; yet ſhe endeavoured to hide her face, and made an effort to paſs him.

"Is not this a little unkind?" cried he, gravely; "however, I have no claim to oppoſe you."

"Unkind!" ſhe repeated, and involuntarily turning to him, ſhewed a countenance ſo diſconſolate, that he loſt his ſelf-control, and taking her reluctant hand, ſaid: "O Camilla! torture me no longer!"

Almoſt transfixed with aſtoniſhment, ſhe looked at him for a moment in a ſpeechleſs wonder; but the interval of doubt was ſhort; the character of Edgar, for unalienable ſteadineſs, unalterable honour, was fixed in her mind, like "truths from holy writ," and ſhe knew, with certainty incontrovertible, that his fate was at her diſpoſal, from the inſtant he acknowledged openly her power over his feelings.

Every oppoſite ſenſation, that with violence the moſt ungovernable could encounter but to combat, now met in her boſom, elevating her to rapture, harrowing her with terror, menacing even her underſtanding.

derſtanding. The moſt exquiſite wiſh of her heart ſeemed accorded at a period ſo nearly too late for its acceptance, that her faculties, bewildered, confuſed, deranged, loſt the capacity of clearly conceiving if ſtill ſhe were a free agent or not.

He ſaw her exceſs of diſorder with alarm; he ſought to draw her again to her ſeat; but ſhe put her hand upon her forehead, and leant it againſt the bark of the tree.

"You will not ſpeak to me!" cried he; "you will not truſt me! ſhall I call you cruel? No! for you are not aware of the pain you inflict, the anguiſh you make me ſuffer! the generoſity of your nature would elſe, unbidden, impulſively interfere."

"*You* ſuffer! *you!*" cried ſhe, again diſtreſsfully, almoſt incredulouſly, looking at him, while her hands were uplifted with amazement: "I thought you above any ſuffering! ſuperior to all calamity!----almoſt to all feeling!----"

"Ah, Camilla! what thus eſtranges you from candor? from juſtice? what is it can

prompt you to goad thus a heart which almoſt from its firſt beating----"

He ſtopt, deſirous to check himſelf; while penetrated by his ſoftneſs, and aſhamed of what, in the bitterneſs of her ſpirit, ſhe had pronounced, ſhe again melted into tears, and ſunk down upon the bench; yet holding out to him one hand, while with the other ſhe covered her face: "Forgive me," ſhe cried, "I intreat---- for I ſcarce know what I ſay."

Such a ſpeech, and ſo accompanied, might have demoliſhed the ſtoiciſm of an older philoſopher than Edgar; he fervently kiſſed her proferred hand, exclaiming: "Forgive you! can Camilla uſe ſuch a word? has ſhe the ſlighteſt care for my opinion? the moſt remote concern for me, or for my happineſs?"

"Farewell! farewell!" cried ſhe, haſtily drawing away her hand, "go now, I beſeech you!"

"What a moment to expect me to depart! O Camilla! my ſoul ſickens of this ſuſpence! End it, generous Camilla! be-

loved as lovely! my heart is all your own! uſe it gently, and accept it nobly!"

Every other emotion, now, in the vanquiſhed Camilla, every retroſpective fear, every actual regret, yielded to the conquering charm of grateful tenderneſs; and reſtoring the hand ſhe had withdrawn: "O Edgar," ſhe cried, "how little can I merit ſuch a gift! yet I prize it----far, far beyond all words!"

The agitation of Edgar was, at firſt, too mighty and too delicious for ſpeech; but his eyes, now caſt up to heaven, now fixed upon her own, ſpoke the moſt ardent, yet pureſt felicity; while her hand, now held to his heart, now preſſed to his lips, ſtrove vainly to recover its liberty. "Bleſt moment!" he at length uttered, "that finiſhes for ever ſuch miſery of uncertainty! that gives my life to happineſs---- my exiſtence to Camilla!"

Again ſpeech ſeemed too poor for him. Perfect ſatisfaction is ſeldom loquacious; its character is rather tender than gay; and where happineſs ſucceeds abruptly to long

long ſolicitude and ſorrow, its enjoyment is fearful; it ſoftens rather than exhilarates. Sudden joy is ſportive, but ſudden happineſs is awful.

The pauſe, however, that on his ſide was ecſtatic thankfulneſs, ſoon became mixt, on that of Camilla, with confuſion and remorſe: Sir Sedley returned to her memory, and with him every reflection, and every apprehenſion, that moſt cruelly could fully each trembling, though nearly gratified hope.

The cloud that ſo ſoon dimmed the tranſient radiance of her countenance, was inſtantly perceived by Edgar; but as he was beginning the moſt anxious inquiries, the two ſiſters approached, and Camilla, whoſe hand he then relinquiſhed, ruſhed forward, and throwing her arms around their necks, wept upon their boſoms.

"Sweet ſiſters!" cried Edgar, embracing them all three in one; "long may ye thus endearingly entwine each other, in the ſacred links of affectionate affinity!

affinity! Where ſhall I find our common father?----where is Mr. Tyrold?"

The amazed ſiſters could with difficulty anſwer that he was with their uncle, to whom he was communicating news from their mother.

Edgar looked tenderly at Camilla, but, perceiving her emotion, forbore to ſpeak to her, though he could not deny himſelf the pleaſure of ſnatching one kiſs of the hand which hung down upon the ſhoulder of Eugenia; he then whiſpered to both the ſiſters: "You will not, I truſt, be my enemies?" and hurried to the houſe.

"What can this mean?" cried Eugenia and Lavinia in a breath.

"It means," ſaid Camilla, "that I am the moſt diſtreſſed----yet the happieſt of human beings!"

This little ſpeech, began with the deepeſt ſigh, but finiſhed with the moſt refulgent ſmile, only added to their wonder.

"I hope you have been conſulting with Edgar," ſaid the innocent Eugenia; "no-

body can more ably adviſe you, ſince, in generoſity to Lionel, you are prohibited from counſelling with my father."

Again the moſt expreſſive ſmiles played in every feature through the tears of Camilla, as ſhe turned, with involuntary archneſs, to Eugenia, and anſwered: "And ſhall I follow his counſel, my dear ſiſter, if he gives me any?"

"Why not? he is wiſe, prudent, and much attached to us all. How he can have ſuppoſed it poſſible we could be his enemies, is paſt all divination!"

Gaiety was ſo truly the native growth of the mind of Camilla, that neither care nor affliction could chace it long from its home. The ſpeeches of the unſuſpicious Eugenia, that a moment before would have paſt unheeded, now regaled her renovated fancy with a thouſand amuſing images, which ſo vigorouſly ſtruggled againſt her ſadneſs and her terrors, that they were ſoon nearly driven from the field by their ſportive aſſailants; and, by the time ſhe reached her chamber, whither, loſt in amaze, her ſiſters followed

followed her, the ſurpriſe ſhe had in ſtore for them, the pleaſure with which ſhe knew they would ſympathiſe in her happineſs, and the ſecurity of Edgar's decided regard, had liberated her mind from the ſhackles of reminiſcence, and reſtored her vivacity to its original ſpirit.

Faſtening, then, her door, ſhe turned to them with a countenance of the brighteſt animation; alternately and almoſt wildly embraced them, and related the explicit declaration of Edgar; now hiding in their boſoms the bluſhes of her modeſt joy, now offering up to Heaven the thankſgiving of her artleſs rapture, now diſſolving in the ſoft tears of the tendereſt ſenſibility, according to the quick changing impulſes of her natural and lively, yet feeling and ſuſceptible character. Nor once did ſhe look at the reverſe of this darling portrait of choſen felicity, till Eugenia, with a gentle ſigh, uttered: "Unhappy Sir Sedley Clarendel! how may this ſtroke be ſoftened to him?"

"Ah

"Ah Eugenia!" ſhe cried; "that alone is my impediment to the moſt perfect, the moſt unmixt content! why have you made me think of him?"

"My dear Camilla," ſaid Eugenia, with a look of curious earneſtneſs, and taking both her hands, while ſhe ſeemed examining her face, "you are then, it ſeems, in love? and with Edgar Mandlebert?"

Camilla, bluſhing, yet laughing, broke away from her, denying the charge.

A conſultation ſucceeded upon the method of proceeding with the young baronet. Tommy Hodd was not yet returned with the anſwer; it was five miles to Clarendel Place, which made going and returning his day's work. She reſolved to wait but this one reply, and then to acknowledge to Edgar the whole of her ſituation. The delicacy of Lavinia, and the high honour of Eugenia, concurred in the propriety of this confeſſion; and they all ſaw the urgent neceſſity of an immediate explanation

explanation with Sir Sedley, whose disappointment might every hour receive added weight from delay. Painful, therefore, confusing and distasteful, as was the task, Camilla determined upon the avowal, and as completely to be guided by Edgar in this difficult conjuncture, as if his advice were already sanctioned by conjugal authority.

CHAP. VI.

A Call of the Houſe.

EDGAR returned to the parlour with a countenance ſo much brightened, a joy ſo open, a confidence ſo manly, and an air ſo ſtrongly announcing ſome intereſting intelligence, that his hiſtory required no prelude. "Edgar," ſaid Mr. Tyrold, "you have a look to diſarm care of its corroſion. You could not take a better time to wear ſo cheering an aſpect; I have juſt learnt that my wife can fix no ſort of date for her return; I muſt borrow, therefore, ſome reflected happineſs; and none, after my children, can bring its ſunſhine ſo home to my boſom as yourſelf."

"What a fortunate moment have you choſen," cried Edgar, affectionately taking him by the hand, "to expreſs this generous pleaſure in ſeeing me happy! will you

you repent, will you retract, when you hear in what it may involve you?---- Deareſt ſir! my honoured, my parental friend! to what a teſt ſhall I put your kindneſs!----Will you give me in charge one of the deareſt ties of your exiſtence? will you repoſe in my care ſo large a portion of your peace? will you truſt to me your Camilla?"----

With all the ardour of her character, all the keen and quick feelings of her ſenſitive mind, ſcarce had Camilla herſelf been more ſtruck, more penetrated with ſudden joy, ſudden wonder, ſudden gratification of every kind, than Mr. Tyrold felt at this moment. He more than returned the preſſure with which Edgar held his hand, and inſtantly anſwered, "Yes, my excellent young friend, without heſitation, without a ſhadow of apprehenſion for her happineſs; though ſhe is all the fondeſt father can wiſh;-----and though ſhe only who gave her to me is dearer!"

Felicity and tenderneſs were now the ſole gueſts in the breaſt of Edgar. He kiſſed

kiſſed with reverence the hand of Mr. Tyrold, called him by the honoured and endearing title of father; acknowledged that, from the earlieſt period of obſervation, Camilla had ſeemed to him the moſt amiable of human creatures; ſpoke with the warm devotion he ſincerely felt for her of Mrs. Tyrold; and was breathing forth his very ſoul in tender rapture upon his happy proſpects, when ſomething between a ſigh and a groan from the baronet, made him haſtily turn round, apologiſe for not ſooner addreſſing him, and reſpectfully ſolicit his conſent.

Sir Hugh was in an agitation of delight and ſurpriſe almoſt too potent for his ſtrength. "The Lord be good unto me," he cried; "have I lived to ſee ſuch a day as this!" Then, throwing his arms about Edgar's neck, while his eyes were faſt filling with tears, which ſoon ran plentifully down his cheeks, "Good young Mr. Edgar!" he cried; "good young man! and do you really love my poor Camilla, for all her not being worth a penny?

a penny? And will my dear little darling come to ſo good an end at laſt, after being diſinherited for doing nothing? And will you never vex her, nor ſpeak an unkind word to her? Indeed, young Mr. Edgar, you are a noble boy! you are indeed; and I love you to the bottom of my old heart for this true good naturedneſs!"

Then, again and again embracing him, "This is all of a piece," he continued, "with your ſaving my poor old Rover, which is a thing I ſhall never forget to my longeſt day, being a remarkable ſign of a good heart; the poor dog having done nothing to offend, as we can all teſtify. So that it's a ſurpriſing thing what that maſtiff owed him ſuch a grudge for."

Then quitting him abruptly to embrace Mr. Tyrold, "My dear brother," he cried, "I hope your judgment approves this thing, as well as my ſiſter's, when ſhe comes to hear it, which I ſhall ſend off expreſs, before I ſleep another wink, for fear of accidents."

"Approve,"

"Approve," anſwered Mr. Tyrold, with a look of the moſt expreſſive kindneſs at Edgar, "is too cold a word; I rejoice, even thankfully rejoice, to place my dear child in ſuch worthy and beloved hands."

"Well, then," cried the enchanted baronet, "if that's the caſe, that we are all of one mind, we had better ſettle the buſineſs at once, all of us being ſubject to die by delay."

He then rang the bell, and ordered Jacob to ſummon Camilla to the parlour, adding, "And all the reſt too, Jacob, for I have ſomething to tell them every one, which, I make no doubt, they will be very glad to hear, yourſelf included, as well as your fellow-ſervants, who have no right to be left out; only let my niece come firſt, being her own affair."

Camilla obeyed not the call without many ſecret ſenſations of diſtreſs and difficulty, but which, mingled with the more obvious ones of modeſty and embarraſſment,

ment, all paſſed for a flutter of ſpirits that appeared natural to the occaſion.

Mr. Tyrold could only ſilently embrace her: knowing what ſhe had ſuffered, and judging thence the exceſs of her preſent ſatisfaction, he would not add to her confuſion by any information of his conſciouſneſs; but the ſoftneſs with which he held her to his boſom ſpoke, beyond all words, his heartfelt ſympathy in her happineſs.

Camilla had no power to draw herſelf from his arms; but Edgar hovered round her, and Sir Hugh repeatedly and impatiently demanded to have his turn. Mr. Tyrold, gently diſengaging himſelf from her embraces, gave one of her hands to Edgar, who, with grateful joy, preſſed it to his lips. "My children!" he then ſaid, laying a hand upon the ſhoulder of each, "what a ſight is this to me! how precious a union! what will it be to your excellent mother! So long and ſo decidedly it has been our favourite earthly wiſh, that, were ſhe but reſtored to me----

to her country and to her family----I might, perhaps, require ſome new evil to prevent my forgetting where----and what I am!"

"My dear brother, I ſay! my dear niece! My dear Mr. young Edgar!" cried Sir Hugh, in the higheſt good humour, though with nearly exhauſted patience, "won't you let me put in a word? nor ſo much as give you my bleſſing? though I can hardly hold life and ſoul together for the ſake of my joy!"

Camilla caſt herſelf into his arms, he kiſſed her moſt fondly, ſaying: "Don't forget your poor old uncle, my dear little girl, for the account of this young Mr. Edgar, becauſe, good as he is, he has taken to you but a ſhort time in compariſon with me."

"No," ſaid Edgar, ſtill tenaciouſly retaining the hand parentally beſtowed upon him; "no, dear Sir Hugh, I wiſh not to rob you of your darling. I wiſh but to be admitted myſelf into this dear and reſpected family, and to have Etherington, Cleves, and Beech Park, conſidered

ſidered as our alternate and common habitations."

"You are the very beſt young man in the whole wide world!" cried Sir Hugh, almoſt ſobbing with ecſtaſy; "for you have hit upon juſt the very thing I was thinking of in my own private mind! What a mercy it is our not accepting that young Captain, who would have run away with her to I don't know where, inſtead of being married to the very neareſt eſtate in the county, that will always be living with us!"

The reſt of the family now, obedient to the direction of Jacob, who had intimated that ſomething extraordinary was going forward, entered the room.

"Come in, come in," cried Sir Hugh, "and hear the good news; for we have juſt been upon the very point of loſing the beſt opportunity that ever we had in our lives of all living together; which, I hope, we ſhall now do, without any more ſtrangers coming upon us with their company, being a thing we don't deſire."

"But what's the good news, uncle?" ſaid Indiana; "is it only about our living together?"

"Why, yes, my dear, that's the firſt principal, and the other is, that young Mr. Edgar's going to marry Camilla; which I hope you won't take ill, liking being all fancy."

"Me?" cried ſhe, with a diſdainful toſs of the head, though ſeverely mortified; "it's nothing to me, I'm ſure!"

Camilla aſhamed, and Edgar embarraſſed, ſtrove now mutually to ſhew Sir Hugh they wiſhed no more might be ſaid: but he only embraced them again, and declared he had never been ſo full of joy before in his whole life, and would not be cut ſhort.

Miſs Margland, extremely piqued, vented her ſpleen in oblique ſarcaſms, and ſought to heal her offended pride by appeals for juſtice to her ſagacity and foreſight in the whole buſineſs.

Jacob, now, opening the door, ſaid all the ſervants were come.

Camilla

Camilla tried to eſcape; but Sir Hugh would not permit her, and the houſe-keeper and butler led the way, followed by every other domeſtic of the houſe.

"Well, my friends," he cried, "wiſh her joy, which I am ſure you will do of your own accord, for ſhe's going to be miſtreſs of Beech-Park; which I thought would have been the caſe with my other niece, till I found out my miſtake; which is of no conſequence now, all having ended for the beſt; though unknown to us poor mortals."

The ſervants obeyed with alacrity, and offered their hearty congratulations to the bluſhing Camilla and happy Edgar, Molly Mill excepted; who, having concluded Sir Sedley Clarendel the man, doubted her own ſenſes, and, inſtead of open felicitations, whiſpered Camilla, "Dear Miſs, I've got another letter for you! It's here in my boſom."

Camilla, frightened, ſaid: "Huſh! huſh!" while Edgar, imagining the girl, whoſe ſimplicity and talkativeneſs were fa-

miliar to him, had ſaid ſomething ridiculous, intreated to be indulged with hearing her remark: but ſeeing Camilla look grave, forbore to preſs his requeſt.

The baronet now began an harangue upon the happineſs that would accrue from theſe double unions, for which he aſſured them they ſhould have double remembrances, though the ſame preparations would do for both, as he meant they ſhould take place at the ſame time, provided Mr. Edgar would have the obligingneſs to wait for a fair wind, which he was expecting every hour.

Camilla could now ſtay no longer; nor could Edgar, though adoring the hearty joy of Sir Hugh, refuſe to aid her in abſconding.

He begged her permiſſion to follow, as ſoon as it might be poſſible, which ſhe tacitly accorded. She was impatient herſelf for the important conference ſhe was planning, and felt, with increaſing ſolicitude, that all her life's happineſs hung upon her power to extricate herſelf honourably from

from the terrible embarraſſment in which ſhe was involved.

She ſauntered about the hall till the ſervants came out, anxious to receive the letter which Molly Mill had announced. They all ſought to ſurround her with freſh good wiſhes; but ſhe ſingled out Molly, and begged the reſt to leave her for the preſent. The letter, however, was not unpinned from the inſide of Molly's neck handkerchief, before Edgar, eager and gay, joined her.

Trembling then, ſhe intreated her to make haſte.

"La, Miſs," anſwered the girl, "if you hurry me ſo, I ſhall tear it as ſure as can be; and what will you ſay then, Miſs?"

"Well----then----another time will do ----take it to my room."

"No, no, Miſs; the gentleman told Tommy Hodd he wanted an anſwer as quick as can be; he ſaid, if Tommy'd come a-horſeback, he'd pay for the horſe,

to make him quicker; and Tommy ſays he always behaves very handſome."

She then gave her the ſqueezed billet. Camilla, in great confuſion, put it into her pocket. Edgar, who even unavoidably heard what paſſed, held back till Molly retired; and then, with an air of undiſguiſed ſurpriſe and curioſity, though in a laughing tone, ſaid, "Muſt not the letter be read till I make my bow?"

"O yes,"----cried ſhe, ſtammering, "it may be read----at any time." And ſhe put her hand in her pocket to re-produce it. But the idea of making known the ſtrange and unexpected hiſtory ſhe had to relate, by ſhewing ſo ſtrange a correſpondence, without one leading and ſoftening previous circumſtance, required a force and confidence of which ſhe was not miſtreſs. She twiſted it, therefore, haſtily round, to hide the hand-writing of the direction, and, then, with the ſame care, rolled it up, and encircled it with her fingers.

"Shall

"Shall I be jealous?" ſaid he, gently, though diſappointed.

"You have much reaſon!" ſhe anſwered, with a ſmile ſo ſoft, it diſperſed every fear, yet with an attention ſo careful to conceal the addreſs, that it kept alive every wonder. He took her other hand, and, kiſſing it, cried: "No, ſweeteſt Camilla, ſuch unworthy diſtruſt ſhall make no part of our compact. Yet I own myſelf a little intereſted to know what gentleman has obtained a privilege I ſhould myſelf prize above almoſt any other. I will leave you, however, to read the letter, and, perhaps, before you anſwer it----but no----I will aſk nothing; I ſhall loſe all pleaſure in your confidence, if it is not ſpontaneous. I will go and find your ſiſters."

The firſt impulſe of Camilla was, to commit to him immediately the unopened letter: but the fear of its contents, its ſtile, its requiſitions, made her terror overpower her generoſity; and, though ſhe

looked after him with regret, ſhe ſtood ſtill to break the ſeal of her letter.

Miſs Camilla Tyrold.

Is it thus, O far too fair tormenter! thou delighteſt to torture? Doſt thou give wings but to clip them? raiſe expectation but to bid it linger? fan bright the flame of hope, but to ſee it conſume in its own aſhes? Another delay?-----Ah! tell me how I may exiſt till it terminates! Name to me, O fair tyrant! ſome period,----or build not upon longer forbearance, but expect me at your feet. You talk of the Grove: its fair owner is juſt returned, and calls herſelf impatient to ſee you. To-morrow, then,----you will not, I truſt, kill me again to-morrow? With the ſun, the renovating ſun, I will viſit thoſe precincts, nor quit them till warned away by the pale light of Diana: tell me, then, to what century of that period your ingenious cruelty condemns me to this expiring ſtate,

ſtate, ere a vivifying ſmile recalls me back to life?

SEDLEY CLARENDEL.

The immediate preſence of Edgar himſelf could not have made this letter die the cheeks of Camilla of a deeper red. She ſaw that Sir Sedley thought her only coquetiſhly triſling, and ſhe looked forward with nearly equal horror to clearing up a miſtake that might embitter his future life, and to acknowledging to Edgar-----the ſcrupulous, the ſcrutiniſing, the delicate Edgar----that ſuch a miſtake could have been formed.

She was ruminating upon this formidable, this terrible taſk, when Edgar again appeared, accompanied by her ſiſters. She hurried the letter into her pocket. Edgar ſaw the action with a concern that dampt his ſpirits; he wiſhed to obtain from her immediately the unlimited truſt, which immediately, and for ever, he meant to repoſe in her. They all ſtrolled together for a ſhort time in the park; but ſhe was anxious to retreat to her room,

and her ſiſters were dying with impatience to read Sir Sedley's letter. Edgar, diſturbed to ſee how little any of their countenances accorded with the happy feelings he had ſo recently experienced, propoſed not to lengthen the walk, but flattered himſelf, upon re-entering the houſe, Camilla would afford him a few minutes of explanation. But ſhe only, with a faint ſmile, ſaid ſhe ſhould ſoon return to the parlour; and he ſaw Molly Mill eagerly waiting for her upon the ſtairs, and heard her, in reply to ſome queſtion concerning Tommy Hodd, deſire the girl to be quiet till ſhe got to her room.

Edgar could form no idea of what all this meant, yet, that ſome ſecret diſturbance preyed upon Camilla, that ſome gentleman wrote to her, and expected impatiently an anſwer; and that the correſpondence paſſed neither through her friends, nor by the poſt, but by the medium of Molly Mill, were circumſtances not leſs unaccountable than unpleaſant.

Camilla,

Camilla, meanwhile, produced the letter to her ſiſters, beſeeching their ableſt counſel. "See but," ſhe cried, "how dreadfully unprepared is Sir Sedley for the event of the day! And oh!---how yet more unprepared muſt be Edgar for ſeeing that ſuch a letter could ever be addreſſed to me! How ſhall I ſhew it him, my dear ſiſters? how help his believing I muſt have given every poſſible encouragement, ere Sir Sedley could have written to me in ſo aſſured a ſtyle?"

Much deliberation enſued; but they were all ſo perplexed, that they were ſummoned to tea before they had come to any reſolution.

The counſel of Eugenia, then, prevailed; and it was ſettled, that Camilla ſhould avoid, for the preſent, any communication to Edgar, leſt it ſhould lead to miſchief between him and the young baronet, who could not but be mutually diſpleaſed with each other; and that the next morning, before ſhe ſaw Edgar again, ſhe ſhould ſet out for the Grove, and there caſt herſelf wholly

wholly upon the generoſity of Sir Sedley; and, when freed from all engagement, return, and relate, without reſerve, the whole hiſtory to Edgar; who would ſo ſoon be brother of her brother, that he would pardon the faults of Lionel, and who would then be in no danger himſelf from perſonal conteſt or diſcuſſion with Sir Sedley. She wrote, therefore, one line, to ſay ſhe would ſee Mrs. Arlbery early the next day, and delivered it to Molly Mill; who promiſed to borrow a horſe of the under-groom, that Tommy Hodd might be back before bed-time, without any obligation to Sir Sedley.

She, then, went down ſtairs; when Edgar, diſappointed by her long abſence, ſought vainly to recompenſe it by converſing with her. She was gentle, but ſeated herſelf aloof, and avoided his eyes.

His deſire to unravel ſo much myſtery he thought now ſo legitimated by his peculiar ſituation, that he was frequently upon the point of ſoliciting for information: but, to know himſelf privileged, upon further

further reflexion, was sufficient to insure his forbearance. Even when that knot was tied which would give to him all power, he sincerely meant to owe all her trust to willing communication. Should he now, then, make her deem him exacting, and tenacious of prerogative? no; it might shackle the freedom of her mind in their future intercourse. He would quietly, therefore, wait her own time, and submit to her own inclination. She could not doubt his impatience; he would not compel her generosity.

CHAP. VII.

The Triumph of Pride.

THE three ſiſters were retired, at night, to another council in the room of Camilla, when Molly Mill, with a look of diſmay, burſt in upon them, bringing, with the anſwer of Sir Sedley, news that Tommy Hodd, by an accident he could not help, had rode the horſe ſhe had borrowed for him of the under-groom to death.

The diſmay, now, ſpread equally to them all. What a tale would this misfortune unfold to Sir Hugh, to Edgar, to the whole houſe! The debt of Lionel, the correſpondence with Sir Sedley, the expectations of the young baronet----Camilla could not ſupport it; ſhe ſent for Jacob to own to him the affair, and beg his aſſiſtance.

Jacob, though getting into bed, obeyed the call. He was, however, ſo much irritated

ritated at the loſs of the horſe, and the boldneſs of the under-groom, in lending him without leave, that, at firſt, he would liſten to no intreaties, and proteſted that both the boy and Molly Mill ſhould be complained of to his maſter. The eloquence, however, of his three young miſtreſſes, for ſo all the nieces of Sir Hugh were called by the ſervants at Cleves, ſoon ſoftened his ire; he almoſt adored his maſter, and was affectionately attached to the young family. They begged him, therefore, to buy another horſe, as like it as poſſible, and to contrive not to employ it when Sir Hugh was in ſight, till they were able to clear up the hiſtory to their uncle themſelves: this would not be difficult, as the baronet rarely viſited his ſtables ſince his fall, from the melancholy with which he was filled by the ſight of his horſes.

There was to be a fair for cattle in the neighbourhood the next day, and Jacob promiſed to ride over to ſee what bargain he could make for them.

They

They then inquired about what money would be neceſſary for the purchaſe.

The coſt, he ſaid, of poor Tom Jones was 40 l.

Camilla held up her hands, almoſt ſcreaming. Eugenia, with more preſence of mind, ſaid they would ſee him again in the morning before he went, and then told Molly Mill to wait for her in her own room.

"What can I now do?" cried Camilla; "I would not add the hiſtory of this dreadful expence to the ſad tale I have already to relate to Edgar for the univerſe! To begin my career by ſuch a ſtring of humiliations would be inſupportable. Already I owe five guineas to Mrs. Arlbery, which the tumult of my mind ſince my return has prevented me from naming to my uncle; and I have left debts at Tunbridge that will probably take up all my next quarter's allowance!"

"As far as theſe three guineas will go," ſaid Lavinia, taking out her purſe, "here, my deareſt Camilla, they are;----but how little

little that is! I never before thought my pittance too ſmall! yet how well we all know my dear father cannot augment it."

Eugenia, who, in haſte, had ſtept to her own room, now came back, and putting twenty guineas into the hand of Camilla, ſaid: "This, my beloved ſiſter, is all I now have by me; but Jacob is rich and good, and will rejoice to pay the reſt for us at preſent; and I ſhall very ſoon reimburſe him, for my uncle has inſiſted upon making me a very conſiderable preſent, which I ſhall, now, no longer refuſe."

Camilla burſt into tears, and, hanging about their necks: "O my ſiſters," ſhe cried, "what goodneſs is yours! but how can I avail myſelf of it with any juſtice? Your three guineas, my Lavinia, your little all----how can I bear to take?"

"Do not teach me to repine, my dear Camilla, that I have no more! I am ſure of being remembered by my uncle on the approaching occaſions, and I can never, therefore, better ſpare my little ſtore."

"You

"You are all kindneſs! and you, my dear Eugenia, though you have more, have claims upon that more, and are both expected and uſed to anſwer them----"

"Yes, I have indeed more!" interrupted Eugenia, "which only ſiſters good as mine could pardon; but becauſe my uncle has made me his heireſs, has he made me a brute? No! whatever I have, muſt be amongſt us all in common, not only now, but----" She ſtopt, affrighted at the idea ſhe was preſenting to herſelf, and fervently claſping her hands, exclaimed: "O long----long may it be ere I can ſhew my ſiſters all I feel for them! they will believe it, I am ſure----and that is far happier!"

The idea this raiſed ſtruck them all, at the ſame moment, to the heart. Not one of them had dry eyes, and with a ſadneſs overpowering every other conſideration, they ſighed as heavily, and with looks as diſconſolate, as if the uncle ſo dear to them were already no more.

The influence of parts, the predominance of knowledge, the honour of learning,

ing, the captivation of talents, and even the charm of fame itſelf, all ſhrink in their effects before the ſuperior force of goodneſs, even where moſt ſimple and uncultivated, for power over the ſocial affections.

* * * *

At an early hour, the next morning, the commiſſion, with the twenty guineas in hand, and the promiſe of the reſt in a ſhort time, were given to Jacob; and Camilla, then, begged permiſſion of her father, and the carriage of her uncle, to viſit Mrs. Arlbery, who, ſhe had heard, was juſt returned to the Grove.

Concluding ſhe wiſhed to be the meſſenger of her own affairs to that lady, they made no oppoſition, and ſhe ſet off before eight o'clock, without entering the parlour, where Edgar, ſhe was informed, was already arrived for breakfaſt.

The little journey was terrible to her; ſcenes of diſappointment and deſpair on the part of Sir Sedley, were anticipated by her

her alarmed imagination, and ſhe reproached herſelf for every word ſhe had ever ſpoken, every look ſhe had ever given, that could have raiſed any preſumption of her regard.

The laſt note was written in the ſtyle of all the others, and not one ever expreſſed the ſmalleſt doubt of ſucceſs; how dreadful then to break to him ſuch news, at the very moment he might imagine ſhe came to meet him with partial pleaſure!

Mrs. Arlbery was not yet riſen. Camilla inquired, ſtammering, if any company were at the houſe. None, was the anſwer. She then begged leave to walk in the garden till Mrs. Arlbery came down ſtairs.

She was not ſorry to miſs her; ſhe dreaded her yet more than Sir Sedley himſelf, and hoped to ſee him alone.

Nevertheleſs, ſhe remained a full hour in waiting, ruminating upon the wonder her diſappearance would give to Edgar, and nearly perſuaded ſome chance had anticipated her account to Sir Sedley,

whoſe rage and grief were too violent to ſuffer him to keep his appointment.

This idea ſerved but to add to her perturbation, when, at laſt, ſhe ſaw him enter the garden.

All preſence of mind then forſook her; ſhe looked around to ſee if ſhe could eſcape, but his approach was too quick for avoidance. Her eyes, unable to encounter his, were bent upon the ground, and ſhe ſtood ſtill, and even trembling, till he reached her.

To the prepoſſeſſed notions and vain character of Sir Sedley, theſe were ſymptoms by no means diſcouraging; with a confidence almoſt amounting to arrogance he advanced, pitying her diſtreſs, yet pitying himſelf ſtill more for the ſnare in which it was involving him. He permitted his eyes for a moment to faſten upon her, to admire her, and to enjoy triumphantly her confuſion in ſilence: "Ah, beauteous tyrant!" he then cried; "if this inſtant were leſs inappreciable, in what language could

could I upbraid thy unexampled abuſe of power? thy lacerating barbarity?"

He then, almoſt by force, took her hand; ſhe ſtruggled eagerly to recover it, but "No," he cried, "fair torturer! it is now my priſoner, and muſt be puniſhed for its inhuman ſins, in the congealing and unmerciful lines it has portrayed for me."

And then, regardleſs of her reſiſtance, which he attributed to mere baſhfulneſs, he obſtinately and inceſſantly devoured it with kiſſes, in defiance of oppoſition, ſupplication, or anger, till, ſuddenly and piercingly, ſhe ſtartled him with a ſcream, and ſnatched it away with a force irreſiſtible.

Amazed, he ſtared at her. Her face was almoſt convulſed with emotion; but her eyes, which appeared to be fixed, directed him to the cauſe. At the bottom of the walk, which was only a few yards diſtant, ſtood Mandlebert.

Pale and motionleſs, he looked as if bereft of ſtrength and faculties. Camilla had ſeen him the moment ſhe raiſed her

eyes, and her horror was uncontrollable. Sir Sedley, aſtoniſhed at what he beheld, aſtoniſhed what to think, drew back, with a ſupercilious kind of bow. Edgar, recalled by what he thought inſolence to his recollection, advanced a few ſteps, and addreſſing himſelf to Camilla, ſaid: "I had the commands of Sir Hugh to purſue you, Miſs Tyrold, to give you immediate notice that Mr. Lynmere is arrived." He added no more, deigned not a look at Sir Sedley, but rapidly retreated, remounted his horſe, and gallopped off.

Camilla looked after him till he was out of ſight, with uplifted hands and eyes, deploring his departure, his miſtake, and his reſentment, without courage to attempt ſtopping him.

Sir Sedley ſtood ſuſpended, how to act, what to judge. If Edgar's was the diſpleaſure of a diſcarded lover, why ſhould it ſo affect Camilla? if of a ſucceſsful one, why came ſhe to meet him? why had ſhe received and anſwered his notes?

Finding ſhe attempted neither to ſpeak nor move, he again approached her, and ſaying, "Fair Incomprehenſible!-----" would again have taken her hand; but rouſing to a ſenſe of her ſituation, ſhe drew back, and with ſome dignity, but more agitation, cried: "Sir Sedley, I bluſh if I am culpable of any part of your miſtake; but ſuffer me now to be explicit, and let me be fully, finally, and not too late underſtood. You muſt write to me no more; I cannot anſwer nor read your letters. You muſt ſpeak to me no more, except in public ſociety; you muſt go further, Sir Sedley----you muſt think of me no more."

"Horrible!" cried he, ſtarting back; "you diſtreſs me paſt meaſure!"

"No, no, you will ſoon----eaſily----readily forget me."

"Inhuman! you make me unhappy paſt thought!"

"Indeed I am inexpreſſibly concerned; but the whole affair----"

"You

"You ſhock, you annihilate me, you injure me in the tendereſt point!"

Camilla now, amazed, cried, "what is it you mean, ſir?"

"By inveſting me, fair barbarian, with the temerity of forming any claim that can call for repulſe!"

Utterly confounded by ſo unexpected a diſclaiming of all deſign, ſhe again, though from far different ſenſations, caſt up her eyes and hands. And is it, ſhe thought, for a trifler ſuch as this, ſo unmeaning, ſo unfeeling, I have riſked my whole of hope and happineſs?

She ſaid, however, no more; for what more could be ſaid? She coloured, paſt him, and haſtily quitting the garden, told the footman to apologiſe to Mrs. Arlbery for her ſudden departure, by informing her that a near relation was juſt arrived from abroad; and then got into the carriage and drove back to Cleves.

Sir Sedley followed careleſsly, yet without aiming at overtaking her, and intreated,

negligently, to be heard, yet ſaid nothing which required the ſmalleſt anſwer.

Piqued completely, and mortified to the quick, by the conviction which now broke in upon him of the ſuperior aſcendance of Mandlebert, he could not brook to have been thought in earneſt when he ſaw he ſhould not have been accepted, nor pardon his own vanity the affront it had brought upon his pride. He ſung aloud an opera air till the carriage of Sir Hugh was out of ſight, and then drove his phaeton to Clarendel-place, where he inſtantly ordered his poſt-chaiſe, and in leſs than an hour, ſet off on a tour to the Hebrides.

CHAP. VIII.

A Summons to Happineſs.

CAMILLA had but juſt ſet out from Cleves, when Sir Hugh, conſulting his weather-cocks, which a new chain of ideas had made him forget to examine, ſaw that the wind was fair for the voyage of his nephew; and heard, upon inquiry, that the favourable change had taken place the preceding day, though the general confuſion of the houſe had prevented it from being heeded by any of the family.

With eagerneſs the moſt exceſſive, he went to the room of Eugenia, and bid her put on a ſmart hat to walk out with him, as there was no knowing how ſoon a certain perſon might arrive.

Eugenia, colouring, ſaid ſhe would rather ſtay within.

"Well," cried he, "you'll be neater, to be ſure, for not blowing about in the wind; ſo I'll go take t'other girl's."

Eugenia, left alone, became exceedingly fluttered. She could not bear to remain in the houſe under the notion of ſo degrading a conſideration as owing any advantage to outward appearance; and fearing her uncle, in his extreme openneſs, ſhould give that reaſon for her not walking, ſhe determined to take a ſtroll by herſelf in the park.

She bent her ſteps towards a ſmall wood at ſome diſtance from the houſe, where ſhe meant to reſt herſelf and read; for ſhe had learnt of Dr. Orkborne never to be unprovided with a book: But ſhe had not yet reached her place of intended repoſe, when the ſound of feet made her turn round, and, to her utter conſternation, ſhe ſaw a young man, whoſe boots, whip, and foreign air, announced inſtantly to be Clermont Lynmere.

She doubted not but he was ſent in purſuit of her; and though youthful timidity prompted her to ſhun him, ſhe retained ſufficient

ficient command over herſelf to check it, and to ſtop till he came up to her; while he, neither quickening nor ſlackening his pace as he approached, paſſed her with ſo little attention, that ſhe was preſently convinced he had ſcarce even perceived her.

Diſconcerted by a meeting ſo ſtrange and ſo ill timed, ſhe involuntarily ſtood ſtill, without any other power than that of looking after him.

In a few minutes Molly Mill, running up to her, cried: "Dear Miſs, have not you ſeen young Mr. Lynmere? He come by t'other way juſt as maſter, and Miſs Margland, and Miſs Lynmere, and Miſs Tyrold, was gone to meet him by the great gate; and ſo he ſaid he'd come and look who he could find himſelf."

Eugenia had merely voice to order her back. The notion of having a figure ſo inſignificant as to be paſſed, without even exciting a doubt whom ſhe might be, was cruelly mortifying. She knew not how to return to the houſe, and relate ſuch

an incident. She ſat down under a tree to recollect herſelf.

Preſently, however, ſhe ſaw the ſtranger turn quick about, and before ſhe could riſe, ſlightly touching his hat, without looking at her: "Pray, ma'am," he ſaid, "do you belong to that houſe?" pointing to the manſion of Sir Hugh.

Faintly ſhe anſwered, "Yes, ſir;" and he then added: "I am juſt arrived, and in ſearch of Sir Hugh and the young ladies; one of them, they told me, was this way; but I can trace nobody. Have you ſeen any of them?"

More and more confounded, ſhe could make no reply. Inattentive to her embarraſſment, and ſtill looking every way around, he repeated his queſtion. She then pointed towards the great gate, ſtammering ſhe believed they went that way. "Thank you;" he anſwered, with a nod, and then hurried off.

She now thought no more of moving nor of riſing; ſhe felt a kind of ſtupor, in which,

which, fixed, and without reflection, ſhe remained, till, ſtartled by the ſound of her uncle's voice, ſhe got up, made what haſte ſhe was able to the houſe by a private path, and aſcended to her own room by a back ſtair-caſe.

That an interview to which ſhe had ſo long looked forward, for which, with unwearied aſſiduity, ſhe had ſo many years laboured to prepare herſelf, and which was the declared precurſor of the moſt important æra of her life, ſhould paſs over ſo abruptly, and be circumſtanced ſo aukwardly, equally diſpirited and confuſed her.

In a few minutes, Molly Mill, entering, ſaid: "They're all come back, and Sir Hugh's fit to eat the young ſquire up; and no wonder, for he's a ſweet proper gentleman, as ever I ſee. Come, miſs, I hope you'll put on ſomething elſe, for that hat makes you look worſe than any thing. I would not have the young ſquire ſee you ſuch a figure for never ſo much."

The artleſſneſs of unadorned truth, however ſure in theory of extorting admiration, rarely, in practice, fails inflicting pain or mortification. The ſimple honeſty of Molly redoubled the chagrin of her young miſtreſs, who, ſending her away, went anxiouſly to the looking-glaſs, whence, in a few moments, ſhe perceived her uncle, from the window, laughing, and making ſignificant ſigns to ſome one out of her ſight. Extremely aſhamed to be ſo ſurpriſed, ſhe retreated to the other end of the room, though not till ſhe had heard Sir Hugh ſay: "Ay, ay, ſhe's getting ready for you; I told you why ſhe would not walk out with us, ſo don't let's hurry her, though I can't but commend your being a little impatient, which I dare ſay ſo is ſhe, only young girls can't ſo well talk about it."

Eugenia now found that Clermont had no ſuſpicion he had ſeen her. Sir Hugh concluded ſhe had not left her room, and aſked no queſtions that could lead to the diſcovery.

Preſently the baronet came up ſtairs himſelf, and tapping at her door, ſaid: "Come, my dear, don't be too curious, the breakfaſt having been ſpoilt this hour already; beſides your couſin's having nothing on himſelf but his riding dreſs."

Happy ſhe could at leaſt clear herſelf from ſo derogatory a deſign, ſhe opened her door. Sir Hugh, ſurveying her with a look of ſurpriſe and vexation, exclaimed: "What my dear! an't you dizen'd yet? why I thought to have ſeen you in all your beſt things!"

"No, ſir," anſwered ſhe calmly; "I ſhall not dreſs till dinner-time."

"My dear girl," cried he, kindly, though a little diſtreſſed how to explain himſelf; "there's no need you ſhould look worſe than you can help; though you can do better things, I know, than looking well at any time; only what I mean is, you ſhould let him ſee you to the beſt advantage at the firſt, for fear of his taking any diſlike before he knows about Dr. Orkborne, and that."

"Diſlike, ſir!" repeated ſhe, extremely hurt; "if you think he will take any diſlike----I had better not ſee him at all!"

"My dear girl, you quite miſtake me, owing to my poor head's always uſing the wrong word; which is a remarkable thing that I can't help. But I don't mean in the leaſt to doubt his being pleaſed with you, except only at the beginning, from not being uſed to you; for as to all your ſtudies, there's no more Greek and Latin in one body's face than in another's; but, however, if you won't dreſs, there's no need to keep the poor boy in hot water for nothing."

He then took her hand, and rather dragged than drew her down ſtairs, ſaying as they went: "I muſt wiſh you joy, though, for I aſſure you he's a very fine lad, and hardly a bit of a coxcomb."

The family was all aſſembled in the parlour, except Camilla, for whom the baronet had inſtantly diſpatched Edgar, and Mr. Tyrold, who was not yet returned from a morning ride, but for whom Sir Hugh had

had ordered the great dinner bell to be rung, as a ſignal of ſomething extraordinary.

Young Lynmere was waiting the arrival of Eugenia with avowed and unbridled impatience. Far from ſurmiſing it was her he had met in the park, he had concluded it was one of the maids, and thought of her no more. He aſked a thouſand queſtions in a breath when his uncle was gone. Was ſhe tall? was ſhe ſhort? was ſhe plump? was ſhe lean? was ſhe fair? was ſhe brown? was ſhe florid? was ſhe pale? But as he aſked them of every body, nobody anſwered; yet all were in ſome diſmay at a curioſity implying ſuch entire ignorance, except Indiana, who could not, without ſimpering, foreſee the amazement of her brother at her couſin's perſon and appearance.

"Here's a noble girl for you!" cried Sir Hugh, opening the door with a flouriſh; "for all ſhe's got ſo many beſt things, ſhe's come down in her worſt, for the ſake of looking ill at the beginning, to

the end that there may be no fault to be found afterwards; which is a wiſeneſs that does honour to her education."

This was, perhaps, the firſt time an harangue from the baronet had been thought too ſhort; but the ſurpriſe of young Lynmere, at the view of his deſtined bride, made him wiſh he would ſpeak on, merely to annul any neceſſity for ſpeaking himſelf. Eugenia aimed in vain to recover the calmneſs of her nature, or to borrow what might reſemble it from her notions of female dignity. The injudicious ſpeech of Sir Hugh, by publicly forcing upon the whole party the ſettled purpoſe of the interview, covered her with bluſhes, and gave a tremor to her frame that obliged her precipitately to ſeat herſelf, while her joined hands ſupplicated his ſilence.

"Well, my dear, well!" ſaid he, kiſſing her, "don't let me vex you; what I ſaid having no meaning, except for the beſt; though your couſin might as well have ſaluted you before you ſat down, I think; which, however, I ſuppoſe may be out

out of fashion now, every thing changing since my time; which, Lord help me! it will take me long enough to learn."

Lynmere noticed not this hint, and they all seated themselves round the breakfast table; Sir Hugh scarce able to refrain from crying for joy, and continually exclaiming: "This is the happiest day of all my life, for all I've lived so long! To see us all together, at last, and my dear boy come home to his native old England!"

Miss Margland made the tea, and young Lynmere instantly and almost voraciously began eating of every thing that was upon the table. Indiana, when she saw her brother as handsome as her cousin was deformed, thought the contrast so droll, she could look at neither without tittering; Lavinia observed, with extreme concern, the visible distress of her sister; Dr. Orkborne forbore to ruminate upon his work, in expectation, every moment, of being called upon to converse with the learned young traveller; but Sir Hugh alone spoke, though his delight and his loquacity joined

joined to his pleaſure in remarking the good old Engliſh appetite which his nephew had brought with him from foreign parts, prevented his being ſtruck with the general taciturnity.

The entrance of Mr. Tyrold proved a relief to all the party, though a pain to himſelf. He ſuffered in ſeeing the diſtreſſed confuſion of Eugenia, and felt ſomething little ſhort of indignation at the ſupercilious air with which Clermont ſeemed to examine her; holding his head high and back, as if meaſuring his ſuperior height, while every line round his mouth marked that ridicule was but ſuppreſſed by contempt.

When Sir Hugh, at length, obſerved, that the young traveller uttered not a ſyllable, he exclaimed: "Lord help us! what fools it makes of us, being overjoyed! here am I talking all the talk to myſelf, while my young ſcholar ſays nothing! which I take to be owing to my ſpeaking only Engliſh; which, however, I ſhould not do, if it was not for the miſfortune

fortune of knowing no other, which I can't properly call a fault, being out of no idleneſs, as that gentleman can witneſs for me; for I'll warrant nobody's taken more pains; but our heads won't always do what we want."

He then gave a long and melancholy detail of his ſtudies and their failure.

When the carriage arrived with Camilla, young Lynmere loitered to a window, to look at it; Eugenia aroſe, meaning to ſeize the opportunity to eſcape to her room; but ſeeing him turn round upon her moving, ſhe again ſat down, experiencing, for the firſt time, a ſenſation of ſhame for her lameneſs, which, hitherto, ſhe had regularly borne with fortitude, when ſhe had not forgotten from indifference: neither did ſhe feel ſpirits to exhibit, again, before his tall and ſtrikingly elegant figure, her diminutive little perſon.

Camilla entered with traces of a diſordered mind too ſtrongly marked in her countenance to have eſcaped obſervation, had ſhe been looked at with any attention.

But

But Eugenia and Lynmere ingroſſed all eyes and all thoughts. Even herſelf, at firſt ſight of the huſband elect of her ſiſter, loſt, for a moment, all perſonal conſideration, and looked at him only with the intereſting idea of the future fate of Eugenia. But it was only for a moment; when ſhe turned round, and ſaw nothing of Edgar, when her uncle's inquiry what had become of him convinced her he was gone elſewhere, her heart ſunk, ſhe felt ſick, and would have glided out of the room, had not Sir Hugh, thinking her faint for want of her breakfaſt, begged Miſs Margland to make her ſome freſh tea; adding, "As this is a day in which I intend us all to be happy alike, I beg nobody will go out of the room, for the ſake of our enjoying it all together."

This ſummons to happineſs produced the uſual effect of ſuch calls; a general ſilence, ſucceeded by a general yawning, and a univerſal ſecret wiſh of ſeparation, to the ſingle exception of Sir Hugh, who, after a pauſe, ſaid, "Why nobody ſpeaks but

but me! which I really think odd enough. However, my dear nephew, if you don't care for our plain Engliſh converſation, which, indeed, after all your ſtudies, one can't much wonder at, nobody can be againſt you and the Doctor jabbering together a little of your Greek and Latin."

Lynmere, letting fall his bread upon the table, leaned back in his chair, and, ſticking his hands in his ſide, looked at his uncle with an air of aſtoniſhment.

"Nay," continued the baronet, "I don't pretend I ſhould be much the wiſer for it; however, it's what I've no objection to hear: ſo come, Doctor! you're the oldeſt; break the ice!"

A verſe of Horace with which Dr. Orkborne was opening his anſwer, was ſtopt ſhort, by the eager manner in which Lynmere re-ſeized his bread with one hand, while, with the other, to the great diſcompoſure of the exact Miſs Margland, he ſtretched forth for the tea-pot, to pour out a baſon of tea; not ceaſing the libation till the ſaucer itſelf, overcharged, ſent his beverage

beverage in trickling rills from the table-cloth to the floor.

The ladies all moved ſome paces from the table, to ſave their clothes; and Miſs Margland reproachfully inquired if ſhe had not made his tea to his liking.

"Don't mind it, I beg, my dear boy," cried Sir Hugh; "a little ſlop's ſoon wiped up; and we're all friends: ſo don't let that ſtop your Latin."

Lynmere, noticing neither the Latin, the miſchief, nor the conſolation, finiſhed his tea in one draught, and then ſaid: "Pray, ſir, where do you keep all your newſpapers?"

"Newſpapers, my dear nephew? I've got no newſpapers: what would you have us do with a mere ſet of politics, that not one of us underſtand, in point of what may be their true drift; now we're all met together o' purpoſe to be comfortable?"

"No newſpapers, ſir?" cried Lynmere, riſing, and vehemently ringing the bell; and, with a ſcornful laugh, adding, half between

between his teeth, "Ha! ha! live in the country without newſpapers! a good joke, faith!"

A ſervant appearing, he gave orders for all the morning papers that could be procured.

Sir Hugh looked much amazed; but preſently, ſtarting up, ſaid, "My dear nephew, I believe I've caught your meaning, at laſt; for if you mean, as I take for granted, that we're all rather dull company, why I'll take your hint, and leave you and a certain perſon together, to make a better acquaintance; which you can't do ſo well while we're all by, on account of modeſty."

Eugenia, frightened almoſt to ſickneſs, caught by her two ſiſters; and Mr. Tyrold, tenderly compaſſionating her apprehenſions, whiſpered to Sir Hugh to diſpenſe with a *tête-à-tête* ſo early: and, taking her hand, accompanied her himſelf to her room, compoſing, and re-aſſuring her by the way.

Sir

Sir Hugh, though vexed, then followed, to iſſue ſome particular orders; the reſt of the party diſperſed, and young Lynmere remained with his ſiſter.

Walking on tiptoe to the door, he ſhut it, and put his ear to the key-hole, till he no longer heard any footſtep. Turning then haſtily round, he flung himſelf, full length, upon a ſofa, and burſt into ſo violent a fit of laughter, he was forced to hold his ſides.

Indiana, tittering, ſaid, "Well, brother, how do you like her?"

"Like her!" he repeated, when able to ſpeak; "why the old gentleman doats! He can never, elſe, ſeriouſly ſuppoſe I'll marry her."

"He! he! he! yes, but he does, indeed, brother. He's got every thing ready."

"Has he, faith?" cried Lynmere, again rolling on the ſofa, almoſt ſuffocated with violent laughter: from which, ſuddenly recovering, he ſtarted up to ſtroam to a large

large looking-glaſs, and, ſtanding before it, in an eaſy and moſt aſſured attitude, "Much obliged to him, 'pon honour!" he exclaimed: "Don't you think," turning careleſsly, yet in an elegant poſition, round to his ſiſter, "don't you think I am, Indiana?"

"Me, brother? la! I'm ſure I think ſhe's the uglieſt little fright, poor thing! I ever ſaw in the world, poor thing! ſuch a little, ſhort, dumpty, hump backed, crooked, limping figure of a fright----poor thing!"

"Yes, yes," cried he, changing his poſture, but ſtill undauntedly examining himſelf before the glaſs, "he has taken amazing care of me, I confeſs; matched me moſt exactly!"

Then ſitting down, as if to conſider the matter more ſeriouſly, he took Indiana by the arm, and, with ſome diſpleaſure, ſaid, "Why, what does the old quoz mean? Does he want me to toſs him in a blanket?"

Indiana

Indiana tittered more than ever at this idea, till her brother angrily demanded of her, why ſhe had not written herſelf ſome deſcription of this young Hecate, to prepare him for her ſight? Sir Hugh having merely given him to underſtand that ſhe was not quite beautiful.

Indiana had no excuſe to plead, but that ſhe did not think of it. She had, indeed, grown up with an averſion to writing, in common with whatever elſe gave trouble, or required attention; and her correſpondence with her brother rarely produced more than two letters in a year, which were briefly upon general topics, and read by the whole family.

She now related to him the hiſtory of the will, and the vow, which only in an imperfect, and but half-credited manner had reached him.

His laughter then gave place to a ſtorm of rage. He called himſelf ruined, blaſted, undone; and abuſed Sir Hugh as a good-for-nothing dotard, defrauding

ing him of his juſt rights and expectations.

"Why, that's the reaſon," ſaid Indiana, "he wants to marry you to couſin Eugenia; becauſe, he ſays, it's to make you amends."

This led him to a rather more ſerious conſideration of the affair; for, he proteſted the money was what he could not do without. Yet, again parading to the glaſs, "What a ſhame, Indiana," he cried, "what a ſhame would it be to make ſuch a ſacrifice? If he'll only pay a trifle of money for me, and give me a few odd hundreds to begin with, I'll hold him quit of all elſe, ſo he'll but quit me of that wizen little ſtump."

A newſpaper, procured from the neareſt public houſe, being now brought, he pinched Indiana by the chin, ſaid ſhe was the fineſt girl he had ſeen in England, and whiſtled off to his appointed chamber.

Clermont Lynmere ſo entirely reſembled his ſiſter in perſon, that now, in his firſt youth, he might almoſt have been taken

for her, even without change of dreſs: but the effect produced upon the beholders bore not the ſame parallel: what in her was beauty in its higheſt delicacy, in him ſeemed effeminacy in its loweſt degradation. The brilliant fairneſs of his forehead, the tranſparent pink of his cheeks, the pouting vermillion of his lips, the liquid luſtre of his languiſhing blue eyes, the minute form of his almoſt infantine mouth, and the ſnowy whiteneſs of his ſmall hands and taper fingers, far from bearing the attraction which, in his ſiſter, rendered them ſo lovely, made him conſidered by his own ſex as an unmanly fop, and by the women, as too conceited to admire any thing but himſelf.

With reſpect to his underſtanding, his ſuperiority over his ſiſter was rather in education than in parts, and in practical intercourſe with the world, than in any higher reaſoning faculties. His character, like his perſon, wanted maturing, the one being as diſtinct from intellectual deciſion, as the other from maſculine dignity. He had

had youth without diffidence, ſprightlineſs without wit, opinion without judgment, and learning without knowledge. Yet, as he contemplated his fine perſon in the glaſs, he thought himſelf without one external fault; and, early caſt upon his own reſponſibility, was not conſcious of one mental deficiency.

CHAP. IX.

Offs and Ons.

MR. TYROLD left Eugenia to her ſiſters, unwilling to ſpeak of Lynmere till he had ſeen ſomething more of him. Sir Hugh, alſo, was going, for he had no time, he ſaid, to loſe in his preparations: but Eugenia, taking his arm, beſought that nothing of that kind might, at preſent, be mentioned.

"Don't trouble yourſelf about that, my dear," he anſwered; "for it's what I take all into my own hands; your couſin being a perſon that don't talk much; by which, how can any thing be brought forward, if nobody interferes? A girl, you know, my dear, can't ſpeak for herſelf, let her wiſh it never ſo much."

"Alas!" ſaid Eugenia, when he was gone, "how painfully am I ſituated! Clermont will ſurely ſuppoſe this precipit-

ance all mine; and already, poſſibly, concludes it is upon my ſuggeſtion he has thus prematurely been called from his travels, and impeded in his praiſe-worthy ambition of ſtudying the laws, manners, and cuſtoms of the different nations of Europe!"

The wan countenance of Camilla ſoon, however, drew all obſervation upon herſelf, and obliged her to narrate the cruel adventure of the morning.

The ſiſters were both petrified by the account of Sir Sedley; and their compaſſion for his expected deſpair was changed into diſguſt at his inſulting impertinence. They were of opinion that his bird and his letters ſhould immediately be returned; and their horror of any debt with a character mingling ſuch preſumption with ſuch levity, made Eugenia promiſe that, as ſoon as ſhe was miſtreſs of ſo much money, ſhe would ſend him, in the name of Lionel, his two hundred pounds.

The bird, therefore, by Tom Hodd, was inſtantly conveyed to Clarendel-Place; but the letters Camilla retained, till ſhe

could firſt ſhew them to Edgar,----if this event had not loſt him to her for ever, and if he manifeſted any deſire of an explanation.

* * * *

Edgar himſelf, meanwhile, in a paroxyſm of ſudden miſery, and torturing jealouſy, had gallopped furiouſly to the rectory of Cleves.

"O, Doctor Marchmont!" he cried, "what a tale have I now to unfold! Within theſe laſt twenty-four hours I have been the moſt wretched----the happieſt---- and again the moſt agonized of human beings! I have thought Camilla beſtowed upon another,----I have believed her,---- oh, Doctor!----my own!-----I have conceived myſelf at the ſummit of all earthly felicity!----I find myſelf, at this moment deluded and undone!"

He then detailed the account, calling upon the Doctor to unravel to him the inſupportable ænigma of his deſtiny; to tell

tell him for what purpoſe Camilla had ſhewn him a tenderneſs ſo bewitching, at the very time ſhe was carrying on a clandeſtine intercourſe with another? with a man, who, though deſtitute neither of wit nor good qualities, it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould love, ſince ſhe was as incapable of admiring as of participating in his defects? To what incomprehenſible motives attribute ſuch incongruities? Why accept and ſuffer her friends to accept him, if engaged to Sir Sedley? why, if ſeriouſly meaning to be his, this ſecret correſpondence? Why ſo early, ſo private, ſo ſtrange a meeting? "Whence, Doctor Marchmont, the daring boldneſs of his ſeizing her hand? whence the never-to-be-forgotten licence with which he preſumed to lift it to his lips,----and there hardily to detain it, ſo as never man durſt do, whoſe hopes were not all alive, from his own belief in their encouragement! explain, expound to me this work of darkneſs and amazement; tell me why, with every appearance of the moſt artleſs open-

neſs, I find her thus eternally diſingenuous and unintelligible? why, though I have caſt myſelf wholly into her power, ſhe retains all her myſtery----ſhe heightens it into deceit next perjury?"

"Aſk me, my dear young friend, why the ſun does not give night, and the moon day; then why women practiſe coquetry. Alas! my ſeaſon for ſurpriſe has long been paſſed! They will rather trifle, even with thoſe they deſpiſe, than be candid even with thoſe they reſpect. The young baronet, probably, has been making his court to her, or ſhe has believed ſuch was his deſign; but as you firſt came to the point, ſhe would not hazard rejecting you, while uncertain if he were ſerious. She was, poſſibly, putting him to the teſt, by the account of your declaration, at the moment of your unſeaſonable intruſion."

"If this, Doctor, is your ſtatement, and if your ſtatement is juſt, in how deſpicable a lottery have I riſked the peace of my life! You ſuppoſe then----that, if ſure of Sir Sedley----I am diſcarded?"

"You

"You know what I think of your ſituation: can I, when to yet more riches I add a title, ſuppoſe that of Sir Sedley leſs ſecure?"

The ſhuddering ſtart, the diſtracted look of Edgar, with his hand clapped to his burning forehead, now alarmed the Doctor; who endeavoured to ſomewhat ſoften his ſentence, diſſuading him againſt any immediate meaſures, and adviſing him to paſs over theſe firſt moments of emotion, and then coolly to ſuffer inquiry to take place of deciſion. But Edgar could not hear him; he ſhook hands with him, faintly ſmiled, as an apology for not ſpeaking; and, hurrying off, without waiting for his ſervant, gallopped towards the New Foreſt: leaving his abſence from Cleves to declare his defection, and bent only to fly from Camilla, and all that belonged to her.

All, however, that belonged to Camilla was preciſely what followed him; purſued him in every poſſible form, clung to his heart-ſtrings, almoſt maddened his

ſenſes. He could not bear to reflect; retroſpection was torture, anticipation was horror. To loſe thus, without neceſſity, without calamity, the object of his deareſt wiſhes,----to loſe her from mere declenſion of eſteem----

"Any inevitable evil," he cried, "I could have ſuſtained; any blow of fortune, however ſevere; any ſtroke of adverſity, however terrible;-----but this----- this error of all my ſenſes----this deception of all my hopes----this extinction of every feeling I have cheriſhed"—

He rode on yet harder, leaping over every thing, thoughtleſs rather than fearleſs of every danger he could encounter, and gallopping with the ſpeed and violence of ſome purſuit, though wholly without view, and almoſt without conſciouſneſs; as if, hoping by flight, to eſcape from the degenerate portrait of Camilla: but its painter was his own imagination, and mocked the attempt.

From the other ſide of a five-barred gate, which, with almoſt frantic ſpeed, he was

was approaching with a view to clear, a voice halloo'd to ſtop him; and, at the ſame time, a man who was leading one horſe, and riding another, diſmounted, and called out, "Why, as ſure as I'm alive, it's 'Squire Mandlebert!"

Edgar now, perceiving Jacob, was going to turn back to avoid him; but, reſtraining this firſt movement, faintly deſired him to ſtand by, as he had not a moment to loſe.

"Good lack!" cried Jacob, with the freedom of an old ſervant, who had known him from a boy; "why, I would not but have happened to come this way for never ſo much! why you might have broke your neck, elſe! Leap ſuch a gate as this here? why, I can't let you do no ſuch a thing! Miſs Camilla's like a child of my own, as one may ſay; and ſhe'll never hold up her head again, I'll be bound for it, if you ſhould come to any harm; and, as to poor old maſter! 'twould go nigh to break his heart."

Struck with words which, from ſo faithful an old ſervant, could not but be touching, Edgar was brought ſuddenly to himſelf, and felt the claim of the Tyrold family for a conduct more guarded. He endeavoured to put his own feelings apart, and conſider how beſt he might ſpare thoſe of the friends of Camilla; thoſe of Camilla herſelf he concluded to be out of his reach, except as they might ſimply relate to the female pride and vanity of refuſing rather than being given up.

He pauſed, now, to weigh how he might obviate any offence; and, after firſt reſolving to write a ſort of general leave-taking, and, next, ſeeing the almoſt inſuperable objections to whatever he could ſtate, determined upon gaining time for deliberation, by merely commiſſioning Jacob to carry a meſſage to Cleves, that ſome ſudden affairs called him, for the preſent, to a diſtant part of the country. This, at ſuch a period, would create a ſurpriſe that might lead the way to what would

would follow: and Camilla, who could not, he thought, be much aſtoniſhed, might then take her own meaſures for the defection ſhe would ſee reaſon to expect.

But Jacob reſiſted bearing the intelligence: "Good lack, ſir," he cried, "what have you got in your head? ſomething that will do you no good, I'll be bound, by the look of your eyes, which look as big as if they was both going to drop out; you'd better come yourſelf and tell 'em what's the matter, and ſpeak a word to poor Miſs Camilla, or ſhe'll never believe but what ſome ill has betided you. Why we all knew about it, faſt enough, before our maſter told us; ſervants have eyes as well as their maſters; only Mary will have it ſhe found it out at the firſt, which an't true, for I ſaw it by the time you'd been a week in the houſe; and if you'll take my word, ſquire, I don't think there's ſuch another heart in the world as Miſs Camilla's, except juſt my own old maſter's."

Edgar

Edgar leant againſt his horſe, neither ſpeaking nor moving, yet involuntarily liſtening, while deeply ſighing.

"What a power of good ſhe'll do," continued Jacob, "when ſhe's miſtreſs of Beech Park! I warrant ſhe'll go about, viſiting the poor, and making them clothes, and broths, and wine poſſets, and baby-linen, all day long. She has done it at Etherington quite from a child; and when ſhe had nothing to give 'em, ſhe uſed to take her thread papers and needle books, and ſit down and work for them, and carry them bits and ſcraps of things to help 'em to patch their gowns. Why when ſhe's got your fine fortunes, ſhe'll bring a bleſſing upon the whole county."

Edgar felt touched; his wrath was ſoftened into tenderneſs, and he ejaculated to himſelf: "Such, indeed, I thought Camilla! active in charity, gentle in good works!-----I thought that in putting my fortune into her hands, I was ſerving the unhappy,----feeding the indigent,----reviving the ſick!"

"Maſter," continued Jacob, "took a fancy to her from the very firſt, as well as I; and when maſter ſaid ſhe was coming to live with us, I aſked to make it a holiday for all our folks, and maſter was as pleaſed as I. But nobody'd think what a tender heart ſhe's got of her own, without knowing her, becauſe of her ſinging, and laughing, and dancing ſo, except when old Miſs Margland's in the way, who's what Mr. Lionel calls a kill-joy at any time. Howbeit, I'll take ſpecial care ſhe ſhan't be by when I tell her of my ſtopping you from breaking your neck here; but I wiſh you could be in a corner yourſelf, to peep at her, without her knowing it; I'll warrant you ſhe'll give me ſuch a ſmile, you'd be fit to eat her!"

Shaken once more in every reſolution, becauſe uncertain in every opinion, Edgar found the indignant deſperation which had ſeized him begin to ſubſide, and his mind again become aſſailable by ſomething reſembling hope. Almoſt inſtinctively he remounted his horſe, and almoſt involuntarily----

rily----drawn on by hearkening to the praiſe of Camilla, and faſcinated by the details made by Jacob of her regard, accompanied him back to Cleves.

As they rode into the park, and while he was earneſtly endeavouring to form ſome palliation, by which he might exculpate what ſeemed to him ſo guilty in the ſtrange meeting and its ſtrange circumſtances, he perceived Camilla herſelf, walking upon the lawn. He ſaw ſhe had obſerved him, and ſaw, from her air, ſhe ſeemed irreſolute if to re-enter the houſe, or await him.

Jacob, ſignificantly pointing her out, offered to ſhew the effect he could produce by what he could relate; but Edgar, giving him the charge of his horſe, earneſtly beſought him to retire in quiet, and to keep his opinions and experiments to himſelf.

Each now, ſeparately, and with nearly equal difficulty, ſtrove to attain fortitude to ſeek an explanation. They approached each other; Camilla with her eyes fixed upon

upon the ground, her air embarraſſed, and her cheeks covered with bluſhes; Edgar with quick, but almoſt tottering ſteps, his eyes wildly avoiding hers, and his complexion pale even to indiſpoſition.

When they were met within a few yards, they ſtopt; Camilla ſtill without courage to look up, and Edgar ſtriving to ſpeak, but finding no paſſage for his voice. Camilla, then, aſhamed of her ſituation, raiſed her eyes, and forced herſelf to ſay, "Have you been into the houſe? Have you ſeen my couſin Lynmere?"

"No----madam."

Struck with a cold formality that never before, from Edgar, had reached her ears, and ſhocked by the ſight of his eſtranged and altered countenance, with the cruel conſciouſneſs that appearances authoriſed the moſt depreciating ſuſpicions, ſhe advanced, and holding out her hand, "Edgar," ſhe gently cried, "are you ill? or only angry?"

"O Camilla!" he anſwered, "can you deign to uſe to me ſuch a word? can you diſtort

diſtort my deareſt affections, convulſe my faireſt hopes, eradicate every power of happineſs----yet ſpeak with ſo much ſweetneſs----yet look at me with ſuch mildneſs? ſuch ſoftneſs----I had almoſt ſaid----ſuch kindneſs?"

Deeply affected, ſhe could hardly ſtand. He had taken her offered hand, but in a manner ſo changed from the ſame action the preceding day, that ſhe ſcarce knew if he touched while he held it, ſcarce felt that he relinquiſhed, as almoſt immediately ſhe withdrew it.

But her condeſcenſion at this moment was rather a new torment than any ſolace to him. The hand which ſhe proferred, and which the day before he had received as the token of permanent felicity, he had now ſeen in the poſſeſſion of another, with every licence, every apparent mark of permitted rapture in which he had been indulged himſelf. He knew not to whom it of right belonged; and the doubt not merely baniſhed happineſs, but mingled reſentment with miſery.

"I ſee,"

"I ſee," cried ſhe, after a mortified pauſe; "you have loſt your good opinion of me----I can only, therefore----" She ſtopt, but his melancholy ſilence was a confirmation of her ſuggeſtion that offended her into more exertion, and, with ſenſibility raiſed into dignity, ſhe added, "only hope your intended tour to the Continent may take place without delay!"

She would then have walked on to the houſe; but following her, "Is all over?" he cried, "and is it thus, Camilla, we part?"

"Why not?" ſaid ſhe, ſuppreſſing a ſigh, yet turning back.

"What a queſtion! cruel Camilla! Is this all the explanation you allow me?"

"What other do you wiſh?"

"All!----every other!----that meeting---- thoſe letters----"

"If you have any curioſity yet remaining----only name what you deſire."

"Are

"Are you indeed ſo good?" cried he, in a voice that ſhewed his ſoul again melting; "thoſe letters, then----"

"You ſhall have them----every one!" ſhe cried, with alacrity; and inſtantly taking out her pocket-book, preſented him with the prepared packet.

Penetrated by this unexpected openneſs and compliance, he ſnatched her hand, with intent to preſs it to his lips; but again the recollection he had ſeen that liberty accorded to Sir Sedley, joined to the ſight of his writing, checked him; he let it go; bowed his thanks with a look of grateful reſpect, and attempting no more to ſtop her, walked towards the ſummer-houſe, to peruſe the letters.

CHAP. X.

Reſolutions.

THE ſound of the dinner-bell, which rang in the ears of Edgar before he reached his intended retreat, would have been unnoticed, if not ſeconded by a meſſage from Sir Hugh, who had ſeen him from his window.

Compelled to obey, though in a ſtate of ſuſpenſe almoſt intolerable, he put up the important little packet, and repaired to the dining parlour; where, though none were equally diſturbed with himſelf, no one was at eaſe. Young Lynmere, under an appearance of mingled aſſurance and apathy, the effect of acquired conceit, playing upon natural inſipidity, was ſecretly tormented with the rueful neceſſity of ſacrificing either a noble fortune, or his own fine perſon; Sir Hugh felt a ſtrange diſappointment from the whole behaviour

behaviour of his nephew, though it was what he would not acknowledge, and could not define; Mr. Tyrold ſaw with much uneaſineſs the glaringly apparent unſuitableneſs of the intended alliance; Eugenia had never yet thought herſelf ſo plain and inſignificant, and felt as if, even ſince the morning, the ſmall-pox had renewed its ravages, and ſhe had ſunk into being ſhorter; Indiana and Miſs Margland were both acutely incenſed with Mandlebert; Dr. Orkborne ſaw but ſmall reaſon to expect gratitude for his labours from the ſupercilious negligence of the boaſted young ſtudent; Lavinia was diſturbed for both her ſiſters; and Camilla felt that all ſhe valued in life depended upon the next critical hour or two.

In this ſtate of general diſcomfort, Sir Hugh, who could never be ſilent, alone talked. Having long prepared himſelf to look upon this meeting as a day of happineſs, he ſtrove to believe, for a while, the whole family were peculiarly enjoying themſelves; but, upon a dead ſilence, which

which enſued upon his taking a copious draught of Madeira and water, "Why, my dear nephew," he cried, putting down his goblet, "you don't tell us any thing? which I've no doubt but you know why yourſelf. However, as we're all met o' purpoſe to ſee you, I can't ſay I ſhould be ſorry to hear the ſound of your voice, provided it won't be diſagreeable."

"We are not much—converſant, ſir, in each other's connexions, I believe," anſwered Lynmere, without ceaſing a moment to eat, and to help himſelf, and ordering a freſh plate at every ſecond mouthful; "I have ſeen nothing, yet, of your folks hereabouts; and, I fancy, ſir, you don't know a great deal of the people I have been uſed to."

Sir Hugh, having good humouredly acknowledged this to be truth, was at a loſs what further to purpoſe; and, imagining the taciturnity of the reſt of the party to proceed from an awe of the knowledge and abilities of his nephew, ſoon became himſelf ſo infected with fear and reverence, that,

that, though he could not be ſilent, he ſpoke only to thoſe who were next him, and in a whiſper.

When the deſſert was ſerved, ſomething like a general relief was effected by the unexpected entrance of Dr. Marchmont. Alarmed by the ungoverned, and, in him, unprecedented, emotions of Edgar, he had been to Beech Park; and, finding he had not returned there, had ridden on, in the moſt uneaſy uncertainty, to inquire for him at Cleves.

Happy to ſee him ſafe, though almoſt ſmiling to ſee with whom, he was beginning ſome excuſe for his intruſion, when the baronet ſaved his proceeding, by calling out, "Well, this is as good a piece of good luck as any we've met with yet! Here's Dr. Marchmont come to wiſh us joy; and as he's as good a ſcholar as yourſelf, nephew, for any thing I know to the contrary, why you need not be ſo afraid of ſpeaking, for the ſake of our not underſtanding you; which here's five of us can do now, as well as yourſelf."

Lynmere,

Lynmere, readily concluding Mr. Tyrold and Edgar, with the two Doctors, made four, glanced round the table to ſee who might be the fifth; when, ſuppoſing it Miſs Margland, he withdrew his eyes with a look of deriſion, and, turning to the butler, aſked what wines he might call for.

Sir Hugh then propoſed that they ſhould all pair off; the ignorant ones going one way, and the learned ones ſtaying another.

It would be difficult to ſay which looked moſt averſe to this propoſition, Eugenia, or the young traveller; who haſtily ſaid, "I always ride after dinner, ſir. Is your groom at hand? Can he ſhew me your horſes?"

"My nephew little ſuſpects," cried Sir Hugh, winking, "Eugenia belongs to the ſcholars! Ten to one but he thinks he's got Homer and Horace to himſelf! But here, my dear boy, as you're ſo fond of the claſſics"—

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Clermont, nimbly riſing, and knocking down a decanter of water in his haſte, but not turning back to look at it, nor ſtaying to offer any apology, affected not to hear his uncle, and flung haſtily out of the room, calling upon Indiana to follow him.

"In the name of all the *Diavoli*," cried he, pulling her into the park with him, "what does all this mean? Is the old gentleman *non compos?* what's all this ſtuff he deſcants upon ſo freely, of ſcholars, and claſſics, and Homer, and Horace?"

"O you muſt aſk Eugenia, not me!" anſwered Indiana, ſcornfully.

"Why, what does Eugenia know of the matter?"

"Know? why every thing. She's a great ſcholar, and has been brought up by Dr. Orkborne; and ſhe talks Greek and Latin."

"Does ſhe ſo? then, by the Lord! ſhe's no wife of mine! I'd as ſoon marry the old Doctor himſelf! and I'm ſure he'd make me as pretty a wife. Greek and Latin!

Latin! why, I'd as ſoon tie myſelf to a rod. Pretty ſort of dinners ſhe'll give!"

"O dear, yes, brother; ſhe don't care what ſhe eats; ſhe cares for nothing but books, and ſuch kind of things."

"Books! ha! ha! Books, and Latin and Greek! upon my faith, a pretty wife the old gentleman has been ſo good as to find me! why he muſt be a downright driveller!"

"Ah, brother, if we had all that fortune, what a different figure we ſhould cut with it!"

"Why, yes, I rather flatter myſelf we ſhould. No great need of five thouſand a year to pore over books! Ha! ha! faith, this is a good hum enough! So he thinks to take me in, does he?"

"Why, you know, ſhe is ſo rich, brother."----

"Rich? well, and what am I? do you ſee ſuch a figure as this," (ſuddenly ſkipping before her,) "every day? Am I reduced to my laſt legs, think you? Do

you ſuppoſe I can't meet with ſome kind old dowager any time theſe twenty years?"

"La, brother, won't you have her then?"

"No, faith, won't I! It's not come to that, neither. This learning is worſe than her uglineſs; 'twould make me look like a dunce in my own houſe."

He then proteſted he had rather loſe forty eſtates, than ſo be ſacrificed, and vowed, without venturing a direct refuſal, he would ſoon ſicken the old gentleman of his ſcheme.

* * * *

Eugenia, in retreating to her room, was again accompanied by her father and her uncle, whom ſhe conjured now, to name her to Clermont no more.

"I can't ſay I admire theſe puttings off, my dear," ſaid the baronet, "in this our mortal ſtate, which is always liable to end in our dying. Not that I pretend to tell you

you I think him over much alert; but there's no knowing but what he may have ſome meaning in it that we can't underſtand; a perſon having ſtudied all his life, has a right to a little particularity."

Mr. Tyrold himſelf now ſeriouſly interfered, and deſired that, henceforth, Clermont might be treated as if his viſit to Cleves was merely to congratulate his uncle upon his recovery; and that all ſchemes, preparations, and alluſions, might be put aſide, unleſs the youth himſelf, and with a good grace, brought them forward; meanwhile, he and Lavinia would return without delay to Etherington, to obviate all appearance of waiting the deciſion of any plan.

Sir Hugh was much diſcomfited by the exaction of ſuch forbearance, yet could the leſs oppoſe it, from his own internal diſcontent with his nephew, which he inadvertently betrayed, by murmuring, in his way to his chamber, "There's no denying but what they've got ſome odd-fangled new ways of their own, in thoſe foreign parts; meeting a ſet of old relations for

the firſt time, and ſaying nothing to them, but aſking for the newſpapers! Lord help us! caring about the wide world, ſo, when we know nothing of it, inſtead of one's own uncles and nephews, and kinspeople!"

* * * *

During this time, Edgar, almoſt agoniſed by ſuſpence and doubt, had eſcaped to the ſummer-houſe, whither he was followed by Dr. Marchmont, greatly to the wonder, almoſt with the contempt of Dr. Orkborne; whom he quitted, in anxiety for his young friend, juſt as he had intimated a deſign to conſult him upon a difficult paſſage in an ancient author, which had a place in his work, that was now nearly ready for the preſs.

"I know well, Doctor," ſaid Edgar, "that to find me here, after all that has paſſed, will make you conclude me the weakeſt of men---but I cannot now explain how it has been brought about---theſe letters

letters muſt firſt tell me if Camilla and I meet more than once again."

He then haſtily ran over the letters; but by no means haſtily could he digeſt, nor even comprehend their contents. He thought them florid, affected, and preſuming; yet vague, ſtudied, with little appearance of ſincerity, and leſs of explicit deciſion. What related to Lionel, and to aiding him in the diſpoſal of his wealth, ſeemed leaſt intelligible, yet moſt like ſerious meaning; but when he found that the interview at the Grove was by poſitive appointment, and granted to a requeſt made with a forwardneſs and aſſurance ſo wide from all delicacy and propriety, the blood mounted high into his cheeks, and, precipitately putting up the packet, he exclaimed: "Here, then, it ends! the laſt little ray of heſitation is extinct----extinct to be kindled never more!"

The ſound of theſe laſt words cauſed him an emotion of ſorrow he was unable to reſiſt, though unwilling to betray, and he hurried out of the ſummer-houſe to the

wood, where he ſtrove to compoſe his mind to the laſt leave-taking upon which he was now determined; but ſo dreadful was the reſolution which exacted from his own mouth the reſignation of all that, till now, had been deareſt to his views and hopes, that the afternoon was far advanced, before he could aſſume ſufficient courage to direct his ſteps to the ſpot where the ſacrifice was to be made.

Accuſing, himſelf, then, of weakneſs unpardonable, he returned to the ſummer-houſe, to apologiſe to Dr. Marchmont for his abrupt retreat; but the Doctor had already re-entered the manſion. Thither, therefore, he proceeded, purpoſing to ſeek Camilla, to return her the letters of Sir Sedley, and to deſire her commands in what manner to conduct himſelf with her father and her uncle, in acknowledging his fears that the projected union would fail of affording, to either party, the happineſs which, at firſt, it ſeemed to promiſe.

The carriage of Sir Hugh was in waiting at the door, and Mr. Tyrold and Lavinia were

were in the hall. Edgar, in no condition for ſuch an encounter, would have avoided them; but Mr. Tyrold, little ſuſpecting his deſire, rejoiced at the meeting, ſaying he had had the houſe ſearched for him in vain, that he might ſhake hands with him before his return to Etherington.

Then, taking him apart, "My dear Edgar," he cried, "I have long loved you as tenderly, and I may now confide in you as completely, as if you were my ſon. I go hence in ſome inquietude; I fear my brother has been too haſty in making known his views with regard to Clermont; who does not ſeem equal to appreciating the worth of Eugenia, though it is evident he has not been ſlack in noticing her misfortunes. I entreat you, during my abſence, to examine him as if you were already the brother of that dear child, who merits, you well know, the beſt and tendereſt of huſbands."

He then followed Lavinia into the carriage, prevented by his own occupied mind from obſerving the fallen countenance of

Edgar, who, more wretched than ever, bemoaned now the kindneſs of which he had hitherto been proud, and lamented the paternal truſt which he would have purchaſed the day before almoſt with life.

* * * *

Camilla, during this period, had gone through conflicts no leſs ſevere.

Jacob, who had bought a horſe, for which he had cheerfully advanced 20l. had informed her of the gate adventure of Edgar, and told her that, but for his ſtopping him, he was riding like mad from Cleves, and only ſending them all a meſſage that he could not come back.

Grieved, ſurpriſed, and offended, ſhe inſtantly determined ſhe would not riſk ſuch another mark of his cold ſuperiority, but reſtore to him his liberty, and leave him maſter of himſelf. "If the ſeverity of his judgment," cried ſhe, "is ſo much more potent than the warmth of his affection, it ſhall not be his delicacy, nor his compaſſion, that

that ſhall make me his. I will neither be the wife of his repentance nor of his pity. I muſt be convinced of his unaltered love, his eſteem, his truſt----or I ſhall deſcend to humiliation, not riſe to happineſs, in becoming his. Softneſs here would be meanneſs; ſubmiſſion degrading----if he heſitates----let him go!"

She then, without weighing, or even ſeeing one objection, precipitately reſolved to beg permiſſion of her friends, to accept an invitation ſhe had received, without as yet anſwering, to meet Mrs. Berlinton at Southampton, where that lady was going to paſs ſome weeks. She could there, ſhe thought, give the rejection which here its inviolable circumſtances made her, for Lionel's ſake, afraid to riſk; or ſhe could there, if a full explanation ſhould appeaſe him, find opportunity to make it with equal ſafety; his diſlike to that acquaintance rather urged than impeded her plan, for her wounded ſpirit panted to prove its independence and dignity.

Eugenia approved this elevation of ſentiment, and doubted not it would ſhew her again in her true light to Edgar, and bring him, with added eſteem, to her feet.

Camilla wept with joy at the idea: "Ah!" ſhe cried, "if ſuch ſhould be my happy fate; if, after hearing all my imprudence, my precipitance, and want of judgment, he ſhould voluntarily, when wholly ſet free, return to me----I will confeſs to him every feeling----and every failing of my heart! I will open to him my whole ſoul, and caſt myſelf ever after upon his generoſity and his goodneſs----O, my Eugenia! almoſt on my knees could I receive---- a ſecond time----the vows of Edgar Mandlebert!"

CHAP. XI.

Eaſe and Freedom.

LYNMERE, at tea-time, returned from his ride, with a fixed plan of frightening or diſguſting the baronet from the alliance; with Eugenia, herſelf, he imagined the attempt would be vain, for he did not conceive it poſſible any woman who had eyes could be induced to reject him.

Determined, therefore, to indulge, in full, both the natural preſumption and acquired luxuriance of his character, he conducted himſelf in a manner that, to any thing ſhort of the partiality of Sir Hugh, would have rendered him inſupportably offenſive: but Sir Hugh had ſo long cheriſhed a reverence for what he had himſelf ordered with regard to his ſtudies, and what he implicitly credited of his attainments, that it was more eaſy to him to doubt his ſenſes, than to ſuppoſe ſo accompliſhed

pliſhed a ſcholar could do any thing but what was right.

"Your horſes are worth nothing, ſir," cried he, in entering; "I never rode ſo unpleaſant a beaſt. I don't know who has the care of your ſtud; but whoever it is, he deſerves to be hanged."

Sir Hugh could not refuſe, either to his juſtice or his kindneſs, to vindicate his faithful Jacob; and for his horſes he made as many excuſes, as if every one had been a human creature, whom he was recommending to his mercy, with a fear they were unworthy of his favour.

Not a word was ſaid more, except what Miſs Margland, from time to time, extorted, by begging queſtions, in praiſe of her tea, till Lynmere, violently ringing the bell, called out to order a fire.

Every body was ſurpriſed at this liberty, without any previous demand of permiſſion from the baronet, or any inquiry into the feelings of the reſt of the company; and Sir Hugh, in a low voice, ſaid to Eugenia, "I am a little afraid poor Mary will be rather

ther out of humour to have the grate to poliſh again to-morrow morning, in the caſe my nephew ſhould not like to have another fire then; which, I ſuppoſe, if the weather continues ſo hot, may very likely not be agreeable to him."

Another pauſe now enſued; Dr. Marchmont, who, of the whole party, was alone, at this time, capable of leading to a general converſation, was ſeparately occupied by watching Camilla; while himſelf, as uſual, was curiouſly and unremittingly examined by Dr. Orkborne, in whom ſo much attention to a young lady raiſed many private doubts of the juſtice of his ſcholaſtic fame; which ſoon, by what he obſerved of his civility even to Miſs Margland, were confirmed nearly to ſcepticiſm.

Mary, now, entering with a coal ſcuttle and a candle, Lynmere, with much diſpleaſure, called out, "Bring wood; I hate coals."

Mary, as much diſpleaſed, and nearly as much humoured as himſelf, anſwered that nothing

nothing but coals were ever burnt in that grate.

"Take it all away, then, and bid my man ſend me my peliſſe. That I made to croſs the Alps in."

"I am very ſorry, indeed, nephew," ſaid Sir Hugh, "that we were not better prepared for your being ſo chilly, owing to the weather being ſet in ſo ſultry, that we none of us much thought of having a fire; and, indeed, in my young time, we were never allowed thinking of ſuch things before Michaelmas-day; which I ſuppoſe is quite behind-hand now. Pray, nephew, if it is not too much trouble to you, what's the day for lighting fires in foreign parts?"

"There's no rule of that ſort, now, ſir, in modern philoſophy; that kind of thing's completely out; entirely exploded, I give you my word."

"Well, every thing's new, Lord help me, ſince I was born! But pray, nephew, if I may aſk, without tiring you too much,

on

on account of my ignorance, have they fires in ſummer as well as winter there?"

"Do you imagine there are grates and fires on the Continent, ſir, the ſame as in England? ha! ha!"

Sir Hugh was diſcountenanced from any further inquiry.

Another ſilence enſued, broken again by a vehement ringing of the bell.

When the ſervant appeared, "What have you got," cried Lynmere, "that you can bring me to eat?"

"Eat, nephew! why you would not eat before ſupper, when here's nobody done tea? not that I'd have you baulk your appetite, which, to be ſure, ought to be the beſt judge."

The youth ordered ſome oyſters.

There were none in the houſe.

He deſired a barrel might immediately be procured; he could eat nothing elſe.

Still Edgar, though frequent opportunities occurred, had no fortitude to addreſs Camilla, and no ſpirits to ſpeak. To her, however,

however, his dejection was a revival; ſhe read in it her power, and hoped her preſent plan would finally confirm it.

A ſervant now came in, announcing a perſon who had brought two letters, one for Sir Hugh, the other for Miſs Camilla, but who ſaid he would deliver them himſelf. The baronet deſired he might be admitted.

Several minutes paſſed, and he did not appear. The wonder of Sir Hugh was awakened for his letter; but Camilla, dreading a billet from Sir Sedley, was in no haſte.

Lynmere, however, glad of an opportunity to iſſue orders, or make diſturbance, furiouſly rang the bell, ſaying: "Where are theſe letters?"

"Jacob," ſaid the baronet, "my nephew don't mean the ſlowneſs to be any fault of yours, it being what you can't help; only tell the perſon that brought us our letters, we ſhould be glad to look at them, not knowing who they may be from."

"Why

"Why he ſeems but an odd ſort of fiſh, ſir; I can't much make him out; he's been begging ſome flour to put in his hair; he'll make himſelf ſo ſpruce, he ſays, we ſha'n't know him again; I can't much think he's a gentleman."

He then, however, added he had made a miſtake, as there was no letter for his maſter, but one for Miſs Camilla, and the other for Miſs Margland.

"For me?" exclaimed Miſs Margland, breaking forth from a ſcornful ſilence, during which her under lip had been buſy to expreſs her contempt of the curioſity excited upon this ſubject. "Why how dare they not tell me it was for me? it may be from ſomebody of conſequence, about ſomething of importance, and here's half a day loſt before I can ſee it!"

She then roſe to go in ſearch of it herſelf, but opened the door upon Mr. Dubſter.

A ghoſt, could ſhe have perſuaded herſelf ſhe had ſeen one, could not more have aſtoniſhed, though it would more have diſ-

mayed

mayed her. She drew haughtily back, ſaying: "Is there nobody elſe come?"

The ſervant anſwered in the negative, and ſhe retreated to her chair.

Camilla alone was not perplext by this ſight; ſhe had, already, from the deſcription, ſuggeſted whom ſhe might expect, according to the intimation given by the ever miſchievous Lionel.

Miſs Margland, concluding he would turn out to be ſome broken tradeſman, prepared herſelf to expect that the letter was a petition, and watched for an opportunity to ſteal out of the room.

Mr. Dubſter made two or three low bows, while he had his hand upon the door, and two or three more when he had ſhut it. He then caſt his eyes round the room, and eſpying Camilla, with a leering ſort of ſmile, ſaid: "O, you're there, ma'am! I ſhould find you out in a hundred. I've got a letter for you, ma'am, and another for the gentlewoman I took for your mamma; and I was not much out in my gueſs, for there's no great

great difference, as one may ſay, between a mamma and a governeſs; only the mother's the more natural, like."

He then preſented her a letter, which ſhe haſtily put up, not daring to venture at a public peruſal, leſt it might contain not merely ſomething ludicrous concerning Mr. Dubſter, to which ſhe was wholly indifferent, but alluſions to Sir Sedley Clarendel, which, in the actual ſituation of things, might be fatally unſeaſonable.

"And now," ſaid Mr. Dubſter, "I muſt give up my t'other letter, aſking the gentlewoman's pardon for not giving it before; only I was willing to give the young lady her's firſt, young ladies being apt to be more in a hurry than people a little in years."

This addreſs did not much add to the benevolent eagerneſs of Miſs Margland to read the epiſtle, and endeavouring to decline accepting it: "Really," ſhe ſaid, "unleſs I know what it's about, I'm not much uſed to receiving letters in that manner."

"As

"As to what it's about," cried he, with a half ſuppreſſed ſimper, and nodding his head on one ſide; "that's a bit of a ſecret, as you'll ſee when you've read it."

"Indeed, good man, I wiſh you very well; but as to reading all the letters that every body brings one, it requires more time than I can pretend to have to ſpare, upon every trifling occaſion."

She would then have retired; but Mr. Dubſter, ſtopping her, ſaid: "Why, if you don't read it, ma'am, nobody'll be never the wiſer for what I come about, for its ungain-like to ſpeak for one's ſelf; and the young gentleman ſaid he'd write to you, becauſe, he ſaid, you'd like it the beſt."

"The young gentleman? what young gentleman?"

"Young ſquire Tyrold; he ſaid you'd be as pleaſed as any thing to tell it to the old gentleman yourſelf; for you was vaſt fond, he ſaid, of matrimony."

"Matrimony? what have I to do with matrimony?" cried Miſs Margland, reddening

dening and bridling; "if it's any vulgar trick of that kind, that Mr. Lionel is amuſing himſelf with, I'm not quite the right ſort of perſon to be ſo played upon; and I deſire, miſter, you'll take care how you come to me any more upon ſuch errands, leſt you meet with your proper deſerts."

"Dear heart! I'm not going to offer any thing uncivil. As to matrimony, it's no great joke to a man, when once he's made his way in the world; it's more an affair of you ladies by half."

"Of us? upon my word! this is a compliment rather higher than I expected. Mr. Lionel may find, however, I have friends who will reſent ſuch impertinence, if he imagines he may ſend who he will to me with propoſals of this ſort."

"Lauk, ma'am, you need not be in ſuch a fright for nothing! however, there's your letter, ma'am," putting it upon the table; "and when you are in better cue, I ſuppoſe you'll read it."

Then, advancing to Camilla: "Now, ma'am, let's you and I have a little talk to-

gether; but firſt, by good rights, I ought to ſpeak to your uncle; only I don't know which he is; 'twill be mortal kind if you'll help a body out."

Sir Hugh was going to anſwer for himſelf, when Lynmere, fatigued with ſo long a ſcene in which he had no ſhare, had recourſe to his friend the bell, calling out, at the ſame time, in a voice of impatience, "No oyſters yet!"

Sir Hugh now began to grow unhappy for his ſervants; for himſelf he not only could bear any thing, but ſtill concluded he had nothing to bear; but his domeſtics began all to wear long faces, and, accuſtomed to ſee them happy, he was hurt to obſerve the change. No partiality to his nephew could diſguiſe to him, that, long uſed to every poſſible indulgence, it was vain to hope they would ſubmit, without murmuring, to ſo new a bondage of continual and peremptory commands. Inſtead of attending, therefore, to Mr. Dubſter, he conſidered what apology to offer to Jacob; who ſuſpecting by whom he was ſummoned,

moned, did not make his appearance till Lynmere rung again.

"Where are theſe oyſters?" he then demanded; "have you been eating them?"

"No, ſir," anſwered he ſurlily; "we're not ſo ſharp ſet; we live in Old England; we don't come from outlandiſh countries."

This true John Bulliſm, Lynmere had neither ſenſe to deſpiſe, nor humour to laugh at; and, ſeriouſly in a rage, called out, "Sirrah, I'll break your bones!" and lifted up his riding ſwitch, with which, as well as his boots, he had re-entered the parlour.

"The Lord be good unto me!" cried Sir Hugh, "what new ways are got into the world! but don't take it to heart, Jacob, for as to breaking your bones, after all your long ſervices, it's a thing I ſha'n't conſent to; which I hope my nephew won't take ill."

Affronted with the maſter, and enraged with the man, Lynmere ſtroamed petu-

lantly up and down the room, with loud and marked ſteps, that called, or at leaſt diſturbed the attention of every one, exclaiming, at every turning, "A confounded country this! a villainous country! nothing to be had in it! I don't know what in the world to think of that there's any chance I can get!"

Sir Hugh, recovering, ſaid he was ſorry he was ſo badly off; and deſired Jacob not to fail procuring oyſters if they were to be had within a mile.

"A mile?----ten miles! ſay ten miles round," cried Lynmere, "or you do nothing; what's ten miles for a thing of that ſort?"

"Ten miles, nephew? what? at this time of night! why you don't think, with all your travelling, that when they've got ten miles there, they'll have ten miles to come back, and that makes count twenty."

"Well, ſir, and ſuppoſe it was forty; what have ſuch fellows to do better?"

Sir Hugh bleſſed himſelf, and Mr. Dubſter ſaid to Camilla: "So, ma'am, why you don't read your letter, neither, no more than the gentlewoman; however, I think you may as well ſee a little what's in it; though I ſuppoſe no great matters, being from a lady."

"A lady! what lady?" cried ſhe, and eagerly taking it from her pocket, ſaw the hand-writing of Mrs. Berlinton, and inquired how it came into his poſſeſſion.

He anſwered, that happening to meet the lady's footman, whom he had known ſomething of while in buſineſs, as he was going to put it to the poſt, he told him he was coming to the very houſe, and ſo took it to bring himſelf, the man being rather in a hurry to go another way; "ſo I thought 'twas as well, ma'am," he added, "to ſave you the poſtage; for as to a day or ſo ſooner or later, I ſuppoſe it can break no great ſquares, in you ladies letter-writing."

Camilla, haſtily running it over, found it contained a moſt preſſing repetition of

invitation from Mrs. Berlinton for the Southampton plan, and information that ſhe ſhould make a little circuit, to call and take her up at Cleves, if not immediately forbidden; the time ſhe named for her arrival, though four days diſtant from the date of her letter, would be now the following morning.

This ſeemed, to the agitated ſpirits of Camilla, an inviting opening to her ſcheme. She gave the letter to her uncle, ſaying, in a fluttered manner, ſhe ſhould be happy to accompany Mrs. Berlinton, for a few days, if her father ſhould not diſapprove the excurſion, and if he could himſelf have the goodneſs to ſpare one of the carriages to fetch her home, as Southampton was but ſixteen miles off.

While Sir Hugh, amazed at this requeſt, yet always unable to pronounce a negative to what ſhe deſired, ſtammered, Edgar abruptly took leave.

Thunderſtruck by his departure, ſhe looked affrighted, after him, with a ſigh impoſ-

impoſſible to repreſs; ſhe now firſt weighed the hazard of what ſhe was doing, the deep game ſhe was inconſiderately playing. Would it ſunder----would it unite them?---- Tears ſtarted into her eyes at the doubt; ſhe did not hear her uncle's anſwer; ſhe roſe to hurry out of the room; but before ſhe could eſcape, the big drops rolled faſt down her cheeks; and, when arrived at her chamber, "I have loſt him!" ſhe cried, by my own unreflecting precipitance; "I have loſt him, perhaps, for ever!"

Dr. Marchmont now alſo took leave; Mr. Dubſter deſired he might ſpeak with the baronet the next morning; and the family remained alone.

CHAP. XII.

Dilemmas.

WHILE the baronet was pondering, in the moſt melancholy manner, upon this ſudden and unexpected demand of abſence in Camilla, the grim goddeſs of Envy took poſſeſſion of the fine features of Indiana; who declared ſhe was immured alive, while her couſin went every where. The curioſity of Lynmere being excited, to inquire what was to be had or done at Southampton, he heard it abounded in good company, and good fiſh, and proteſted he muſt undoubtedly ſet out for it the next morning.

Indiana then wept with vexation and anger, and Miſs Margland affirmed, ſhe was the only young lady in Hampſhire, who had never been at Southampton. Sir Hugh, concluding Edgar would attend

Camilla,

Camilla, feared it might hurt the other match to part Eugenia from Clermont; and, after a little pauſe, though deeply ſighing at ſuch a diſperſion from Cleves, conſented that they ſhould all go together. Camilla, therefore, was commiſſioned to aſk leave of Mr. Tyrold for Eugenia, as well as for herſelf, and to add a petition from Sir Hugh, that he and Lavinia would ſpend the time of their abſence at Cleves. The baronet then, of his own accord, aſked Dr. Orkborne to be of the party, that Eugenia, he ſaid, might run over her leſſons with him in a morning, for fear of forgetting them.

A breach, however, ſuch as this, of plans ſo long formed, and a deſertion ſo voluntary of his houſe, at the very epoch he had ſettled for rendering its reſidence the moſt deſirable, ſent him in complete diſcomfiture to his bed. But there, in a few hours, his ſanguine temper, and the kindneſs of his heart new modelled and new coloured the circumſtances of his chagrin. He conſidered he ſhould have

full time to prepare for the double marriages; and that, with the aid of Lavinia, he might delight and amaze them all, with new dreſſes and new trinkets, which he could now chooſe without the torment of continual oppoſition from the documentiſing Miſs Margland. Thus he reſtored his plaſtic mind to its uſual ſatisfaction, and aroſe the next morning without a cloud upon his brow. The pure deſign of benevolence is to beſtow happineſs upon others, but its intrinſic reward is bringing happineſs home!

But this ſweetneſs of nature, ſo aptly ſupplying the firſt calls, and the firſt virtues of philoſophy, was yet more ſeverely again tried the next morning: for when, forgetting the caution he had ſolemnly promiſed, but vainly endeavoured to obſerve, he intimated to Lynmere theſe purpoſes, the youth, bluſhing at the idea of being taken for the deſtined huſband of Eugenia in public, preferred all riſks to being followed by ſuch a rumour to Southampton; and, when he found ſhe

was

was to be of the party, poſitively declared the match to be out of all queſtion.

Sir Hugh now ſtood aghaſt. Many had been his diſappointments; his rage for forming ſchemes, and his credulity in perſuading himſelf they would be ſucceſsful, were ſources not more fertile of amuſement in their projection, than of mortification in their event: but here, the length of time ſince his plan had been arranged, joined to the very ſuperficial view he had taken of any chance of its failure, had made him, by degrees, regard it as ſo fixed and ſettled, that it rather demanded congratulation than concurrence, rather waited to be enjoyed than executed.

Lynmere took not the ſmalleſt intereſt in the diſmay of his uncle, but, turning upon his heel, ſaid he would go to the ſtables, to ſee if he could find ſomething that would carry him any better than the miſerable jade he had mounted the preceding evening.

Sir Hugh remained in a kind of ſtupefaction. He ſeemed to himſelf to be be-

reft of every purpoſe of life; and robbed at once, of all view for his actions, all ſubject for his thoughts. The wide world, he believed, had never, hitherto, given birth to a plan ſo ſagaciouſly conceived, ſo rationally combined, ſo infallibly ſecure: yet it was fallen, cruſhed, rejected!

A gleam of ſunſhine, however, ere long, emitted upon his deſpondence; it occurred to him, that the learned education of Eugenia was ſtill a ſecret to her couſin; his whole ſcheme, therefore, might perhaps yet be retrieved, when Lynmere ſhould be informed of the peculiar preparations made for his conjugal happineſs.

Fetching now a long breath, to aid the revival of his faculties and his ſpirits, he conſidered how to open his diſcourſe ſo as to render it moſt impreſſive, and then ſent for Clermont to attend him in his chamber.

"Nephew," cried he, upon his entrance, "I am now going to talk to you a little in your own way, having ſomething

thing to tell you of, that, I believe, you won't know how to hold cheap, being a thing that belongs to your ſtudies; that is to ſay, to your couſin's; which, I hope, is pretty much the ſame thing, at leaſt as to the end. Now the caſe of what I have to ſay is this; you muſt know, nephew, I had always ſet my heart upon having a rich heir; but it's what did not turn out, which I am ſorry enough for; but where's the man that's ſo wiſe as to know his own doom? that is, the doom of his fortune. However, that's what I ſhould not talk of to you, having ſo little; which, I hope, you won't take to heart. And, indeed, it in't much worth a wiſe man's thinking of, when he han't got it, for what's a fortune, at bottom, but mere metal? And ſo having, as I ſaid before, no heir, I'm forced, in default of it, to take up with an heireſs. But, to the end of making all parties happy, I've had her brought up in the ſtyle of a boy, for the ſake of your marrying her. For which reaſon, I believe, in point of the claſſics"----

"Me, ſir!" cried Lynmere, recovering from a long yawning fit, "and what have I to do with marrying a girl like a boy? That's not my taſte, my dear ſir, I aſſure you. Beſides, what has a wife to do with the claſſics? will they ſhew her how to order her table? I ſuppoſe when I want to eat, I may go to a cook's ſhop!"

Here ſubſided, at once, every particle of that reverence Sir Hugh had ſo long nouriſhed for Clermont Lynmere. To hear the claſſics ſpoken of with diſreſpect, after all the pains he had taken, all the orders he had given for their excluſive ſtudy and veneration, and to find the common calls of life, which he had believed every ſcholar regarded but as means of exiſtence, not auxiliaries of happineſs, named with preference, diſtanced, at a ſtroke, all high opinion of his nephew, and made way, in its ſtead, for a diſpleaſure not wholly free from diſdain.

"Well, Clermont," ſaid he, after a pauſe, "I won't keep you any longer, now I know your mind, which I wiſh I had

had known before, for the account of your couſin, who has had plague enough about it in her bringing up; which, however, I ſhall put an end to now, not ſeeing that any good has come from it."

Lynmere joyfully accepted the permiſſion to retire, enchanted that the rejection was thus completely off his mind, and had incurred only ſo ſlight a reproof, unaccompanied with one menace, or even remonſtrance.

The firſt conſternation of Sir Hugh, at the fall of this favourite project, was, indeed, ſomewhat leſſened, at this moment, by the fall of his reſpectful opinion of its principal object. He ſent therefore, haſtily, for Eugenia, to whom he abruptly exclaimed, "My dear girl, who'd have thought it? here's your couſin Clermont, with all his Greek and Latin, which I begin to bleſs God I don't know a word of, turning out a mere common nothing, thinking about his dinners and ſuppers! for which reaſon I beg you'll think of him

no

no more, it not being worth your while; in particular, as he don't deſire it."

Eugenia, at this intimation, felt nearly as much relieved as diſturbed. To be refuſed was, indeed, ſhocking; not to her pride, ſhe was a ſtranger to that paſſion; but to her delicacy, which pointed out to her, in ſtrong colours, the impropriety of having been expoſed to ſuch a deciſion: nevertheleſs, to find herſelf unſhackled from an alliance to which ſhe looked forward with dread, without offending her uncle, to whom ſo many reaſons made it dear, or militating againſt her own heroic ſentiments of generoſity, which revolted againſt wilfully depriving her couſin of an inheritance already offered to him, removed a weight from her mind, which his every word, look, and geſture, had contributed to increaſe ſince their firſt meeting.

* * * *

Dr. Marchmont had ridden to Beech Park, where he had ſpent the night, though uninvited

uninvited by its agitated owner, whom the very name of Mrs. Berlinton, annexed to an accepted party of pleaſure, had driven, in ſpeechleſs agony, from Cleves.

"I wonder not," cried he, "at your diſturbance; I feel for it, on the contrary, more than ever, from my obſervations of this evening; for I now ſee the charm, the potent charm, as well as the difficulties of your ſituation. This ſtrange affair with Sir Sedley Clarendel cannot, in common foreſight of what may enſue from it, be paſſed over without the moſt rigid ſcrutiny, and ſevereſt deliberation; yet, I ſincerely hope, inquiry may produce ſome palliation: this young lady, I ſee, will not eaſily, for ſweetneſs, for countenance, for every apparent attraction, be replaced: and, the firſt of all requiſites is certainly in your favour; it is evident ſhe loves you."

"Loves me?" cried Edgar, his arms involuntarily encircling him as he repeated the magnetiſing words: "Ah! Dr. Marchmont, could ſhe then thus grieve

and

and defy me?—And yet, ſo too ſaid Jacob, —that good, faithful, excellent old ſervant"----

"Yes; I watched her unremittingly; and ſaw her ſo much hurt by your abrupt retreat, that her eyes filled with tears the moment you left the room."

"O, Dr. Marchmont!—and for me were they ſhed?—my dear—dear friend! withhold from me ſuch a picture—or reconcile me completely to viewing no other!"

"Once more, let me warn you to circumſpection. The ſtake for which you are playing is life in its beſt part, 'tis peace of mind. That her manners are engaging, that her looks are captivating, and even that her heart is yours, admit no doubt: but the ſolidity or the lightneſs of that heart are yet to be proved."

"Still, Doctor, though nearly in defiance of all my ſenſes, ſtill I can doubt any thing rather than the heart of Camilla! Precipitate, I know, ſhe has always been reckoned; but her precipitance is of kin

kin to her nobleſt virtues; it ſprings but from the unſuſpicious frankneſs of an unguarded, becauſe innocent nature. And this, in a ſhort time, her underſtanding will correct."

"Are you ſure it is adequate to the taſk? There is often, in early youth, a quickneſs of parts which raiſes expectations that are never realiſed. Their origin is but in the animal ſpirits, which, inſtead of ripening into judgment and ſenſe by added years, dwindle into nothingneſs, or harden into flippancy. The character, at this period, is often ſo unſtable, as to be completely new moulded by every new accident, or new aſſociate. How innumerable are the lurking ill qualities that may lie dormant beneath the ſmiles of youth and beauty, in the ſeaſon of their untried ſerenity! The contemporaries of half our fierceſt viragos of fifty, may aſſure you that, at fifteen, they were all ſoftneſs and ſweetneſs. The preſent æra, however, my dear young friend, is highly favourable to all you can judiciouſly wiſh; namely,

namely, the entire re-eſtabliſhment, or total deſtruction of all confidence.---To a man of your nice feelings, there is no medium. Your love demands reſpect, or your tranquillity exacts flight from its object. Set apart your offence at the cultivation of an acquaintance you diſapprove; be yourſelf of the party to Southampton, and there, a very little obſervation will enable you to dive into the moſt ſecret receſſes of her character."

"Steadineſs, Doctor, I do not want, nor yet, however I ſuffer from its exertion, fortitude: but a plan ſuch as this, requires ſomething more; it calls for an equivocal conduct, which, to me, would be impracticable, and to her, might prove deluſive. No!-----the openneſs I ſo much pine to meet with, I muſt, at leaſt, not forfeit myſelf."

"The fervour of your integrity, my dear Mandlebert, miſtakes caution for deceit. If, indeed, this plan had any other view than your union, it would not merely be cruel, but infamous: the truth, however, is, you muſt either purſue her upon proof,

or

or abandon her at once, with every chance of repenting ſuch a meaſure."

"Alas! how torturing is heſitation! to believe myſelf the object of her regard---- to think that firſt of all human felicities mine, yet to find it ſo pliant----ſo precarious-----to ſee her, with ſuch thoughtleſs readineſs, upon the point of falling into the hands of another!----receiving----anſwering ----his letters!----letters too ſo confident, ſo daring! made up of inſolent demands and imperious reproaches----to meet him by his own appointment----O, Dr. Marchmont! all delicious as is the idea of her preference----all entwined as ſhe is around my ſoul, how, now, how ever again, can I be happy, either to quit----or to claim her?----"

"This diviſion of ſentiment is what gives riſe to my plan. At Southampton, you will ſee if Sir Sedley purſues her; and, as ſhe will be uncertain of your intentions, you will be enabled to judge the ſingleneſs of her mind, and the ſtability of her affection, by the reception ſhe gives him."

"But

"But if---as I think I can gather from her delivering me his letters, the affair, whatever it has been, with Sir Sedley, is over.----What then?"

"You will have leiſure to diſcuſs it; and opportunity, alſo, to ſee her with other Sir Sedleys. Public places abound with thoſe flutterers after youth and beauty; unmeaning admirers, who ſigh at every new face; or black traitors to ſociety, who ſeek but to try, and try but to publiſh their own power of conqueſt."

"Will you, then, my dear Doctor, be alſo of the party? for my ſake, will you, once more, quit your ſtudies and repoſe, to give me, upon the ſpot, your counſel, according to the varying exigence of varying circumſtances? to aid me to prepare and compoſe my mind for whatever may be the event, and to guide even, if poſſible, my wavering and diſtracted thoughts?"

To the importance of the period, and to a plea ſo ſerious, every obſtacle yielded, and Dr. Marchmont agreed to accompany him to Southampton.

CHAP. XIII.

Live and Learn.

BEFORE the Cleves party aſſembled to breakfaſt, after the various arrangements made for Southampton, Mr. Dubſter arrived, and demanded an interview with Sir Hugh, who, attending him to the drawing-room, aſked his pleaſure.

"Why, have not you read the young gentleman's letter, ſir?" cried he, ſurpriſed, "becauſe, he ſaid, he'd put it all down, clear as a pike ſtaff, to ſave time."

Sir Hugh had not heard of it.

"Why, then, if you pleaſe, ſir, we'll go and aſk that elderly gentlewoman, what ſhe's done with it. She might as well have ſhewed it, after the young gentleman's taking the trouble to write it to her. But ſhe is none of the good naturedeſt, I take it."

Repairing,

Repairing, then, to Miſs Margland, after his uſual bows to all the company, "I aſk pardon, ma'am," he cried; "but pray, what's the reaſon of your keeping the young gentleman's letter to yourſelf, which was writ o'purpoſe to let the old gentleman know what I come for?"

"Becauſe I never trouble myſelf with any thing that's impertinent," ſhe haughtily anſwered: though, in fact, when the family had retired, ſhe had ſtolen down ſtairs, and read the letter; which contained a warm recommendation of Mr. Dubſter to her favour, with abundant flippant offers to promote her own intereſt for ſo deſirable a match, ſhould Camilla prove blind to its advantages. This ſhe had then burnt, with a determination never to acknowledge her condeſcenſion in opening it.

The repeated calls of Mr. Dubſter procuring no further ſatisfaction; "Why, then, I don't ſee," he ſaid, "but what I'm as bad off, as if the young gentleman had not writ the letter, for I've got to ſpeak for myſelf at laſt."

Taking

Taking Sir Hugh, then, by a button of his coat, he desired he would go back with him to the other parlour: and there, with much circumlocution, and unqualified declarations of his having given over all thoughts of further marrying, till the young gentleman over persuaded him of his being particular agreeable to the young lady, he solemnly proposed himself for Miss Camilla Tyrold.

Sir Hugh, who perceived in this address nothing that was ridiculous, was somewhat drawn from reflecting on his own disappointment, by the pity he conceived for this hopeless suitor, to whom, with equal circumlocution of concern, he communicated, that his niece was on the point of marriage with a neighbour.

"I know that," replied Mr. Dubster, nodding sagaciously, ". the young gentleman having told me of the young baronight; but he said, it was all against her will, being only your over teasing, and the like."

"The Lord be good unto me!" exclaimed the baronet, holding up his hands; "if

" if I don't think all the young boys have a mind to drive me out of my wits, one after t'other!"

Hurrying, then, back to the breakfaſt parlour, and to Camilla, " Come hither, my dear," he cried, " for here's a gentleman come to make his addreſſes to you, that won't take an anſwer."

Every ſerious thought, and every melancholy apprehenſion in Camilla gave place, at this ſpeech, to the ludicrous image of ſuch an admirer as Mr. Dubſter, foiſted upon her by the ridiculous machinations of Lionel. She took Sir Hugh by the hand, and, drawing him away to the moſt diſtant window, ſaid, in a low voice, " My dear uncle, this is a mere trick of Lionel; the perſon you ſee here is, I believe, a tinker."

" A tinker!" repeated Sir Hugh, quite loud, in defiance of the ſigns and hiſts! hiſts! of Camilla, " good lack! that's a perſon I ſhould never have thought of!" Then, walking up to Mr. Dubſter, who was taking into his hands all the orna-

ments from the chimney-piece, one by one, to examine, "Sir," he ſaid, "you may be a very good ſort of man, and I don't doubt but you are, for I've a proper reſpect for every trade in its way; but in point of marrying my niece, it's a thing I muſt beg you to put out of your head; it not being a proper ſubject to talk of to a young lady, from a perſon in that line."

"Very well, ſir," anſwered Mr. Dubſter, ſtiffly, and pouting, "it's not of much conſequence; don't make yourſelf uneaſy. There's nothing in what I was going to propoſe but what was quite genteel. I'd ſcorn to addreſs a lady elſe. She'd have a good five hundred a-year, in caſe of outliving me."

"Good lack! five hundred a-year! who'd have thought of ſuch a thing by the tinkering buſineſs?"

"The what buſineſs, did you ſay, ſir?" cried Mr. Dubſter, ſtrutting up to the baronet, with a ſolemn frown.

"The tinkering buſineſs, my good friend. An't you a tinker?"

"Sir!" cried Mr. Dubſter, ſwelling, "I did not think, when I was coming to make ſuch a handſome offer, of being affronted at ſuch a rate as this. Not that I mind it. It's not worth fretting about. However, as to a tinker, I'm no more a tinker than yourſelf, whatever put it in your head."

"Good lack, my dear," cried the baronet, to Camilla, "the gentleman quite denies it."

Camilla, though unable to refrain from laughing, confeſſed ſhe had received the information from Mrs. Arlbery at the Northwick breakfaſt, who, ſhe now ſuppoſed, had ſaid it in random ſport.

Sir Hugh cordially begged his pardon, and aſked him to take a ſeat at the breakfaſt table, to ſoften the undeſigned offence.

A note now arrived from Mr. Tyrold to the baronet. It contained his conſent to return, with Lavinia, to Cleves, and his ready acquieſcence in the little excurſion to Southampton, ſince Miſs Margland would be ſuperintendant of the party;

"and

"and ſince," he added, "they will have another guardian, to whom already I conſign my Camilla, and, upon her account, my dear Eugenia alſo, with the ſame fearleſs confidence I ſhould feel in ſeeing them again under the maternal wing."

Sir Hugh, who always read his letters aloud, ſaid, when he had done: "See what it is to be a good boy! my brother looks upon young Mr. Edgar as theſe young girls' huſband already; that is, of one of them; by which means the other becomes his ſiſter; which, I'm ſure, is a trouble he won't mind, except as a pleaſure."

Camilla's diſtreſs at this ſpeech paſt unnoticed, from the abrupt entrance of Lynmere, giving orders aloud to his ſervant to get ready for Southampton.

Inflamed with triumph in his recent ſucceſs in baffling his uncle, that youth was in the moſt turbulent ſpirits, and fixed a reſolution either to lord it over the whole houſe, or regain at once his liberty for returning to the Continent.

Forcing a chair between Sir Hugh and Camilla, he ſeized rapidly whatever looked moſt inviting from every plate on the table, to place upon his own, murmuring the whole time againſt the horſes, declaring the ſtud the moſt wretched he had ever ſeen, and proteſting the old groom muſt be turned away without loſs of time.

"What, Jacob?" cried the baronet; "why, nephew, he has lived with me from a boy: and now he's grown old, I'd ſooner rub down every horſe with my own hand, than part with him."

"He muſt certainly go, ſir. There's no keeping him. I may be tempted elſe to knock his brains out ſome day. Beſides, I have a very good fellow I can recommend to you of my own."

"Clermont, I've no doubt of his being a good fellow, which I'm very glad of; but as to your always knocking out the brains of my ſervants, it's a thing I muſt beg you not to talk of any more, being againſt the law. Beſides which, it don't

ſound

found very kind of you, conſidering their having done you no harm; never having ſeen your face, as one may ſay, except juſt to wait upon you; which can hardly be reckoned a bad office; beſides a ſervant's being a man, as well as you; whether Homer and Horace tell you ſo or no."

To ſee Sir Hugh diſpleaſed, was a ſight new to the whole houſe. Camilla and Eugenia, mutually pained for him, endeavoured, by various little kind offices, to divert his attention; but Indiana thought his diſpleaſure proved her brother to be a wit; and Clermont roſe in ſpirits and in inſolence upon the ſame idea: too ſhallow to know, that of all the qualities with which the perverſity of human nature is gifted, the power which is the moſt common to attain, and the moſt eaſy to practiſe, is the art of provoking.

Jacob now appearing, Lynmere ordered ſome ſhrimps.

There were none.

"No ſhrimps? There's nothing to be had! 'Tis a wretched county this!"

"You'll get nice ſhrimps at Southampton, ſir, by what I can hear," ſaid Mr. Dubſter. "Tom Hicks ſays he has been ſick with 'em many a day, he's eat ſuch a heap. They gets 'em by hundreds, and hundreds, and hundreds at a time."

"Pray, nephew, how long ſhall you ſtay? becauſe of my nieces coming back at the ſame time."

"A fortnight's enough to tire me any where, ſir. Pray what do you all do with yourſelves here after breakfaſt? What's your mode?"

"Mode, nephew? we've got no particular mode that ever I heard of. However, among ſo many of us, I think it's a little hard, if you can find nothing to ſay to us; all, in a manner, your relations too."

"We take no notice of relations now, ſir; that's out."

"I'm ſorry for it, nephew, for a relation's a relation, whether you take notice of him or not. And there's ne'er an ode in Virgil will tell you to the contrary, as I believe."

A ſhort

A ſhort ſilence now enſued, which was broken by a ſigh from Sir Hugh, who ejaculated to himſelf, though aloud, "I can't but think what my poor friend Weſtwyn will do, if his ſon's come home in this manner! caring for nobody, but an oyſter, or a ſhrimp;----unleſs it's a newſpaper!"

"And what ſhould a man care for elſe, my good old friend, in a deſart place ſuch as this?"

"Good old friend!" repeated the baronet; "to be ſure, I'm not very young. -----However, as to that----but you mean no harm, I know, for which reaſon I can't be ſo ill-natured as to take it ill. However, if poor Weſtwyn is ſerved in this----way.----He's my deareſt friend that I've got, out of us all here, of my own kin, and he's got only one ſon, and he ſent him to foreign parts only for cheapneſs; and if he ſhould happen to like nothing he can get at home, it won't anſwer much in ſaving, to ſend out for things all day long."

"O don't be troubled, ſir; Weſtwyn's but a poor creature. He'll take up with any thing. He lived within his allowance the whole time. A mighty poor creature."

"I'm glad of it! glad of it, indeed!" cried Sir Hugh, with involuntary eagerneſs; "I ſhould have been ſorry if my poor good old friend had had ſuch diſappointment."

"Upon my honour," cried Lynmere, piqued, "the quoz of the preſent ſeaſon are beyond what a man could have hoped to ſee!"

"Quoz! what's quoz, nephew?"

"Why, it's a thing there's no explaining to you ſort of gentlemen; and ſometimes we ſay quiz, my good old ſir."

Sir Hugh, now, for almoſt the firſt time in his life, felt ſeriouſly affronted. His utmoſt lenity could not palliate the wilful diſreſpect of this language; and, with a look of grave diſpleaſure, he anſwered, "Really, nephew, I can't but ſay, I think you've

you've got rather a particular odd way of ſpeaking to perſons. As to talking ſo much about people's being old, you'd do well to conſider that's no fault in any body; except one's years, which is what we can't be ſaid to help."

"You deſcant too much upon words, ſir; we have left off, now, uſing them with ſuch prodigious preciſion. It's quite over, ſir."

"O, my dear Clermont!" cried Sir Hugh, loſing his ſhort movement of anger in a more tender ſenſation of concern, "how it goes to my heart to ſee you turn out ſuch a jackanapes!"

Lynmere, reſentfully hanging back, ſaid no more: and Mr. Dubſter, having drunk ſeven diſhes of tea, with a long apology between each for the trouble, gladly ſeized the moment of pauſe, to aſk Camilla when ſhe had heard from *their friend Mrs. Mittin*, adding, "I ſhould have brought you a letter from her, ma'am, myſelf, but that I was rather out of ſorts with her; for happening to meet her, the day as you

went, walking on them Pantiles, with ſome of her quality binding, when I was not dreſſed out quite in my beſt becomes, ſhe made as if ſhe did not know me. Not as it ſignifies. It's pretty much of a muchneſs to me. I remember her another ſort of perſon to what ſhe looks now, before I was a gentleman myſelf."

"Why, pray, what was you then, ſir?" cried Sir Hugh, with great ſimplicity.

"As to that, ſir, there's no need to ſay whether I was one thing or another, as I know of; I'm not in the leaſt aſhamed of what I was."

Sir Hugh ſeeing him offended, was beginning an apology; but, interrupting him, "No, ſir," he ſaid, "there's no need to ſay nothing about it. It's not a thing to take much to heart. I've been defamed often enough, I hope, to be above minding it. Only juſt this one thing, ſir; I beg I may have the favour to be introduced to that lady as had the obligingneſs to call me a tinker, when I never was no ſuch thing."

Breakfaſt

Breakfaſt now being done, the ladies retired to prepare for their journey.

"Well," cried Mr. Dubſter, looking after Eugenia, "that little lady will make no great figure at ſuch a place as Southton. I would not have her look out for a huſband there."

"She'd have been juſt the thing for me!" cried Lynmere, haughtily riſing, and conceitedly parading his fine form up and down the room; his eyes catching it from looking-glaſs to looking-glaſs, by every poſſible contrivance; "juſt the thing! matched to perfection!"

"Lord help me! if I don't find myſelf in the dark about every thing!" cried Sir Hugh; "who'd have thought of you ſcholars thinking ſo much of beauty; I ſhould be glad to know what your claſſics ſay to that point?"

"Faith, my good ſir, I never trouble myſelf to aſk. From the time we begin our tours, we wipe away all that ſtuff as faſt as poſſible from our thoughts."

"Why, pray, nephew, what harm could it do to your tours?"

"We want room, ſir, room in the peri-cranium! As ſoon as we begin to travel, we give up every thing to taſte. And then we want clear heads. Clear heads, ſir, for pictures, ſtatues, buſts, alto relievos, baſſo relievos, tablets, monuments, mauſoleums"----

"If you go on at that rate, nephew," interrupted Sir Hugh, holding his ears, "you'll put my poor head quite into a whirligig. And it's none of the deepeſt already, Lord help me!"

Lynmere now, without ceremony, made off; and Mr. Dubſter, left alone with the baronet, ſaid they might as well proceed to buſineſs. "So pray, ſir, if I may make bold, in the caſe we come to a right underſtanding about the young lady, what do you propoſe to give her down?"

Sir Hugh, ſtaring, inquired what he meant.

"Why, I mean, ſir, what ſhall you give her at the firſt? I know ſhe's to have it

all at your demiſe; but that i'n't the bird in the hand. Now, when once I know that, I can make my offers, which ſhall be handſome or not, according. And that's but fair. So how much can you part with, ſir?"

"Not a guinea!" cried Sir Hugh, with ſome emotion; "I can't give her any thing! Mr. Edgar knows that."

"That's hard, indeed, ſir. What nothing for a ſetting out? And, pray, ſir, what may the ſum total be upon your demiſe?"

"Not a penny!" cried Sir Hugh, with ſtill more agitation: "Don't you know I've diſinherited her?"

"Diſinherited her? why this is bad news enough! And pray, ſir, what for?"

"Nothing! She never offended me in thought, word, nor deed!"

"Well, that's odd enough. And when did you do it, ſir?"

"The very week ſhe was nine years old, poor thing! which I ſhall never forget as long as I live, being my worſt action."

"Well,

"Well, this is particular enough! And young 'ſquire Tyrold's never heard a word of it: which is ſomewhat of a wonder too."

"Not heard of it? why the whole family know it! I've ſettled every thing I was worth in the world upon her younger ſiſter, that you ſaw ſitting by her."

"Well, if Tom Hicks did not as good as tell me ſo ever ſo long ago, though the young 'ſquire ſaid it was all to the contrary: what for, I don't know; unleſs to take me in. But he won't find that quite ſo eaſy, aſking his pardon. Matrimony's a good thing enough, when it's to help a man forward: but a perſon muſt be a fool indeed, to put himſelf out of his way for nothing."

He then formally wiſhed the baronet a good day, and haſtened from the houſe, puffed up with vain glory, at his own ſagacious precautions, which had thus happily ſaved him from being tricked into unprofitable wedlock.

Mrs.

Mrs. Berlinton now arrived, and, as Camilla was ready, though trembling, doubtful, apprehenſive of the ſtep ſhe was taking, declined alighting. A general meeting was to take place at the inn: and the baronet, putting a twenty pound note into her hand, with the moſt tender bleſſings parted with his darling niece. And then, ſurpriſed at not ſeeing Edgar to breakfaſt, ſent his butler to tell him the hiſtory of the excurſion.

Lynmere was already ſet off on horſeback: and the party, conſiſting of Dr. Orkborne, Miſs Margland, Indiana, and Eugenia, followed two hours after, in the coach of the baronet, which drove from the park as the chaiſe entered it with Mr. Tyrold and Lavinia, to ſupply their places.

BOOK VIII.

CHAP. I.

A Way to make Friends.

WHEN Camilla appeared at the hall-door, a gentleman deſcended from the carriage of Mrs. Berlinton, with an air the moſt melancholy, and eyes bent to the earth, in the mournful bow with which he offered her his hand: though, when he had aſſiſted her into the coach, he raiſed them, and, turning round, caſt upon the manſion a look of deſponding fondneſs, that immediately brought to her recollection young Melmond, the Oxford ſtudent, and the brother of her new friend.

Mrs. Berlinton received her with tenderneſs, folding her to her breaſt, and declaring life to be now inſupportable without her.

The

The affection of Camilla was nearly reciprocal, but her pleaſure had no chance of equal participation; nor was the ſuſpenſive ſtate of her mind the only impediment; oppoſite to her in the carriage, and immediately claiming her attention, was Mrs. Mittin.

The agitating events which had filled up the ſhort interval of her reſidence at Cleves, had ſo completely occupied every faculty, that, till the affair of the horſe involved her in new difficulties, her debts had entirely flown her remembrance; and the diſtreſſing ſcenes which immediately ſucceeded to that forced recollection, made its duration as ſhort as it was irkſome; but the ſight of Mrs. Mittin brought it back with violence to her memory, and flaſhed it, with ſhame, upon her conſcience.

The twenty pounds, however, juſt given her by Sir Hugh, occurred at the ſame moment to her thoughts; and ſhe determined to repair her negligence, by appropriating it into parcels for the payment of all

all ſhe owed, before ſhe ſuffered ſleep again to doſe her eyes.

Mrs. Berlinton informed her, that both herſelf and her brother had been ſummoned to Southampton to meet Mrs. Ecton, the aunt by whom ſhe had been educated, who had juſt arrived there from Wales, upon ſome ſecret buſineſs, neceſſary for her to hear, but which could not be revealed by letters.

The journey, though in itſelf ſhort and pleaſant, proved to Camilla long and wearifome; the beauties of the proſpect were acknowledged by her eye, but her mind, dead to pleaſure, refuſed to give them their merited effect. To the charms of nature ſhe could not be blind; her fervent imagination, and the leſſons of her youth, combined to do them juſtice; but ſhe thought not of them at this moment; hill, vale, or plain, were unintereſting, however beautiful; it was Edgar ſhe looked for; Edgar, who thus coldly had ſuffered her to depart, but who ſtill, it was poſſible, might purſue; and hope, ever active, painted him,

as

as ſhe proceeded, in every diſtant object that caught her eye, whether living or inanimate, brightening, from time to time, the roſes of her cheeks with the felicity of a ſpeedy reconciliation; but upon every near approach, the flattering error was detected, and neither hill, vale, nor plain, could diſpel the diſappointment. A fine country, and diverſified views, may ſoften even the keeneſt affliction of decided misfortune, and tranquiliſe the moſt gloomy ſadneſs into reſignation and compoſure; but ſuſpenſe rejects the gentle palliative; 'tis an abſorbent of the faculties that ſuffers them to ſee, hear, and feel only its own perplexity; and the finer the fibres of the ſenſibility on which it ſeizes, the more excluſive is its deſpotiſm; doubt, in a fervent mind, from the rapidity of its evolutions between fear in its utmoſt deſpondence, and hope in its fulleſt rapture, is little ſhort of torture.

They drove immediately to an elegant houſe, ſituated upon a ſmall eminence, half a mile without the town of Southampton, which

which had already been ſecured; and Mrs. Berlinton, as ſoon as ſhe had choſen the pleaſanteſt apartment it afforded for Camilla, and ſuffered Mrs. Mittin to chooſe the next pleaſant for herſelf, went, accompanied by her brother, to the lodging of Mrs. Ecton.

Left alone, Camilla ſtationed herſelf at a window, believing ſhe meant to look at the proſpect; but her eye, faithful to her heart, roved up and down the high road, and took in only chaiſes or horſemen, till Mrs. Mittin, with her cuſtomary familiarity, came into the room. "Well, my dear miſs," ſhe cried, "you're welcome to Southampton, and welcome to Mrs. Berlinton; ſhe's a nice lady as ever I knew; I ſuppoſe you're ſurpriſed to ſee us ſo great together? but I'll tell you how it came about. You muſt know, juſt as you was gone, I happened to be in the book ſhop when ſhe came in, and aſked for a book; the Peruvan Letters ſhe called it; and it was not at home, and ſhe looked quite vexed, for ſhe ſaid ſhe had looked the catalogue

talogue up and down, and ſaw nothing elſe ſhe'd a mind to; ſo I thought it would be a good opportunity to oblige her, and be a way to make a prodigious genteel acquaintance beſides; ſo I took down the name, and I found out the lady that had got the book, and I made her a viſit, and I told her it was particular wanted by a lady that had a reaſon; ſo ſhe let me have it, and I took it to my pretty lady, who was ſo pleaſed, ſhe did not know how to thank me: So this got me footing in the houſe; and there I heard, amongſt her people, ſhe was coming to Southampton, and was to call for you, my dear miſs; ſo when I found ſhe had not her coach full, I aſk'd her to give me a caſt; for I told her you'd be particular glad to ſee me, as we'd ſome buſineſs to ſettle together, that was a ſecret between only us two; ſo ſhe ſaid ſhe would do any thing to give you pleaſure; ſo then I made free to aſk her to give me a night's lodging, till I could find out ſome friend to be at; for I'd a vaſt mind to come to Southampton, as I could do it ſo reaſonable,

able, for I like to go every where. And I dare ſay, my dear miſs, if you'll tell her 'twill oblige you, ſhe'll make me the compliment to let me ſtay all the time, for I know nobody here; though I don't fear making friends, go where I will. And you know, my dear miſs, you can do no leſs by me, conſidering what I've done for you; for I've kept all the good people quiet about your debts; and they ſay you may pay them when you will, as I told them you was ſuch a rich heireſs; which Mr. Dubſter let me into the ſecret of, for he had had it from your brother."

Camilla now experienced the extremeſt repentance and ſhame, to find herſelf involved in any obligation with a character ſo forward, vulgar, and encroaching, and to impoſe ſuch a perſon, through the abuſe of her name and influence, upon the time and patience of Mrs. Berlinton.

The report ſpread by Lionel ſhe immediately diſavowed, and, producing her twenty pound bank note, begged Mrs. Mittin would have the goodneſs to get it

changed for her, and to diſcharge her accounts without delay.

Surpriſed by this readineſs, and ſtruck by the view of the note, Mrs. Mittin imputed to mere reſerve the denial of her expected wealth, but readily promiſed to get in the bills, and ſee her clear.

Camilla would now have been left alone; but Mrs. Mittin thought of nothing leſs than quitting her, and ſhe knew not how to bid her depart. It was uncertain when Mrs. Berlinton could return; to obviate, therefore, in ſome meaſure, the fatigue of ſuch converſation, Camilla propoſed walking.

It was ſtill but two o'clock, and the weather was delicious; every place that opened to any view, preſented ſome proſpect that was alluring; Camilla, notwithſtanding her anxiety, was caught, and at intervals, at leaſt, forgot all within, from admiration of all without.

Mrs. Mittin led immediately to the town, and Camilla was ſtruck with its neatneſs, and ſurpriſed by its populouſneſs.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mittin aſſured her it was nothing to London, and only wiſhed ſhe could walk her from Charing-croſs to Temple-bar, juſt to ſhew her what it was to ſee a little of the world.

"But now, my dear," ſhe cried, "the thing is to find out what we've got to look at; ſo don't let's go on without knowing what we're about; however, theſe ſhops are all ſo monſtrous ſmart, 'twill be a pleaſure to go into them, and aſk the good people what there's to ſee in the town."

This pretext proved ſo fertile to her of entertainment, in the opportunity it afforded of taking a near view of the various commodities expoſed to ſale, that while ſhe entered almoſt every ſhop, with inquiries of what was worth ſeeing, ſhe attended to no anſwer nor information, but having examined and admired all the goods within ſight or reach, walked off, to obtain, by ſimilar means, a ſimilar privilege further on; boaſting to Camilla, that, by this clever device they might ſee

all

all that was ſmarteſt, without the expence of buying any thing.

It is poſſible that this might ſafely have been repeated, from one end of the town to the other, had Mrs. Mittin been alone; and ſhe ſeemed well diſpoſed to make the experiment; but Camilla, who, abſent and abſorbed, accompanied without heeding her, was of a figure and appearance not quite ſo well adapted for indulging with impunity ſuch unbridled curioſity. The ſhopkeepers, who, according to their ſeveral taſtes or opinions, gave their directions to the churches, the quays, the market-place, the antique gates, the town-hall, &c. involuntarily looked at her as they anſwered the queſtioner, and not ſatisfied with the ſhort view, followed to the door, to look again; this preſently produced an effect, that, for the whole length of the High-ſtreet, was amply ridiculous; every one perceiving that, whatſoever had been his recommendation, whether to the right, to the left, or ſtraight forward, the two inquirers went no further than into

the next ſhop, whence they regularly drew forth either the maſter or the man to make another ſtarer at their ſingular proceeding.

Some ſuppoſed they were only ſeeking to attract notice; others thought they were deranged in mind; and others, again, imagined they were ſhoplifters, and haſtened back to their counters, to examine what was miſſing of their goods.

Two men of the two laſt perſuaſions communicated to one another their opinions, each ſuſtaining his own with a poſitiveneſs that would have ended in a quarrel, had it not been accommodated by a wager. To ſettle this became now ſo important, that buſineſs gave way to ſpeculation, and the contending parties, accompanied by a young perfumer as arbitrator, leaving their affairs in the hands of their wives, or their domeſtics, iſſued forth from their repoſitories, to purſue and watch the curious travellers; laying bets by the way at almoſt every ſhop as they proceeded, till they reached the quay, where the ladies made a full ſtand, and their followers

opened a conſultation how beſt to decide the conteſt.

Mr. Firl, a ſagacious old linen-draper, who concluded them to be ſhoplifters, declared he would keep aloof, for he ſhould detect them beſt when they leaſt ſuſpected they were obſerved.

Mr. Drim, a gentle and ſimple habet-daſher, who believed their ſenſes diſordered, made a circuit to face and examine them, frequently, however, looking back, to ſee that no abſconding trick was played him by his friends. When he came up to them, the penſive and abſorbed look of Camilla ſtruck him as too particular to be natural; and in Mrs. Mittin he immediately fancied he perceived ſomething wild, if not inſane. In truth, an opinion preconceived of her derangement might eaſily authoriſe ſtrong ſuſpicions of confirmation, from the contented volubility with which ſhe inceſſantly ran on, without waiting for anſwerers, or even liſteners; and his obſervation had not taught him,

that the loquacious desire only to speak. They exact time, not attention.

Mrs. Mittin, soon observing the curiosity with which he examined them, looked at him so hard in return, talking the whole time, in a quick low voice, to Camilla, upon his oddity, that, struck with a direful panic, in the persuasion she was marking him for some mischief, he turned short about to get back to his companions; leaving Mrs. Mittin with precisely the same opinion of himself which he had imbibed of her.

"Well, my dear," cried she, "this is one of the most miraculous adventures I've met with yet; as sure as you're alive that man that stares so is not right in the head! for else what should he run away for, all in such a hurry, after looking at us so particular for nothing? I'll assure you, I think the best thing we can do, is to get off as fast as we can, for fear of the worst."

They then sped their way from the quay; but, in turning down the first pas-

ſage to get out of ſight, they were led into one of the little rooms prepared for the accommodation of bathers.

This ſeemed ſo ſecure, as well as pleaſant, that Camilla, ſoothed by the tranquillity with which ſhe could contemplate the noble Southampton water and its fine banks, ſat down at the window, and deſired not to walk any further.

The fright with which Mr. Drim had retreated, gained no proſelyte to his opinion; Mr. Girt, the perfumer, aſſerted, ſignificantly, they were only idle travellers, of light character; and Mr. Firl, when in dodging them, he ſaw they went into a bathing room, offered to double his wager that it was to make ſome aſſortment of their ſpoil.

This was accepted, and it was agreed that one ſhould ſaunter in the adjoining paſſages to ſee which way they turned upon coming out, while the two others ſhould patrole the beach, to watch their diſappearance from the windows.

Mrs. Mittin, meanwhile, was as much amuſed, though with different objects, as Camilla. A large mixt party of ladies and gentlemen, who had ordered a veſſel for ſailing down the water, which was not yet ready, now made their appearance; and their dreſs, their air of enjoyment, their outcries of impatience, the friſky gaiety of ſome, the noiſy merriment of others, ſeemed to Mrs. Mittin marks of ſo much grandeur and happineſs, that all her thoughts were at work to deviſe ſome contrivance for becoming of their acquaintance.

Camilla alſo ſurveyed, but almoſt without ſeeing them; for the only image of her mind now unexpectedly met her view; Dr. Marchmont and Edgar, juſt arrived, had patrolled to the beach, where Edgar, whoſe eye, from his eagerneſs, appeared to be every where in a moment, immediately perceived her; they both bowed, and Dr. Marchmont, amazed by the air and figure of her companion, inquired if Mrs. Berlinton had any particularly vulgar

relation

relation to whom she was likely to commit her fair guest.

Edgar, who had seen only herself, could not now forbear another glance; but the aspect of Mrs. Mittin, without Mrs. Berlinton, or any other more dignified or fitting protectress, was both unaccountable and unpleasant to him; he recollected having seen her at Tunbridge, where the careless temper, and negligent manners of Mrs. Arlbery, made all approaches easy, that answered any purpose of amusement or ridicule; but he could not conceive how Mrs. Berlinton, or Camilla herself, could be joined by such a companion.

Mr. Firl, having remarked these two gentlemen's bows, began to fear for his wager; yet, thinking it authorised him to seek some information, approached them, and taking off his hat, said: "You seem to be noticing those two ladies up there; pray, gentlemen, if you've no objection, who may they be?"

"Why do you ask, Sir?" cried Edgar, sternly.

"Why, we've a wager depending upon them, ſir, and I believe there's no gentleman will refuſe to help another about a wager."

"A wager?" repeated Edgar, wiſhing, but vainly, to manifeſt no curioſity; "what inducement could you have to lay a wager about them?"

"Why, I believe, ſir, there's nobody's a better judge than me what I've laid about; though I may be out, to be ſure, if you know the ladies; but I've ſeen ſo much of their tricks, in my time, that they muſt be pretty ſharp before they'll overreach me."

"What tricks? who muſt be ſharp? who are you talking of?"

"Shoplifters, ſir."

"Shoplifters! what do you mean?"

"No harm, ſir; I may be out, to be ſure, as I ſay; and if ſo, I aſk pardon; only, as we've laid the wager, I think I may ſpeak before I pay."

The curioſity of Edgar would have been converted into ridicule, had he been leſs

uneaſy

uneaſy at ſeeing with whom Camilla was thus aſſociated; Mrs. Mittin might certainly be a worthy woman, and, if ſo, muſt merit every kindneſs that could be ſhewn her; but her air and manner ſo ſtrongly diſplayed the low bred ſociety to which ſhe had been accuſtomed, that he foreſaw nothing but improper acquaintance, or demeaning adventures, that could enſue from ſuch a connection at a public place.

Dr. Marchmont demanded what had given riſe to this ſuſpicion.

Mr. Firl anſwered, that they had been into every ſhop in the town, routing over every body's beſt goods, yet not laying out a penny.

Nothing of this could Edgar comprehend, except that Camilla had ſuffered herſelf to be led about by Mrs. Mittin, entirely at her pleaſure; but all further inquiry was ſtopt, by the voluntary and pert junction of Girt, the young perfumer, who, during this period, had by no means been idle; for perceiving, in the group waiting for a veſſel, a certain cuſtomer by whom

he knew ſuch a ſubject would be well received, he contrived to excite his curioſity to aſk ſome queſtions, which could only be ſatisfied by the hiſtory of the wager, and his own opinion that both parties were out.

This drew all eyes to the bathing room; and new bets ſoon were circulated, conſiſting of every deſcription of conjecture, or even poſſibility, except that the two objects in queſtion were innocent: and for that, in a ſet of fourteen, one only was found who defended Camilla, though her face ſeemed the very index of purity, which ſtill more ſtrongly was painted upon it than beauty, or even than youth. Such is the prevalent diſpoſition to believe in general depravity, that while thoſe who are debaſed themſelves find a conſolation in thinking others equally worthleſs, thoſe even, who are of a better ſort, nouriſh a ſecret vanity in ſuppoſing few as good as themſelves; and fully, without reflection, the fair candour of their minds, by aiding that inſidious degeneracy, which robs the community of all confidence in virtue.

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The approach of the perfumer to Edgar had all the hardineſs of vulgar elation, beſtowed, at this moment, by the recent encouragement of having been permitted to propagate his facetious opinions in a ſociety of gentlefolks; for though to one only amongſt them, a young man of large fortune, by whom he was particularly patroniſed, he had preſumed verbally to addreſs himſelf, he had yet the pleaſure to hear his account repeated from one to another, till not a perſon of the company eſcaped hearing it.

"My friend Firl's been telling you, I ſuppoſe, ſir," ſaid he, to Edgar, "of his fooliſh wager? but, take my word for it----"

Here Edgar, who again had irreſiſtibly looked up at the room, ſaw that three gentlemen had entered it; alarmed leſt theſe ſurmiſes ſhould be productive of impertinence to Camilla, he darted quick from the beach to her immediate protection.

But the rapidity of his wiſhes were ill ſeconded by the uncertainty of his foot-

ſteps; and while, with eyes eagerly wandering all around, he haſtily puſhed forward, he was ſtopt by Mr. Drim, who told him to take care how he went on, for, in one of thoſe bathing houſes, to the beſt of his belief, there were two crazy women, one melancholy, and one ſtark wild, that had juſt, as he ſuppoſed, eſcaped from their keepers.

"How ſhall I find my way, then, to another of the bathing houſes?" cried Edgar.

Mr. Drim undertook to ſhew him where he might turn, but ſaid he muſt not loſe ſight of the door, becauſe he had a bottle of port depending upon it; his neighbour, Mr. Firl, inſiſting they were only ſhoplifters.

Edgar here ſtopt ſhort and ſtared.

Drim then aſſured him it was what he could not believe, as nothing was miſſing; though Mr. Firl would have it that it was days and days, ſometimes, before people found out what was gone; but he was ſure, himſelf,

himſelf, they were touched in the head, by their going about ſo wild, aſking every body the ſame queſtions, and minding nobody's anſwers.

Edgar, convinced now Camilla was here again implicated, broke with diſguſt from the man, and ruſhed to the door he charged him to avoid.

CHAP. II.

A Rage of Obliging.

CAMILLA, from the inſtant ſhe had perceived Edgar, had been in the utmoſt emotion, from doubt if his journey were to ſeek a reconciliation, or only to return her letters, and take a laſting farewel. Her firſt feeling at his ſight urged her to retire: but ſomething of a ſofter nature ſpeedily interfered, repreſenting, if now he ſhould join her, what ſuffering might mutually be ſaved by an immediate conference. She kept, therefore, her ſeat, looking ſteadily ſtraight down the water, and denying herſelf one moment's glance at any thing, or perſon, upon the beach: little imagining ſhe ingroſſed, herſelf, the attention of all who paraded it. But, when the inſinuations of the flippant perfumer had once made her looked at, her beauty, her apparently unprotected ſituation, and the account

account of the wager, ſeemed to render her an object to be ſtared at without ſcruple.

Mrs. Mittin ſaw how much they were obſerved, but Camilla, unheeding her remarks, liſtened only to hear if any footſteps approached; but when, at laſt, ſome ſtruck her ears, they were accompanied by an unknown voice, ſo loud and clamorouſly jovial, that, diſturbed, ſhe looked round---and ſaw the door violently flung open, and three perſons, dreſſed like gentlemen, force their way into the ſmall dwelling place.

Mr. Halder, the leader of this triumvirate, was the particular patron of Girt, the young perfumer; and, though his ſuperior in birth and riches, was ſcarcely upon a par with him, from wilful neglect, in education; and undoubtedly beneath him in decency and conduct, notwithſtanding young Girt piqued himſelf far leſs upon ſuch ſentimental qualifications, than upon his ſkill in coſmetics, and had leſs reſpect for unadulterated morals, than unadulterated powder.

The

The ſecond who entered, was, in every particular, ſtill leſs defenſible: he was a peer of the realm; he had a daughter married, and his age entitled him to be the grandfather of young Halder. In point of fortune, ſpeculatiſts deemed them equal; for though the eſtate of Halder was as yet unincumbered with the mortgages that hung upon that of Lord Valhurſt, they computed, with great exactneſs, the term of its ſuperiority, ſince already he had inliſted in the jockey meetings, and belonged to the gaming clubs.

The third, a young man of a ſerious, but pleaſing demeanour, was rather an attendant than a partner in this intruſion. He was the only one of the whole party to whom the countenance of Camilla had announced innocence; and when Halder, inſtigated by the aſſertions of the facetious Girt, propoſed the preſent meaſure, and Lord Valhurſt, caught by the youthful beauty of the fair ſubject of diſcuſſion, acceded, this ſingle champion ſtood forth, and modeſtly, yet firmly, declaring his opinion

they

they were miſtaken, accompanied them with a view to protect her, if he himſelf were right.

Boiſterouſly entering, Halder addreſſed at once to Camilla, ſuch unceremonious praiſe of her beauty, that, affrighted and offended, ſhe haſtily ſeized the arm of Mrs. Mittin, and, in a voice of alarm, though with an air of command that admitted no doubt of her ſerioufneſs, and no appeal from her reſolution, ſaid, "Let us go home, Mrs. Mittin, immediately."

Simple as were theſe words, their manner had an effect upon Halder to awe and diſtance him. Beauty, in the garb of virtue, is rather formidable than attractive to thoſe who are natively unenlightened, as well as habituaſly degenerate: though, over ſuch as have ever known better ſentiments, it frequently retains its primeval power, even in their darkeſt declenſion of depravity.

But while Halder, repulſed, ſtood back, and the young champion, with an air the moſt reſpectful, made way for her to paſs;

Lord

Lord Valhurſt, ſhutting the door, planted himſelf againſt it.

Seeing terror now take poſſeſſion of every feature of her face, her determined protector called out: "Make way, my Lord, I beg!" and offered her his hand. But Camilla, equally frightened at them all, ſhrunk appalled from his aſſiſtance, and turned towards the window, with an intention of demanding help from Edgar, whom ſhe ſuppoſed ſtill on the beach; but the peer, ſlowly moving from the door, ſaid he was the laſt to mean to diſconcert the young lady, and only wiſhed to ſtop her till he could call for his carriage, that he might ſee her ſafe wherever ſhe wiſhed to go.

Camilla had no doubt of the ſincerity of this propoſal, but would accept no aid from a ſtranger, even though an old man, while ſhe hoped to obtain that of Edgar. Edgar, however, ſhe ſaw not, and fear is generally precipitate: ſhe concluded him gone; concluded herſelf deſerted, and, from knowing neither, equally fearing both

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the young men, inclined towards Lord Valhurſt; who, with delighted ſurpriſe, was going to take her under his care, when Edgar ruſhed forward.

The pleaſure that darted into her eyes announced his welcome. Halder, from his reception, thought the enigma of his own ill ſucceſs ſolved; the other youth, ſuppoſing him her brother, no longer ſought to interfere; but Lord Valhurſt exhibited ſigns of ſuch irrepreſſible mortification, that inexperience itſelf could not miſtake the diſhonourable views of his offered ſervices, ſince, to ſee her in ſafety, was ſo evidently not their purpoſe. Camilla, looking at him with the horror he ſo juſtly excited, gave her hand to Edgar, who had inſtantly claimed it, and, without one word being uttered by either, haſtily walked away with him, nimbly accompanied by Mrs. Mittin.

The young man, whoſe own mind was ſufficiently pure to make him give eaſy credit to the purity of another, was ſhocked at his undeſerved implication in ſo groſs

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an attack, and at his failure of manifeſting the laudable motive which had made him one of the triumvirate; and, looking after her with mingled admiration and concern, "Indeed, gentlemen," he cried, "you have been much to blame. You have affronted a young lady who carries in the whole of her appearance the marks of meriting reſpect."

The ſenſibility of Lord Valhurſt was not of ſufficient magnitude to ſeparate into two courſes: the little he poſſeſſed was already occupied by his diſappointment, in loſing the beautiful prey he believed juſt falling into his hands, and he had no emotion, therefore, to beſtow upon his young reprover. But Halder, who, to want of feeling, added want of ſenſe, roared out, with rude raillery, a groſs, which he thought witty attack, both of the defender and the defended.

The young man, with the proud probity of unhackneyed ſentiment, made a vindication of his uncorrupt intentions; which produced but louder mirth, and coarſer incredulity.

incredulity. The conteſt, however, was wholly unequal; one had nerves of the moſt irritable delicacy; the other had never yet, by any ſenſation, nor any accident, been admoniſhed that nerves made any part of the human compoſition: in proportion, therefore, as one became more offended, the other grew more callous; till the chivalry of indignant honour, caſting prudence, ſafety, and forbearance away, dictated a haſty challenge, which was accepted with a horſe laugh of brutal ſenſeleſſneſs of danger. Courage is of another deſcription. It riſks life with heroiſm; but it is only to preſerve or purſue ſomething, without which the charm of life were diſſolved: it meets death with ſteadineſs; but it prepares for immortality with reverence and emotion.

* * * *

Edgar and Camilla continued their walk in a ſilence painful to both, but which neither knew how firſt to break; each wiſhed with earneſtneſs an opening to communica-

communication and confidence; but, mutually ſhocked by the recent adventure, Edgar waited the abſence of Mrs. Mittin, to point out the impropriety and inſufficiency of ſuch a guard; and Camilla, ſtill aghaſt with terror, had no power of any ſort to begin a diſcourſe.

Their taciturnity, if not well ſupplied, was, at leaſt, well contraſted by the volubility of Mrs. Mittin, which, as in the bathing houſe it had been inceſſant, in declaring, to the three intruders, that both ſhe and the other young lady were perſons of honour, was now no leſs unremitting in boaſting how well ſhe had checked and kept them in order.

The horror of the attack ſhe had juſt eſcaped became ſoon but a ſecondary ſuffering to Camilla, though, at the moment, it had impreſſed her more terribly than any actual event of her life, or any ſcene her creative imagination had ever painted; yet, however dreadful, it was now paſt; but who could tell the end of what remained? the mute diſtance of Edgar, her

uncertainty

uncertainty of his intentions, her ſuſpicions of his wiſhed ſeceſſion, the ſevere taſk ſhe thought neceſſary to perform of giving him his liberty, with the anguiſh of a total inability to judge whether ſuch a ſtep would recall his tenderneſs, or precipitate his retreat, were ſuggeſtions which quick ſucceeded, and, in a very ſhort time, wholly domineered over every other.

When they arrived at the houſe, Edgar demanded if he might hope for the honour of being preſented, as a friend of the family, to Mrs. Berlinton.

Reviving, though embarraſſed, ſhe looked aſſent, and went forward to inquire if Mrs. Berlinton were come home.

The ſervant anſwered no; but delivered her a letter from that lady; ſhe took it with a look of diſtreſs whether or not to invite Edgar to enter, which the, at this period, welcome officiouſneſs of Mrs. Mittin relieved, by ſaying, "Come, let us all come in, and make the parlour a little comfortable againſt Mrs. Berlinton comes home;

home; for, I dare ſay, there's nothing as it ſhould be. Theſe lodging-houſes always want a heap of things one never thinks of before hand."

They then all three entered, and Mrs. Mittin, who ſaw, ſhe ſaid, a thouſand ways by which ſhe might ſerve and oblige Mrs. Berlinton, by various ſuggeſtions, and even directions, which ſhe hazarded againſt her return, buſied herſelf to arrange the two parlours to her ſatisfaction; and, then, went up ſtairs, to ſettle, alſo, all there; making abundant apologies for leaving them, and aſſuring them ſhe would be back again as ſoon as ſhe poſſibly could get all in order.

Her departure was a moment of extreme confuſion to Camilla, who conſidered it as an invitation to her great ſcheme of rejection, but who ſtammered ſomething upon every other ſubject, to keep that off. She looked at her letter, wondered what it could contain, could not imagine why Mrs. Berlinton ſhould write when they muſt ſo ſoon meet; and ſpent in conjectures upon its contents the time which Edgar

Edgar beſought her to beſtow upon their peruſal.

Nothing gives ſo much ſtrength to an adverſary as the view of timidity in his opponent. Edgar grew preſently compoſed, and felt equal to his purpoſed expoſtulation.

"You decline reading your letter till I am gone?" cried he; "I muſt, therefore, haſten away. Yet, before I go, I earneſtly wiſh once more to take upon me the office formerly allowed me, and to repreſent, with ſimple ſincerity, my apprehenſions upon what I have obſerved this morning."

The beginning of this ſpeech had made Camilla break the ſeal of her letter; but its concluſion agitated her too much for reading it.

"Is this ſilence," ſaid he, trying to ſmile, "to repreſs me as arrogant,----or to diſregard me as impertinent?"

"Neither!" ſhe anſwered, forcing herſelf to look towards him with cheerfulneſs; "it is merely----attention."

"You are very good, and I will try to be brief, that I may put your patience to no longer proof than I can avoid. You know, already, all I can urge concerning Mrs. Berlinton; how little I wonder at the promptneſs of your admiration; yet how greatly I fear for the permanence of your eſteem. In putting yourſelf under her immediate and ſole protection, you have ſhewn me the complete diſſonance of our judgments upon this ſubject; but I do not forget that, though you had the goodneſs to hear me, you had the right to decide for yourſelf. Truſt indeed, even againſt warning, is ſo far more amiable than ſuſpicion, that it muſt always, even though it prove unfortunate, call for praiſe rather than cenſure."

The confuſion of Camilla was now converted into ſelf-reproach. What ſhe thought coldneſs, ſhe had reſented; what appeared to her to be haughtineſs, ſhe had reſiſted; but truth, in the form of gentleneſs, brought her inſtantly to reaſon, and reaſon

reaſon could only reſume its empire, to repreſent as raſh and imprudent an expedition ſo repugnant, in its circumſtances, to the wiſhes and opinions of the perſon whoſe approbation was moſt eſſential to her happineſs. Edgar had pauſed; and her every impulſe led to a candid recognition of what ſhe felt to be wrong; but her precarious ſituation with him, the report of his intended flight by Jacob, the letters ſtill detained of Sir Sedley Clarendel, and no explanation demanded, by which ſhe could gather if his plighted honour were not now his only tie with her, curbed her deſign, depreſſed her courage, and, ſilently, ſhe let him proceed.

"Upon this ſubject, therefore, I muſt ſay no more, except to hint a wiſh, that the apprehenſions which firſt induced me to name it may, unbidden, occur as timely heralds to exertion, ſhould any untoward circumſtances point to danger, alarm, or impropriety."

The new, but ſtrong friendſhip of Camilla was alarmed for its delicacy by theſe

words. The diffidence ſhe felt, from conſcious error, for herſelf, extended not to Mrs. Berlinton, whom, ſince ſhe found guiltleſs, ſhe believed to be blameleſs. She broke forth, therefore, into a warm eulogy, which her agitation rendered eloquent, while her own mind and ſpirits were relieved and revived, by this flight from her mortified ſelf, to the friend ſhe thought deſerving her moſt fervent juſtification.

Edgar liſtened attentively, and his eyes, though they expreſſed much of ſerious concern, ſhewed alſo an irrepreſſible admiration of an enthuſiaſm ſo ardent for a female friend of ſo much beauty.

"May ſhe always merit this generous warmth!" cried he; "which muſt have excited my beſt wiſhes for her welfare, even if I had been inſenſible to her own claims upon every man of feeling. But I had meant, at this time, to confine my ungrateful annotations to another----to the perſon who had juſt quitted the room."

"You do not mean to name her with Mrs. Berlinton? to imagine it poſſible I can have for her any ſimilar regard? or any, indeed, at all, but ſuch common good-will as all ſorts and claſſes of people are entitled to, who are well meaning?"

"Here, at leaſt, then," ſaid Edgar, with a ſigh half ſuppreſſed, "our opinions may be conſonant. No; I deſigned no ſuch diſgraceful parallel for your elegant favourite. My whole intention is to remonſtrate-----can you pardon ſo plain a word?----againſt your appearing in public with a perſon ſo ill adapted to inſure you the reſpect that is ſo every way your due."

"I had not the ſmalleſt idea, believe me, of appearing in public. I merely walked out to ſee the town, and to beguile, in a ſtroll, time, which, in this perſon's ſociety, hung heavy upon me at home, in the abſence of Mrs. Berlinton."

The conciſe ſimplicity of this innocent account, baniſhed, in a moment, all ſeverity of judgment; and Edgar, expreſſively

thanking her, roſe, and was approaching her, though ſcarcely knowing with what purpoſe, when Mrs. Mittin burſt into the room, exclaiming: "Well, my dear, you'll never gueſs how many things I have done ſince I left you. In the firſt place, there was never a waſh-ball; in the next place, not a napkin nor a towel was in its proper place; then the tea-things were forgot; and as to ſpoons, not one could I find. And now, I've a mind to go myſelf to a ſhop I took good notice of, and get her a little almond powder for her nice white hands; which, I dare ſay, will pleaſe her. I've thought of a hundred things at leaſt. I dare ſay I ſhall quite win her heart. And I'm ſure of my money again, if I lay out never ſo much. And I don't know what I would not do for ſuch a good lady."

During this harangue, Camilla, aſhamed of her want of reſolution, ſecretly vowed, that, if again left alone with him, ſhe would not loſe a moment in reſtoring him his liberty, that with dignity ſhe might once more receive,

receive, or with fortitude for ever reſign it. She thought herſelf, at this moment, capable of either; but ſhe had only thought it, ſince his ſoftened look and air had made her believe ſhe had nothing to fear from the alternative.

Mrs. Mittin ſoon went, though her continued and unmeaning chattery made the ſhort term of her ſtay appear long.

Each eager upon their own plan, both then involuntarily aroſe.

Camilla ſpoke firſt. "I have ſomething," ſhe cried, "to ſay----," but her voice became ſo huſky, the inarticulate ſounds died away unheard, and bluſhing at ſo feeble an opening, ſhe ſtrove, under the auſpices of a cough, to diſguiſe that ſhe had ſpoken at all, for the purpoſe of beginning, in a more ſtriking manner, again.

This ſucceeded with Edgar at this moment, for he had heard her voice, not her words: he began, therefore, himſelf. "This good lady," he ſaid, "ſeems bit with the rage of obliging, though not, I

think, ſo heroically, as much to injure her intereſt. But ſurely ſhe flatters herſelf with ſomewhat too high a recompence? The heart of Mrs. Berlinton is not, I fancy, framed for ſuch a conquerer. But how, at the ſame time, is it poſſible converſation ſuch as this ſhould be heard under her roof? And how can it have come to paſs that ſuch a perſon-----"

"Talk of her," interrupted Camilla, recovering her breath, "ſome other time. Let me now inquire----have you burnt----I hope ſo!-----thoſe fooliſh-----letters-----I put into your hands?----"

The countenance of Edgar was inſtantly overclouded. The mention of thoſe letters brought freſh to his heart the bittereſt, the moſt excruciating and intolerable pang it had ever experienced; it brought Camilla to his view no longer artleſs, pure, and ſingle-minded, but engaged to, or trifling with, one man, while ſeriouſly accepting another. "No, madam," he ſolemnly ſaid, "I have not preſumed ſo far. Their anſwers are not likely to meet

meet with ſo violent a death, and it ſeemed to me that one part of the correſpondence ſhould be preſerved for the elucidation of the other."

Camilla felt ſtung by this reply, and tremulouſly anſwered, "Give me them back, then, if you pleaſe, and I will take care to ſee them all demoliſhed together, in the ſame flames. Meanwhile----"

"Are you ſure," interrupted Edgar, "ſuch a conflagration will be permitted? Does the man live who would have the philoſophy----the inſenſibility I muſt rather ſtyle it—ever to reſign, after once poſſeſſing, marks ſo diſtinguiſhing of eſteem? O, Camilla! I, at leaſt, could not be that man!"

Cut to the ſoul by this queſtion, which, though ſoftened by the laſt phraſe, ſhe deemed ſeverely cruel, ſhe haſtily exclaimed: "Philoſophy I have no right to ſpeak of----but as to inſenſibility---who is the man that ever more can ſurpriſe me by its diſplay? Let me take, however, this opportunity----"

A footman, opening the door, ſaid, his lady had ſent to beg an anſwer to her letter.

Camilla, in whom anger was momentary, but the love of juſtice permanent, rejoiced at an interruption which prevented her from ſpeaking, with pique and diſpleaſure, a ſentence that muſt loſe all its purpoſe if not uttered with mildneſs. She would write, ſhe ſaid, immediately; and, bidding the man get her pen and ink, went to the window to read her letter; with a formal bow of apology to Edgar as ſhe paſſed him.

"I have made you angry?" cried he, when the man was gone; "and I hate myſelf to have cauſed you a moment's pain. But you muſt feel for me, Camilla, in the wound you have inflicted! you know not the diſorder of mind produced by a ſudden, unlooked-for tranſition from felicity to perplexity,---from ſerenity to miſery!---"

Camilla felt touched, yet continued reading, or rather rapidly repeating to herſelf

herſelf the words of her letter, without comprehending, or even ſeeking to comprehend, the meaning of one ſentence.

He found himſelf quite unequal to enduring her diſpleaſure; his own, all his cautions, all Dr. Marchmont's advice, were forgotten; and tenderly following her, "Have I offended," he cried, "paſt forgiveneſs? Is Camilla immoveable? and is the journey from which I fondly hoped to date the renewal of every hope, the termination of every doubt, the period of all ſuffering and ſorrow---"

He ſtopt abruptly, from the entrance of the ſervant with pen and ink, and the interruption was critical: it called him to his ſelf-command: he ſtammered out that he would not impede her writing; and, though in palpable confuſion, took his leave: yet, at the ſtreet-door, he gave a ticket with his name, to the ſervant who attended him, for Mrs. Berlinton; and, with his beſt reſpects, deſired ſhe might be

told he ſhould do himſelf the honour to endeavour to ſee her in the evening.

The recollection of Edgar came too late to his aid to anſwer its intended purpoſe. The tender avowal which had eſcaped him to Camilla, of the view of his journey, had firſt with aſtoniſhment ſtruck her ear, and next with quick enchantment vibrated to her heart, which again it ſpeedily taught to beat with its priſtine vivacity; and joy, ſpirit, and confidence expelled in a breath all gueſts but themſelves.

CHAP. III.

A Pleaſant Adventure.

CAMILLA was again called upon for her note, before ſhe had read the letter it was to anſwer; but relieved now from the preſſure of her own terrifying apprehenſions, ſhe gave it complete and willing attention.

It contained four ſides of paper, cloſely yet elegantly written in the language of romantic ſentiment. Mrs. Berlinton ſaid ſhe had ſpent, as yet, only a few minutes with her aunt; but they had been awfully important; and ſince ſhe had exacted from her a promiſe to ſtay the whole day, ſhe could not deny her diſappointed friendſhip the tranſient ſolace of a paper converſation, to ſooth the lingering interval of this unexpected abſence. "My ſoul pines to unburden the weight of its ſorrows into thy ſympathiſing boſom, my gentleſt friend; but

but oh! there let them not ſojourn! receive but to lighten, liſten but to commiſerate, and then, far, far thence diſmiſs them, retaining but the remembrance thou haſt diſmiſſed them with conſolation." She then bewailed the time loſt to ſoft communication and confidence, in their journey, from the preſence of others; for though one was a brother ſhe ſo truly loved, ſhe found, notwithſtanding the tenderneſs of his nature, he had the prejudices of a man upon man's prerogatives, and her woes called for ſoothing not arguments; and the other, ſhe briefly added, was but an accidental paſſenger. "'Tis in thee only, O my beauteous friend! I would truſt the ſad murmurs of my irreverſible and miſerable deſtiny, of which I have learnt but this moment the cruel and deſperate ſecret cauſe." She reſerved, however, the diſcovery for their meeting, and called upon her pity for her unfortunate brother, as deeply involved in his future views, as ſhe in her paſt, by this myſtery: "And have I written this much," ſhe

ſhe burſts forth, "without ſpeaking of the cheriſhed correſpondent whom ſo often I have deſcribed to thee? Ah! believe me not faithleſs to that partner of my choſen eſteem, that noble, that reſiſtleſs poſſeſſor of my pureſt friendſhip! No, charming Camilla, think not ſo degradingly of her whom fate, in its ſole pitying interval, has caſt into thy arms." Two pages then enſued with his excluſive encomium, painting him chief in every virtue, and maſter of every grace. She next expreſſed her earneſtneſs to ſee Indiana, whom Camilla had told her would be at Southampton. "Preſent me, I conjure thee, to the fair and amiable enſlaver of my unhappy brother! I die to ſee, to converſe with her, to catch from her lovely lips the modeſt wiſdom with which he tells me they teem; to read in her ſpeaking eyes the intelligence which he aſſures me illumines them." She concluded with deſiring her to give what orders ſhe pleaſed for the coach, and the ſervants, and to paſs the day with her friends.

Camilla,

Camilla, whoſe own ſenſations were now revived to happineſs, read the letter with all the ſympathy it claimed, and felt her eyes fill with generous tears at the contraſt of their ſituations; yet ſhe highly blamed the tenderneſs expreſſed for the unknown correſpondent, though its innocence ſhe was ſure muſt vanquiſh even Edgar, ſince its ſo conſtant avowal proved it might be publiſhed to all mankind. She anſwered her in language nearly as affectionate, though leſs inflated than her own, and reſolved to ſupport her with Edgar, till her ſweetneſs and purity ſhould need no champions but themſelves. She was aſhamed of the ſpecies of expectation raiſed for Indiana, yet knew not how to interfere in Melmond's idea of her capacity, leſt it might ſeem unkind to repreſent its fallacioufneſs; but ſhe was glad to find her ſoft friend ſeemed to have a ſtrict guardian in her brother; and wiſhed eagerly to communicate to Edgar a circumſtance which ſhe was ſure would be ſo welcome to him.

Impatient

Impatient to ſee Eugenia, ſhe accepted the offer of the carriage, and deſirous to eſcape Mrs. Mittin, begged to have it immediately; but that notable perſon came to the door at the ſame time as the coach, and, without the ſmalleſt ceremony, ſaid ſhe would accompany her to the hotel, in order to take the opportunity of making acquaintance with her friends.

Courage frequently, at leaſt in females, becomes potent as an agent, where it has been feeble as a principal. Camilla, though ſhe had wiſhed, upon her own account, to repreſs Mrs. Mittin in the morning, had been too timid for ſuch an undertaking; but now, in her anxiety to oblige Edgar, ſhe gathered reſolution for declining her company. She then found, as is generally the caſe with the fearful, the taſk leſs difficult than ſhe had expected; for Mrs. Mittin, content with a promiſe ſelf-made, that the introduction ſhould take place the next day, ſaid ſhe would go and help Mrs. Berlinton's woman to unpack her lady's things, which

which would make a uſeful friend for her in the houſe, for a thouſand odd matters.

* * * *

The carriage of Sir Hugh was juſt driving off as Camilla arrived at the hotel.

She hurried from Mrs. Berlinton's coach, demanding which way the company was gone; and being anſwered, by a paſſing waiter, up ſtairs, ran on at once, without patience or thought for aſking if ſhe ſhould turn to the right or left; till ſeeing a gentleman ſtanding ſtill upon the landing place, and leaning upon the banniſters, ſhe was retreating, to deſire a conductor, when ſhe perceived it was Dr. Orkborne; who, while the ladies were looking at accommodations, and inquiring about lodgings, in profound cogitation, and with his tablets in his hands, undiſturbed by the various noiſes around him, and unmoved by the various ſpectators continually paſſing and repaſſing, was finiſhing a period which

which he had begun in the coach for his great work.

Camilla, cheerfully greeting him, begged to know which way ſhe ſhould find Eugenia; but, making her a ſign not to ſpeak to him, he wrote on. Accuſtomed to his manner, and brought up to reſpect whatever belonged to ſtudy, from the ſtudious life and turn of her father, ſhe obeyed the mute injunction, and waited quietly by his ſide; till, tired of the delay, though unwilling to interrupt him, ſhe glided ſoftly about the paſſage, watching and examining if ſhe could ſee any of the party, yet fearing to offend or mortify him if ſhe called for a waiter.

While ſtraying about thus, as far off as ſhe could go without loſing ſight of Dr. Orkborne, a door ſhe had juſt paſſed was flung open, and ſhe ſaw young Halder, whoſe licentious inſolence had ſo much alarmed her in the bathing-houſe, ſtroam out, yawning, ſtretching, and ſwearing unmeaningly, but moſt diſguſtingly, at every ſtep.

Terrified

Terrified at his ſight, ſhe went on, as ſhe could not get to the Doctor without paſſing him; but the youth, recollecting her immediately, called out: "Ah, ha! are you there again, you little vixen?" and purſued her.

"Dr. Orkborne! Dr. Orkborne!" ſhe rather ſcreamed than ſaid, "pray come this way! I conjure—I beſeech—I entreat—Dr. Orkborne!—"

The Doctor, catching nothing of this but his name, querulouſly exclaimed: "You moleſt me much!", but without raiſing his eyes from his tablets; while Halder, at the appeal, cried: "Ay, ay, Doctor! keep your diſtance, Doctor! you are beſt where you are, Doctor, I can tell you, Doctor!"

Camilla, then, too much ſcared to be aware ſhe ran a far greater riſk than ſhe eſcaped, deſperately ſought refuge by opening the neareſt door; though by the ſudden noiſes upon the ſtairs, and in all the adjoining paſſages, it ſeemed as if Dr. Orkborne were the only one not alarmed by her cries.

No

No one, however, could approach ſo ſoon as the perſon of whoſe chamber ſhe had burſt the door; who was an old gentleman, of a good and lively countenance, who promptly preſenting himſelf, looked at her with ſome ſurpriſe, but good-humouredly aſked her what ſhe was pleaſed to want in his room.

"That gentleman," ſhe cried, panting and meaning to point to Dr. Orkborne; "that gentleman I want, ſir!" but ſuch a medley of waiters, company, and ſervants, had in a moment aſſembled in the ſpace between them, that the Doctor was no longer to be diſcerned.

"Do you only open my door, then," ſaid he, drily, "to tell me you want ſomebody elſe?"

Yet when Halder, vowing he owed her an ill turn for which ſhe ſhould pay, would have ſeized her by the hand, he protected with his own arm, ſaying: "Fie, boy, fie! let the girl alone! I don't like violence."

A gentle-

A gentleman now, forcing himſelf through the crowd, exclaimed: "Miſs Camilla Tyrold! Is it poſſible! what can you do here, madam?"

It was Dr. Marchmont, whom the affrighted Camilla, ſpringing forward, could only anſwer in catching by the arm.

"Tyrold!" repeated the old gentleman; "Is her name Tyrold?"

Sorry now to have pronounced it in this mixt company, Dr. Marchmont evaded any anſwer; and, begging her to be compoſed, aſked whither, or to whom, he might have the honour of conducting her.

"Almoſt all my family are here," cried ſhe, "but I could not make Dr. Orkborne ſhew me the way to them."

The old gentleman then, repeating "Tyrold! why if her name is Tyrold, I'll take care of her myſelf;" invited her into his apartment.

Dr. Marchmont, thanking him, ſaid: "This young lady has friends, who in all probability are now uneaſily ſeeking her;

her; we muſt loſe no time in joining them."

"Well, but, well," cried the old ſtranger, "let her come into my room till the coaſt is clear, and then take her away in peace. Come, there's a good girl, come in, do! you're heartily welcome; for there's a perſon of your name that's the beſt friend I ever had in the world. He's gone from our parts, now; but he's left nothing ſo good behind. Pray, my dear, did you ever hear of a gentleman, an old Yorkſhire Baronet, of your name?"

"What! my uncle?"

"Your uncle! why are you niece to Sir Hugh Tyrold?"

Upon her anſwering yes, he clapped his hands with delight, and ſaying: "Why then I'll take care of you myſelf, if it's at the riſk of my life!" carried, rather than drew her into his room, the Doctor following. Then, loudly ſhutting his door in the face of Halder, he called out: "Enter my caſtle who dare! I ſhall turn

a young man myſelf, at the age of ſeventy, to drub the firſt varlet that would attack the niece of my dear old friend!"

They ſoon heard the paſſage clear, and, without deigning to liſten to the petulant revilings with which young Halder ſolaced his fooliſh rage, "Why, my dear," he continued, "why did not you tell me your name was Tyrold at once? I promiſe you, you need carry nothing elſe with you into our parts, to ſee all the doors fly open to you. You make much of him, I hope, where he is? for he left not a dry eye for twenty miles round when he quitted us. I don't know how many ſuch men you may have in Hampſhire; but Yorkſhire's a large county, yet the beſt man in it would find it hard to get a ſeat in Parliament, where Sir Hugh Tyrold would offer himſelf to be a candidate. We all ſay, in Yorkſhire, he's ſo ſtuffed full of goodneſs and kindneſs, that there's no room left in him for any thing elſe; that's our way of talking of him in Yorkſhire; if you have a better way in Hampſhire, I ſhall be glad

to

to learn it; never too late for that; I hate pride."

No poſſible diſturbance could make Camilla inſenſible to pleaſure in the praiſe of her uncle, or depreſs her ſpirits from joining in his eulogy; and her attention, and brightening looks, drew a narrative from the old gentleman of the baronet's good actions and former kindneſſes, ſo pleaſant both to the ſpeaker and the hearer, that the one forgot he had never ſeen her before, and the other, the frightful adventure which occaſioned their meeting now.

Dr. Marchmont at length, looking at his watch, inquired what ſhe meant to do; to ſeek her ſiſter and party, ſhe anſwered; and, returning her hoſt the warmeſt acknowledgments for his aſſiſtance and goodneſs, ſhe was going; but, ſtopping her: "How now?" he cried, "don't you want to know who I am? Now I have told you I am a friend of your uncle, don't you ſuppoſe he'll aſk you my name?"

Camilla, ſmiling, aſſured him ſhe wiſhed much to be informed, but knew not how to trouble him with the queſtion.

" Why my name, my dear, is Weſtwyn, and when you ſay that to your uncle, he won't give you a ſour look for your pains; take my word for that beforehand. I carried over his nephew and heir, a couſin, I ſuppoſe, of yours, to Leipſic with me, about eight years ago, along with a boy of my own, Hal Weſtwyn; a very good lad, I aſſure you, though I never tell him ſo to his face, for fear of puffing him up; I hate a boy puffed up; he commonly comes to no good; that's the only fault of my honoured friend; he ſpoils all young people—witneſs that ſame couſin of yours, that I can't ſay I much like; no more does he me; but tell your good uncle you have met me; and tell him I love and honour him as I ought to do; I don't know how to do more, or elſe I would; tell him this, my dear. And I have not forgot what he did for me once, when I was hard run; and I don't

don't intend it; I'm no friend to ſhort memories."

Camilla ſaid, his name, and her uncle's regard for him, had long been familiar to her; and told him Clermont Lynmere was of the party to Southampton, though ſhe knew not how to enter abruptly into an explanation of his miſtake concerning the inheritance. Mr. Weſtwyn anſwered he was in no hurry to ſee Clermont, who was not at all to his taſte; but would not quit Hampſhire without viſiting Cleves: and when he gathered that two more nieces of Sir Hugh were in the houſe, he deſired to be preſented to them.

Upon re-entering the paſſage, to the great amuſement of Dr. Marchmont, and ſerious provocation of Camilla, they perceived Dr. Orkborne, ſtanding preciſely where he had firſt ſtationed himſelf; attending no more to the general hubbub than to her particular entreaty, and as regardleſs of the various jolts he had received during the tumult, as of the obſtruction he cauſed, by his inconvenient poſition, to the

haſte of the paſſers by. Still ſteadily repoſing againſt the banniſters, he worked hard at refining his paragraph, perſuaded, ſince not ſummoned by Miſs Margland, he had beſtowed upon it but a few minutes, though he had been fixed to that ſpot near an hour.

Miſs Margland received Camilla with a civility which, ſince her poſitive and public affiance to Edgar, ſhe thought neceſſary to the miſtreſs of Beech Park; but ſhe looked upon Dr. Marchmont, whom ſhe concluded to have been her advocate, with a cold ill-will, which, for Mr. Weſtwyn, ſhe ſeaſoned ſtill more ſtrongly by a portion of contemptuous haughtineſs; from a ready diſpoſition to believe every ſtranger, not formally announced, beneath her notice.

The Doctor ſoon retired, and found Edgar in his apartment, juſt returned from a long ſtroll. He recounted to him the late tranſaction, with reiterated exhortations to circumſpection, from added doubts of the ſolidity, though with new praiſe of the attractions

tractions of Camilla. "She ſeems a character," he ſaid, "difficult to reſiſt, and yet more difficult to attach. Nothing ſerious appears to impreſs her for two minutes together. Let us ſee if the thoughtleſſneſs and inadvertence thus perpetually fertile of danger, reſult from youthful inexperience, or have their ſource in innate levity. Time and reaſon will rectify the firſt; but time, and even reaſon, will but harden and embolden the latter. Prudence, therefore, muſt now interfere; or paſſion may fly, when the union it has formed moſt requires its continuance."

CHAP. IV.

An Author's Time-keeper.

MR. WESTWYN, charmed to meet ſo many near relations of a long-valued friend, ſtruck by the extraordinary beauty of Indiana, and by the ſenſible anſwers of the child, as he called Eugenia; as well as caught by the united lovelineſs of perſon and of mind which he obſerved in Camilla, could not bring himſelf to retire till the dinner was upon the table: pleading, in excuſe for his ſtay, his former intimacy with Sir Hugh. Miſs Margland, ſeeing in him nothing that marked faſhion, ſtrove to diſtance him by a high demeanour: but though not wanting in ſhrewdneſs, Mr. Weſtwyn was a perfectly natural man, and only thinking her manners diſagreeable, without ſuſpecting her intention, took but little notice of her, from the time he ſaw ſhe could give him no pleaſure: while with

with the young party, he was ſo much delighted, that he ſeriouſly regretted he had only one ſon to offer amongſt them.

When the dinner was ſerved, Eugenia grew uneaſy that Dr. Orkborne ſhould be ſummoned, whoſe non-appearance ſhe had not ventured to mention, from the profeſſed hatred of his very ſight avowed by Miſs Margland. But Camilla, brought up to exert conſtantly her courage for the abſent, told the waiter to call the gentleman from the head of the ſtairs.

"My maſter himſelf, ma'am," he anſwered, "as well as me, both told the gentleman the company he came with were ſerved; but he as good as bid us both hold our tongues. He ſeems to have taken a great liking to that place upon the ſtairs; though there's nothing I know of particular in it."

"But, if you tell him we wait dinner—" cried Eugenia; when Miſs Margland, interrupting her ſaid, "I'm ſure, then, you won't tell him true: for I beg

we may all begin. I think it would be rather more decorous he ſhould wait for us!"

The waiter, nevertheleſs, went; but preſently returned, ſomewhat ruffled; ſaying, "The gentleman does not chooſe to hear me, ma'am. He ſays, if he mayn't be let alone one ſingle minute, it will be throwing away all his morning. I can't ſay I know what he means; but he ſpeaks rather froppiſh. I'd as lieve not go to him again, if you pleaſe."

Miſs Margland declared, ſhe wiſhed him no better dinner than his pot-hooks; but did not doubt he would come juſt before they had done, as uſual; and he was no more mentioned: though ſhe never in her life eat ſo faſt; and the table was ordered to be cleared of its covers, with a ſpeed exactly the reverſe of the patience with which the Doctor was indulged on ſimilar occaſions by the baronet.

Miſs Margland, when the cloth was removed, propoſed a ſally in ſearch of lodgings. Camilla and Eugenia, deſirous of a private

a private conference, begged to remain within; though the latter ſought to take care of her abſent preceptor, before ſhe could enjoy the converſation of her ſiſter; and when Miſs Margland and Indiana, in ſecret exultation at his dinnerleſs ſtate, had glided, with ſilent ſimpering, paſt him, flew to beſeech his conſent to take ſome nouriſhment.

Such, however, was his preſent abſorption in what he was writing, that the voluntary kindneſs of his pupil was as unwelcome as the forced intruſion of the waiter; and he conjured her to grant him a little reſpite from ſuch eternal tormenting, with the plaintive impatience of deprecating ſome injury.

The ſiſters, now, equally eager to relate and to liſten to their mutual affairs, ſhut themſelves up in the apartment of Eugenia; who, with the greateſt ſimplicity, began the diſcourſe, by ſaying, "Have you heard, my dear ſiſter, that Clermont has refuſed me?"

Camilla was ſeverely ſhocked. Accuſtomed herſelf to the face and form of Eugenia, which, to her innocent affection, preſented always the image of her virtuous mind and cultivated underſtanding, ſhe had not preſaged even the poſſibility of ſuch an event; and, though ſhe had ſeen with concern the inequality of their outward appearance, Clermont had ſeemed to her, in all elſe, ſo inferior to her ſiſter, that ſhe had repined at his unworthineſs, but never doubted the alliance.

She was diſtreſſed how to offer any conſolation; but ſoon found none was required. Eugenia was compoſed and contented, though penſive, and not without ſome feeling of mortification. Yet anger and reſentment had found no place in the tranſaction. Her equity acknowledged that Clermont had every right of choice: but while her candour induced her to even applaud his diſintereſtedneſs in relinquiſhing the Cleves eſtate, her capacity pointed out how terrible muſt be the perſonal defects, that ſo ſpeedily, without

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one word of converſation, one trial of any ſort how their taſtes, tempers, or characters might accord, ſtimulated him to ſo deciſive a rejection. This view of her unfortunate appearance caſt her, at firſt, into a train of melancholy ideas, that would faſt have led her to unhappineſs, though wholly unmixed with any regret of Clermont, had not the natural philoſophy of her mind come to her aid; or had her education been of a more worldly ſort.

When Camilla related her own hiſtory, her plan of making Edgar again completely maſter of his own proceedings met the entire approbation of Eugenia, who, with a ſerious ſmile, ſaid, "Take warning by me, my dear ſiſter! and, little as you have reaſon to be brought into any compariſon with ſuch a one as me, anticipate the diſgrace of defection!"

Camilla, much touched, embraced her, ſincerely wiſhing ſhe were half as faultleſs as her excellent ſelf.

The return of Miſs Margland and Indiana obliged them to quit their retreat.

and they now found Dr. Orkborne in the dining-room. Having finiſhed his paragraph, he had ſought his party of his own accord; but, meeting with no one, had taken a book from his pocket, with which he meant to beguile the appetite he felt riſing, till the hour of dinner, which he had not the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion was over: for of the progreſs of time he had no knowledge but by its palpable paſſage from the ſun to the moon; his watch was never wound up, and the morning and the evening were but announced to him by a ſummons to breakfaſt and to ſupper.

The ladies ſeated themſelves at the window. Indiana was enchanted by the concourſe of gay and well-dreſſed people paſſing by, and far from inſenſible to the viſible ſurpriſe and pleaſure ſhe excited in thoſe who caſt up their eyes at the hotel. Eugenia, to whom a great and populous town was entirely new, found alſo, in the diverſity as well as novelty of its objects, much matter for remark and contemplation; Miſs Margland experienced the ut-

moſt ſatisfaction in ſeeing, at laſt, ſome faces and ſome things leſs ruſtic than had been preſented to her in Yorkſhire or at Cleves; and Camilla had every hope that this place, in Edgar's own expreſſion, would terminate every perplexity, and give local date to her life's permanent felicity.

In a few minutes, a youth appeared on the oppoſite pavement, whoſe air was new to none of the party, yet not immediately recollected by any. It was ſtriking, however, in elegance and in melancholy. Eugenia recollected him firſt, and ſtarting back, gaſped for breath; Indiana the next moment called out, "Ah!----it's Mr. Melmond!" and bluſhing high, her whole face was bright and dimpled with unexpected delight.

He walked on, without looking up, and Indiana, ſimply piqued as well as chagrined, ſaid ſhe was glad he was gone.

But Eugenia looked after him with a gentle ſigh, which now firſt ſhe thought blameleſs, and a pleaſure, which, though

half

half mournful, ſhe now ſuffered herſelf to encourage. Free from all ties that made her ſhun this partiality as culpable, ſhe ſecretly told herſelf ſhe might now, without injury to any one, indulge it for an object who, little as he was known to her, ſhe internally painted with all the faultleſs qualities of ideal excellence.

From theſe meditations ſhe was rouſed by Dr. Orkborne's looking rather wiſhfully round him, and exclaiming, "Pray---- don't we dine rather late?"

The miſtake being cleared up, by Miſs Margland's aſſuring him it was impoſſible to keep dinner waiting all day, for people who choſe to ſtand whole hours upon a ſtaircaſe, he felt rather diſcomforted: but when Eugenia privately ordered him a repaſt in his own chamber, he was amply conſoled, by the unconſtrained freedom with which he was empowered to have more books upon the table than plates; and to make more ink ſpots than he eat mouthfuls.

Camilla

* * * *

Camilla had the mortification to find, upon her return home, that Edgar had made his promiſed viſit, not only in her abſence, but while Mrs. Berlinton was ſtill with her aunt.

That lady then communicated to Camilla the ſecret to which, while yet in ignorance of its exiſtence, ſhe now found ſhe had been ſacrificed. Mrs. Ecton, two years ago, had given her hand, in the moſt ſolemn privacy, to her butler, who now attended her to Southampton. To avoid diſobliging a ſick old relation, from whom ſhe expected a conſiderable legacy, ſhe had prevailed with her huſband to conſent that the marriage ſhould not be divulged: but certain that whatever now might be her fortune, ſhe had no power to bequeath it from her new connexion, the terror of leaving utterly deſtitute a beautiful young creature, who believed herſelf well provided for, had induced her to nearly force her acceptance of an al-

moſt ſuperannuated old man of family; who, merely coveting her beauty, inquired not into her inclination. The ſame latent cauſe had made her inexorable to the pleadings of young Melmond; who, conceiving his fortune dependent upon the pleaſure of his aunt, his certain income being trifling, thought it his duty to fly the fair object of his adoration, when he diſcovered the deceit of Lionel with regard to the inheritance of Sir Hugh. This ſick old relation was now juſt dead, and had left to her ſole diſpoſal a conſiderable eſtate. The huſband naturally refuſed to be kept any longer from his juſt rights; but the ſhame ſhe felt of making the diſcovery of a marriage contracted clandeſtinely, after ſhe was ſixty years of age, with a man under thirty, threw her into a nervous fever. And, in this ſtate, unable to reveal to her nephew an event which now affected him alone, ſhe prevailed with Mr. Ulſt, who was willing to reviſit his original home, Southampton, to accompany her thither

in

in his uſual capacity, till ſhe had ſummoned her nephew and niece, and acquainted them with the affair.

To herſelf, Mrs. Berlinton ſaid, the evil of this tranſaction had been over, while yet it was unknown; ſhe had heard it, therefore, in ſilence, and forborne unavailing reproach. But her brother, to whom the blow was new, and the conſequences were ſtill impending, was ſtruck with extreme anguiſh, that while thus every poſſible hope was extinguiſhed with regard to his love, he muſt ſuddenly apply himſelf to ſome buſineſs, or be reduced to the moſt obſcure poverty.

Camilla heard the account with ſincere concern for them both, much heightened for young Melmond, upon finding that, by his expreſs deſire, his ſiſter now relinquiſhed her deſign of cultivating an acquaintance with Indiana, whom he had the virtue to determine to avoid, ſince his fortune, and even his hopes, were thus irretrievably ruined.

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They converſed together to a late hour; and Camilla, before they parted, made the moſt earneſt apologies for the liberty taken with her houſe by Mrs. Mittin: but Mrs. Berlinton, with the utmoſt ſweetneſs, begged ſhe might ſtay till all her buſineſs with her was ſettled; ſmilingly adding, buſineſs alone, ſhe was ſure, could bring them together.

Much relieved, ſhe then determined to preſs Mrs. Mittin to collect and pay her accounts immediately; and to avoid with her, in the meanwhile, any further tranſactions.

CHAP. V.

An agreeable Hearing.

EARLY the next morning, Camilla went to the hotel, in the carriage of Mrs. Berlinton; eluding, though not without difficulty, the company of Mrs. Mittin. She found the party all in good ſpirits; Indiana, in particular, was completely elated; joined to the admiration ſhe believed awaiting her in this large and faſhionable town, ſhe now knew ſhe might meet there the only perſon who had ever excited in her youthful, and nearly vacant breaſt, any appropriate pleaſure, ſuperadded to the general zeſt of being adored. She did not, indeed, think of marrying any one who could not offer her a coach and four; but ſo little was ſhe diſturbed by thinking at all, that the delight of being adulated by the man ſhe preferred, carried with it no idea of danger. Eugenia too,

ſoothed

ſoothed with the deluſions of her romantic but innocent fancy, flattered herſelf ſhe might now ſee continually the object ſhe conceived formed for meriting her even reverential regard; and Miſs Margland was importantly occupied upon affairs beſt ſuited to her taſte and ancient habits, in deliberating how firſt to bring forth her fair charge with the moſt brilliant effect.

Camilla was much embarraſſed how to parry an introduction to Mrs. Berlinton, upon which all the females built as the foundation of their Southampton proſperity; the young ones, already informed ſhe was the ſiſter of Melmond, languiſhing to know her for his ſake; and Miſs Margland, formerly acquainted with the noble family of her huſband, being impatient to reſume her claims in ſimilar circles; but an awkward beginning apology was ſet aſide by the entrance of Edgar and Dr. Marchmont.

Indiana now poured forth innumerable queſtions upon what ſhe might look forward to with reſpect to balls and public places;

places; Eugenia aſked nearly as many concerning the buildings, antiquities, and proſpects; and Miſs Margland more than either, relative to the company, their genealogies and connexions. The two Doctors ſoon ſat aloof, conferring upon leſs familiar matters; but Edgar only ſpoke in reply, and Camilla uttered not a word.

Soon after, a voice on the ſtairs called out, "O never mind ſhewing me the way; if I come to a wrong room, I'll go on till I come to a right;" and the next minute young Lynmere ſallied into the apartment.

"I could not get to you laſt night," cried he; "and I can only ſtay a moment now. I have a pretty ſerious buſineſs upon my hands; ſo if you can give me any breakfaſt, don't loſe time."

Miſs Margland, willing to pleaſe the brother of Indiana, readily ordered for him whatever the inn could afford, of which he failed not heartily to partake, ſaying, "I have met with a good comic ſort of adventure

adventure here already. Gueſs what it is?"

Indiana complied; but his own wiſh to communicate was ſo much ſtronger than that of any one to hear, that, before ſhe could pronounce three words, he cried: "Well, if you're ſo exceſſive curious, I'll tell it you. I'm engaged in a duel."

Indiana ſcreamed; Miſs Margland echoed her cry; Eugenia, who had looked down from his entrance, raiſed her eyes with an air of intereſt; Camilla was ſurpriſed out of her own concerns; and Edgar ſurveyed him with an aſtoniſhment not wholly unmixt with contempt; but the two Doctors went on with their own diſcourſe.

"Nay, nay, Dye, don't be frightened; 'tis not a duel in which I am to fight myſelf; I am only to be ſecond. But ſuppoſe I were firſt? what ſignifies? theſe are things we have in hand ſo often, we don't think of them."

"La! brother! you don't ſay ſo?" cried Indiana: "La! how droll!" He then

then pretended that he would tell nothing more.

Camilla inquired if he had ſeen Mr. Weſtwyn, whom ſhe had met with the preceding day.

"Not I, faith! but that's a-propos enough; for it's his ſon that has aſked me to be his ſecond."

"O, poor good old Mr. Weſtwyn!" cried Camilla, now much intereſted in this hiſtory; "and can you not ſave him ſuch a ſhock? can you not be mediator inſtead of ſecond? he ſeems ſo fond of his ſon----"

"O, as to him, it's no matter; he's ſuch a harſh old huncks, I ſhall be glad to have him worked a little; I've often wanted to pull him by the noſe, myſelf, he takes ſuch liberties with me. But did you ever hear of ſuch a fool as his ſon? he deſerves to be badgered as bad as his father; he's going to fight with as fine an honeſt fellow as ever I met with, for nothing at all! abſolutely nothing!"

"Dear! how droll!" ſaid Indiana.

"But

"But why can you not interfere?" cried Camilla: "poor Mr. Weſtwyn will be made ſo unhappy if any evil befals his ſon!"

"O, faith, as to him, he may take it as he will; I ſhan't trouble my head about him; he has made free enough with me, I can aſſure you; it's only to have him out of the way, that the buſineſs is put off till noon; it was to have been in the morning, but the old tyrant took it into his pate to make poor Henry, who is one of your good ones, and does nothing to vex him on purpoſe, ride out with him; he has promiſed, however, to get off by twelve o'clock, when four of us are to be at a certain ſpot that I ſhan't name."

Camilla again began to plead the merits of the father; but Indiana more urgently demanded the reaſon of the combat. "I dare ſay, brother, they fight about being in love with ſomebody? don't they, brother? now do tell me?"

"Not a whit! it's for a girl he don't care a ſtraw for, and never ſaw but once

in his life, and don't care a farthing if he never ſees again."

"Dear, how droll, brother! I thought people always fought about being in love with ſomebody they wanted to marry; and never but when ſhe was exceſſive pretty."

"O, faith, marriage ſeldom deſerves a fighting match; but as to being pretty, that's all Harry has in his excuſe, ſo he pretends ſhe's as divine as an angel."

"Dear! well, and don't you know any thing more than that about it?"

"No, nor he neither; he only ſaw her at a bathing houſe, where a fine jolly young buck was paying her a few compliments, that ſhe affected not to like; and preſently, in a ſilly diſpute whether ſhe was a girl of character, they had a violent quarrel, and Harry was ſuch a fool as to end it with a challenge."

At the words *a bathing houſe*, the blood forſook the cheeks of Camilla with ſudden perſonal alarm; but it mounted high into them again, upon hearing the nature of the

diſpute; though yet again it ſunk, and left them wholly pallid, at the brief and final conviction ſhe was the ſole cauſe of this duel, and upon ſo diſgraceful a diſpute.

The emotions of Edgar, though leſs fearful, were not leſs violent nor painful. That Camilla ſhould be the ſubject of any challenge was ſhocking, but of ſuch a one he thought a diſhonour; yet to prevent, and with the leaſt publicity, its effect, was the immediate occupation of his mind.

A ſhort pauſe enſued, broken preſently by Clermont, who, looking at his watch, ſuddenly jumped up, and calling out, "Faith, I ſhall be too late!" was capering out of the room; but the ſhame of Camilla in the diſgrace, was overpowered by her terror of its conſequences, and ſtarting up, and claſping her hands, "O couſin! O Clermont!" ſhe cried, "for Heaven's ſake ſtop this affair!"

Clermont, ſatisfied that a ſufficient alarm was raiſed to impede the tranſaction, without any conceſſion on his part, declared himſelf bound in honour to attend the appoint-

appointment, and, in extreme ſeeming haſte and earneſtneſs, walked off: ſtopping, however, when he came to the door, not to liſten to the ſupplications of his couſin, but to toſs off a freſh cup of chocolate, which a waiter was juſt carrying to the next room.

Camilla now, her face varying in colour twenty times in a minute, and her whole frame ſhaking, while her eyes were caſt, conſcious and timid, on the floor, approached Edgar, and ſaying, "This young man's father is my dear uncle's friend!----" burſt into tears.

Edgar, wholly diſſolved, took her hand, preſſed it to his lips, beſought her, in a low voice, to diſmiſs her apprehenſions, in the confidence of his moſt ardent exertions, and again kiſſing her hand, with the words, "Too----O, far too dear Camilla!" haſtened after Lynmere.

Affected in a thouſand ways, ſhe dropt, weeping, upon a chair. Should the duel take place, and any fatal conſequences follow, ſhe felt ſhe ſhould never be happy

again; and even, ſhould it be prevented, its very ſuggeſtion, from ſo horrible a doubt of her character, ſeemed a ſtain from which it could never recover. The inconſiderate facility with which ſhe had wandered about with a perſon ſo little known to her, ſo underbred, and ſo forward, appeared now to herſelf inexcuſable; and ſhe determined, if but ſpared this dreadful puniſhment, to paſs the whole of her future life in unremitting caution.

Eugenia, with the kindeſt ſympathy, and Indiana and Miſs Margland, with extreme curioſity, ſought to diſcover the reaſon of her emotion; but while begging them to diſpenſe with an explanation, old Mr. Weſtwyn was announced and appeared.

The horrors of a culprit, the moſt cruel as well as criminal, ſeemed inſtantly the portion of the ſelf-condemned Camilla; and, as he advanced with chearful kindneſs, to inquire after her health, his ignorance that all his happineſs, through her means, was that moment at ſtake,

pierced

pierced her with a ſuffering ſo exquiſite, that ſhe uttered a deep groan, and ſunk back upon her chair.

An inſtant's recollection brought her more of fortitude, though not of comfort; and ſpringing up and addreſſing, though not looking at Mr. Weſtwyn, who was ſtaring at her with aſtoniſhment and concern: "Where, ſir," ſhe cried, "is your ſon? If you have the leaſt knowledge which way he is gone----which way he may be traced----purſue and force him back this moment!----Immediately!----"

"My ſon!" repeated the good old gentleman, wanting no other word to participate in any alarm; "what, Hal Weſtwyn?—"

"Follow him----ſeek him----ſend for him----and do not, a ſingle inſtant, loſe ſight of him all day!—"

"My dear young lady, what do you mean? I'll ſend for him, to be ſure, if you deſire it; but what makes you ſo good as to think about my ſon? did you

ever ſee my ſon? do you know my ſon? do you know Hal Weſtwyn?"

"Don't aſk now, dear ſir! ſecure him firſt, and make what inquiries you pleaſe afterwards."

Mr. Weſtwyn, in evident conſternation, walked out, Camilla herſelf opening the door; but turning back in the paſſage, ſtrongly ſaid: "If the boy has been guilty of any miſbehaviour, I won't ſupport him; I don't like miſbehaviour; it's a bad thing; I can't take to it."

"O no! no! quite the contrary!" exclaimed the agitated Camilla, he is good, kind, generous! I owe him the greateſt obligation! and I deſire nothing upon earth ſo much, at this moment, as to ſee him, and to thank him!"

The old gentleman's eyes now filled with tears, and coming back, and moſt affectionately ſhaking hands with her, "I was afraid he had miſbehaved," he cried; "but he was always a good lad; and if he has done any thing for the niece of my dear Sir Hugh Tyrold, I ſhall hug him to my

my heart!" and then, in great, but pleaſed perturbation, he hurried away, ſaying to himſelf, as he went: "I'll take him to her, to be ſure; I deſire nothing better! God bleſs her! If ſhe can ſpeak ſo well of my poor Hal, ſhe muſt be the beſt girl living! and ſhe ſhall have him----yes, ſhe ſhall have him, if ſhe's a mind to him; and I don't care if ſhe i'n't worth a groat; ſhe's niece to my old friend; that's better."

Camilla ſpeeding, but not hearing him, returned to her ſeat; yet could not anſwer one queſtion, from the horrors of her fears, and her ſhame of the detail of the buſineſs.

When the breakfaſt was over, Miſs Margland deſired every one would get ready to go to the lodgings; and, with Indiana, repaired herſelf to viſit them, and give general orders. Dr. Marchmont had glided out of the room, in anxiety for Edgar; to the great diſſatisfaction, and almoſt contempt of Dr. Orkborne, with whom he was juſt diſcuſſing ſome controverted points upon the ſhield of Achilles;

which, that he could quit for the light concerns of a young man, added again to his ſurmiſes that, though he had run creditably the uſual ſcholaſtic race, his reputation was more the effect of general ability and addreſs, than of ſuch ſound and conſummate learning as he himſelf poſſeſſed. Ruminating upon the ignorant injuſtice of mankind, in ſuffering ſuch quacks in literature and philology to carry the palm of fame, he went to his chamber, to collect, from his bolſter and bedſide, the hoard of books and papers, from which, the preceding night, he had diſencumbered his coat, waiſtcoat, and great coat pockets, inſide and out, to review before he could ſleep; and which now were again to encircle him, to facilitate their change of abode.

But Eugenia would not quit her afflicted ſiſter, who ſoon, in her gentle breaſt, depoſited the whole of her grief, her apprehenſions, and her plans; charging her inſtantly to retire, if Edgar ſhould return, that whatever might be the event he ſhould unfold,

unfold, ſhe might releaſe him immediately from an engagement that his laſt words ſeemed to avow did not make him happy, and that probably he now repented. The deſign was ſo conſonant to the native heroiſm of Eugenia, that ſhe conſented, with applauſe, to aid its execution.

About half an hour, which ſeemed to be prolonged to twenty times the duration of the whole day, paſſed in terrible expectation; Edgar then appeared, and Eugenia, ſuſpending her earneſt curioſity, to comply with the acute feelings of her ſiſter, retreated.

Camilla could ſcarce breathe; ſhe ſtood up, her eyes and mouth open, her face pale, her hands uplifted, waiting, but not daring to demand intelligence.

Edgar, entering into her diſtreſs with a tenderneſs that drove from him his own, eagerly ſatisfied her: "All," he cried, "is ſafe; the affair has been compromiſed; no duel has taken place; and the parties have mutually pledged themſelves to forget the diſpute."

Tears again, but no longer bitter, flowed copiouſly down her cheeks, while her raiſed eyes and claſped hands expreſſed the fervency of her thankfulneſs.

Edgar, extremely touched, took her hand; he wiſhed to ſeize a moment ſo nearly awful, to enforce upon her mind every ſerious ſubject with which he moſt deſired it to be impreſſed; but ſorrow was ever ſacred to him; and deſiring only, at this period, to conſole her: "This adventure," he cried, "has now terminated ſo well, you muſt not ſuffer it to wound you. Diſmiſs it, ſweet Camilla, from your memory!----at leaſt till you are more compoſed."

"No, ſir!" cried Camilla, to whom his ſoftneſs, by reſtoring her hope of an ultimately happy concluſion, reſtored ſtrength; "it ought never to be diſmiſſed from my memory; and what I am now going to ſay will fix it there indelibly."

Edgar was ſurpriſed, but pleaſed; his moſt anxious wiſhes ſeemed on the point of

of being fulfilled; he expected a voluntary explanation of every perplexity, a clearance of all myſtery.

"I am ſenſible that I have appeared to you," ſhe reſumed, "in many points reprehenſible; in ſome, perhaps, inexcuſable.----"

"Inexcuſable? O no! never! never!"

"The letters of Sir Sedley Clarendel I know you think I ought not to have received----"

Edgar, biting his nails, looked down.

"And, indeed, I acknowledge myſelf, in that affair, a moſt egregious dupe!----"

She bluſhed; but her bluſh was colourleſs to that of Edgar. Reſentment againſt Sir Sedley beat high in every vein; while diſappointment to his delicacy, in the idea of Camilla duped by any man, ſeemed, in one blow, to detach him from her perſon, by a ſudden diſſolution of all charm to his mind in the connection.

Camilla ſaw, too late, ſhe had been too haſty in a confeſſion which ſome apolo-

giſing account ſhould have preceded; but what her courage had begun, pride now aided her to ſupport, and ſhe continued.

"For what belongs to that correſpondence, and even for its being unknown to my friends, I may offer, perhaps, hereafter, ſomething in exculpation;----hereafter, I ſay, building upon your long family regard; for though we part----it will be, I truſt, in amity."

"Part!" repeated Edgar, recovering from his diſpleaſure by amazement.

"Yes, part," ſaid ſhe, with aſſumed firmneſs; "it would be vain to palliate what I cannot diſguiſe from myſelf----I am leſſened in your eſteem." She could not go on; imperious ſhame took poſſeſſion of her voice, crimſoned her very forehead, bluſhed even in her eyes, demoliſhed her ſtrained energy, and enfeebled her genuine ſpirit.

But the conſcious taciturnity of Edgar recalled her exertions; ſtruck and afflicted by the truth ſhe had pronounced, he could

not controvert it; he was mute; but his look ſpoke keen diſturbance and bitter regret.

"Not ſo low, however, am I yet, I truſt, fallen in your opinion, that you can wonder at the ſtep I now take. I am aware of many errours; I know, too, that appearances have often cruelly miſrepreſented me; my errours you might have the candour to forget, and falſe appearances I could eaſily clear in my own favour—but where, and what is the taliſman which can eraſe from my own remembrance that you have thought me unworthy?"

Edgar ſtarted; but ſhe would not give him time to ſpeak; what ſhe had laſt uttered was too painful to her to dwell upon, or hear anſwered, and rapidly, and in an elevated manner, ſhe went on.

"I here, therefore, ſolemnly releaſe you from all tie, all engagement whatever with Camilla Tyrold! I ſhall immediately acquaint my friends that henceforth—we Both are Free!"

She

She was then retiring. Edgar, confounded by a ſtroke ſo utterly and every way unexpected, neither anſwering nor interpoſing, till he ſaw her hand upon the lock of the door. In a voice then, that ſpoke him cut to the ſoul, though without attempting to ſtop her, "This then," he cried, "Camilla, is your final adieu."

She turned round, and with a face glowing, and eyes gliſtening, held out to him her hand: "I knew not if you would accept," ſhe ſaid, "a kinder word, or I ſhould have aſſured you of my unaltered regard----and have claimed the continuance of your friendſhip, and even----if your patience is not utterly exhauſted, of your watchful counſel----Farewell! remember me without ſeverity! my own eſteem muſt be permanent as my exiſtence!"

The door, here, was opened by Miſs Margland and Indiana, and Camilla haſtily ſnatched away the hand which Edgar, graſping with the fondneſs of renovated paſſion, ſecretly meant to part with no more, till a final reconciliation once again

again made it his own; but compelled to yield to circumſtance, he ſuffered it to be withdrawn; and while ſhe darted into the chamber of Eugenia, to hide her deep emotion from Indiana, who was tittering, and Miſs Margland, who wa ſneering, at the ſituation in which ſhe was ſurpriſed, he abruptly took leave himſelf, too much impreſſed by this critical ſcene, to labour for unintereſting diſcourſe.

CHAP. VI.

Ideas upon Marriage.

WHILE, in the boſom of her faithful ſiſter, Camilla repoſed her feelings and her fears, alternately rejoicing and trembling in the temerity of the reſolution ſhe had exerted; Edgar ſought his not leſs faithful, nor honourable, but far more worldly friend, Dr. Marchmont.

He narrated, with extreme emotion, the ſcene he had juſt had with Camilla; aſſerting her poſſeſſion of every ſpecies of excellence from the nobleneſs of her rejection, and abhorring himſelf for having given her a moment's doubt of his fulleſt eſteem. Not a ſolicitude, he declared, now remained with him, but how to appeaſe her diſpleaſure, ſatisfy her dignity, and recover her favour.

"Softly, ſoftly!" ſaid the Doctor; "meaſure your ſteps more temperately, ere

ere you run with ſuch velocity. If this refuſal is the reſult of an offended ſenſibility, you cannot exert yourſelf too warmly in its conſolation; even if it is from pride, it has a juſt claim to your conceſſions, ſince ſhe thinks you have injured it; yet pauſe before you act, may it not be merely from a confidence of power that loves to tyrannize over its ſlaves, by playing with their chains? or a lurking ſpirit of coquetry, that deſires to regain the liberty of trifling with ſome new Sir Sedley Clarendel? or, perhaps, with Sir Sedley himſelf?"

"Dr. Marchmont! how wretchedly ill you think of women!"

"I think of them as they are! I think of them as I have found them. They are artful, though feeble; they are ſhallow, yet ſubtle."

"You have been unfortunate in your connexions?"

"Yet who had better proſpects? with energies as warm, with hopes as alive as your own, twice have I conducted to the altar

altar two beings I thought framed for my peculiar felicity; but my peace, my happineſs, and my honour, have been torn up by the root, exactly where I thought I had planted them for my whole temporal exiſtence. This heart, which to you appears hard and ſuſpicious, has been the dupe of its ſuſceptibilities; firſt, in a creature of its own choice, next, where it believed itſelf choſen. That firſt, Mandlebert, had you ſeen her, you would have thought, as I thought her myſelf-----an angel! She was another Camilla."

"Another Camilla!"

"Grace, ſweetneſs, and beauty vied in her for pre-eminence. Yes, another Camilla! though I ſee your incredulity; I ſee you think my compariſon almoſt profane; and that grace, ſweetneſs, and beauty, waited the birth of Camilla to be made known to the world. Such, however, ſhe was, and I ſaw and loved at once. I knew her character fair, I precipitately made my addreſſes, and concluded

cluded myſelf beloved in return-----because I was accepted!"

Edgar ſhrunk back, and caſt down his eyes.

"Nor was it till the moment----heart-breaking yet to my recollection!----of her ſudden death, that I knew the lifeleſs, ſoulleſs, inanimate frame was all ſhe had beſtowed upon me. In the private drawer of her bureau, I then found a pocket-book. In the firſt leaf, I ſaw a gentleman's name;----I turned over, and ſaw it again; I looked further, and ſtill it met my view; I opened by chance,----but nothing elſe appeared:----there it was ſtill, traced in every hand, characſtered in every form, ſhape, and manner, the wayward, wiſtful eye could delight to faſhion, for varying, yet beholding it without end: while, over the intermediate ſpaces, verſes, quotations, ſhort but affecting ſentences, were every where ſcattered, bewailing the miſery of diſappointed hope, and unrequited love; of a heartleſs hand devoted at the altar; of vows enchaining liberty,

not

not ſatisfying affection! I then----alas, too late! dived deeper, with, then, uſeleſs inveſtigation,-----and diſcovered an early paſſion, never eraſed from her mind;----diſcovered-----that I had never made her happy! that ſhe was merely enduring, ſuffering me----while my whole confiding ſoul was undividedly hers!"----

Edgar ſhuddered at this picture; "But why, then," he cried, "ſince ſhe ſeemed amiable as well as fair, why did ſhe accept you?"

"Aſk half the married women in the nation how they became wives: they will tell you their friends urged them;----that they had no other eſtabliſhment in view;----that nothing is ſo uncertain as the repetition of matrimonial powers in women;----and that thoſe who cannot ſolicit what they wiſh, muſt accommodate themſelves to what offers. This firſt adventure, however, is now no longer uſeful to you, though upon its hard remembrance was founded my former caution: but I am even myſelf ſatisfied, at preſent, that the earlieſt

earlieſt partiality of Camilla has been yours; what now you have to weigh, is the ſtrength or inadequacy of her character, for guiding that partiality to your mutual happineſs. My ſecond melancholy hiſtory will beſt illuſtrate this difficulty. You may eaſily believe, the laſt of my intentions was any further eſſay in a lottery I had found ſo inauſpicious; but, while cold even to apathy, it was my inevitable chance to fall in the way of a pleaſing and innocent young creature, who gave me, unſought and unwiſhed-for, her heart. The boon, nevertheleſs, ſoon caught my own: for what is ſo alluring as the voluntary affection of a virtuous woman?"

"Well," cried Edgar, "and what now could diſturb your tranquillity?"

"The inſufficiency of that heart to its own deciſion. I ſoon found her apparent predilection was ſimply the reſult of the caſualty which brought me almoſt excluſively into her ſociety, but unmarked by any conſonance of taſte, feeling, or underſtanding.

ſtanding. Her inexperience had made her believe, ſince ſhe preferred me to the few who ſurrounded her, I was the man of her choice: with equal facility I concurred in the ſame miſtake;----for what is ſo credulous as ſelf-love? But ſuch a regard, the child of accident, not ſelection, was unequal, upon the diſcovery of the diſſimilarity of our diſpoſitions, to the ſmalleſt ſacrifice. My melancholy returned with the view of our mutual deluſion; laſſitude of pleaſing was the precurſor of diſcontent. Diſſipation then, in the form of amuſement, preſented itſelf to her aid: retirement and books came to mine. My reſource was ſafe, though ſolitary; her's was gay, but perilous. Diſſipation, with its uſual Proteus powers, from amuſement changed its form to temptation, allured her into dangers, impeached her honour, and blighted her with diſgrace. I juſt diſcerned the precipice whence ſhe was falling, in time to avert the dreadful neceſſity of caſting her off for ever:----but what was our life thence

thence forward? Cares unparticipated, griefs uncommunicated, ſtifled reſentments, and unremitting wearineſs! She is now no more; and I am a lonely individual for the reſt of my pilgrimage.

"Take warning, my dear young friend, by my experience. The entire poſſeſſion of the heart of the woman you marry is not more eſſential to your firſt happineſs, than the complete knowledge of her diſpoſition is to your ultimate peace."

Edgar thanked him, in deep concern to have awakened emotions which the abſorption of ſtudy, and influence of literature, held generally dormant. The leſſon, however, which they inculcated, he engaged to keep always preſent to his conſideration; though, but for the ſtrange affair of Sir Sedley Clarendel, he ſhould feel confident that, in Camilla, there was not more of exterior attraction, than of ſolid excellence: and, with regard to their concordance of taſte and humour, he had never ſeen her ſo gay, nor ſo lovely, as in ſcenes of active benevolence, or domeſtic

life. She had promiſed to clear, hereafter, the tranſaction with Sir Sedley; but he could not hold back for that explanation: hurt, already, by his apparent ſcruples, ſhe had openly named them as the motives of her rejection: could he, then, ſhew her he yet demurred, without forfeiting all hope of a future accommodation?

"Delicacy," ſaid Dr. Marchmont, "though the quality the moſt amiable we can practiſe in the ſervice of others, muſt not take place of common ſenſe, and ſound judgment, for ourſelves. Her diſmiſſion does not diſcard you from her ſociety; on the contrary, it invites your friendſhip.----"

"Ah, Doctor! what innocence, what ſweetneſs does that very circumſtance diſplay!"

"Learn, however, their concomitants, ere you yield to their charms: learn if their ſource is from a preſent, yet accidental preference, or from the nobler ſpring of elevated ſentiment. The meeting

ing you ſurpriſed with Sir Sedley, the preſumption you acknowledge of his letters, and the confeſſion made by herſelf that ſhe had ſubmitted to be duped by him."

"O, Dr. Marchmont! what harrowing drawbacks to felicity! And how much muſt we rather pity than wonder at the errors of common young women, when a creature ſuch as this is ſo eaſy to be miſled!"

"You muſt not imagine I mean a cenſure upon the excellent Mr. Tyrold, when I ſay ſhe is left too much to herſelf: the purity of his principles, and the virtue of his character, muſt exempt him from blame; but his life has been both too private and too tranquil, to be aware of the dangers run by Female Youth, when ſtraying from the mother's careful wing. All that belongs to religion, and to principle, he feels, and he has taught; but the impediments they have to encounter in a commerce with mankind, he could not point out, for he does not know. Yet there

is nothing more certain, than that ſeventeen weeks is not leſs able to go alone in a nurſery, than ſeventeen years in the world."

This ſuggeſtion but added to the bias of Edgar to take her, if poſſible, under his own immediate guidance.

"Know, firſt," cried the Doctor, "if to your guidance ſhe will give way; know if the affair with Sir Sedley has exculpations which render it ſingle and adventitious, or if there hang upon it a lightneſs of character that may inveſt caprice, chance, or fickleneſs, with powers of involving ſuch another entanglement."

CHAP. VII.

How to treat a Defamer.

As the lodgings taken by Miſs Margland could not be ready till the afternoon, Camilla remained with her ſiſter; a ſojourn which, while it conſoled her with the ſociety, and gratified her by the approbation of Eugenia, had yet another allurement; it detained her under the ſame roof with Edgar; and his manner of liſtening to her rejection, and his undiſguiſed ſuffering before they were parted, led her to expect he might yet demand a conference before ſhe quitted the hotel.

In about an hour, as unpleaſantly as unceremoniouſly, they were broken in upon by Mrs. Mittin.

"How monſtrous lucky, my dear," cried ſhe, to Camilla, "that I ſhould find you, and your little ſiſter, for I ſuppoſe this is ſhe, together! I went into your dining-

room to aſk for you, and there I met thoſe other two ladies; and I've made acquaintance with 'em, I aſſure you, already; for I told them I was on a viſit at the Honourable Mrs. Berlinton's. So I've had the opportunity to recommend ſome ſhops to 'em, and I've been to tell ſome of the good folks to ſend them ſome of their niceſt goods for 'em to look at; for, really, ſince I've been buſtling a little about here, I've found ſome of the good people ſo vaſtly obliging, I can't but take a pleaſure in ſerving 'em, and getting 'em a few cuſtomers, eſpecially as I know a little civility of that ſort makes one friends ſurpriſingly. Often and often have I got things under prime coſt myſelf, only by helping a perſon on in his trade. So one can't ſay good nature's always thrown away. However, I come now on purpoſe to put a note into your own hands, from Mrs. Berlinton; for all the ſervants were out of the way, except one, and he wanted to be about ſomething elſe, ſo I offered to bring it, and ſhe was very much pleaſed; ſo I fancy it's about

about ſome ſecret, for ſhe never offered to ſhew it me; but as to the poor man I ſaved from the walk, I've won his heart downright; I dare ſay he'll go of any odd errand for me, now, without vails. That's the beſt of good nature, it always comes home to one."

The note from Mrs. Berlinton contained a tender ſupplication for the return of Camilla, and a preſſing and flattering invitation that her ſiſter ſhould join their little party, as the motives of honour and diſcretion which made her, at the requeſt and for the ſake of her brother, ſacrifice her eagerneſs to be preſented to Miſs Lynmere, operated not to impede her acquaintance with Miſs Eugenia.

This propoſition had exquiſite charms for Eugenia. To become acquainted with the ſiſter of him to whom, henceforward, ſhe meant to devote her ſecret thoughts, enchanted her imagination. Camilla, therefore, negotiated the viſit with Miſs Margland, who, though little pleaſed by this ſeparate invitation, knew not how to

refuſe her concurrence; but Indiana, indignant that the ſiſter of Melmond ſhould not, firſt, have waited upon her, and ſolicited her friendſhip, privately reſolved, in pique of this diſreſpect, to puniſh the brother with every rigour ſhe could invent.

Camilla, upon her return, found Mrs. Mittin already deeply engaged in propoſing an alteration in the dreſs of Eugenia, which ſhe was aiding Molly Mill to accompliſh; and ſo much ſhe found to ſay and to do, to propoſe and to object to, to contrive and to alter, that, from the ſimplicity of the miſtreſs, and the ignorance of the maid, the one was ſoon led to conclude ſhe ſhould have appeared improperly before Mrs. Berlinton, without ſuch uſeful advice; and the other to believe ſhe muſt ſhortly have loſt her place, now her young lady was come forth into the world, if ſhe had not thus miraculouſly met with ſo good a friend.

During theſe preparations, Camilla was ſummoned back to the dining-room to receive Mr. Weſtwyn.

She

She did not hear this call with ſerenity. The danger which, however unwittingly, ſhe had cauſed his ſon, and the ſhocking circumſtances which were its foundation, tingled her cheeks, and confounded her wiſh of making acknowledgments, with an horror that ſuch an obligation could be poſſible.

The door of the dining-room was open, and as ſoon as her ſteps were heard, Mr. Weſtwyn came ſmiling forth to receive her. She hung back involuntarily; but, pacing up to her, and taking her hand, "Well, my good young lady," he cried, "I have brought you my ſon; but he's no boaſter, that I can aſſure you, for though I told him how you wanted him to come to you, and was ſo good as to ſay you were ſo much obliged to him, I can't make him own he has ever ſeen you in his life; which I tell him is carrying his modeſty over far; I don't like affectation---- I have no taſte for it."

Camilla, diſcovering by this ſpeech, as well as by his pleaſed and tranquil manner,

that he had eſcaped hearing of the intended duel, and that his ſon was ſtill ignorant whoſe cauſe he had eſpouſed, ardently wiſhed to avert farther ſhame by concealing herſelf; and, ſtep by ſtep, kept retreating back towards the room of Eugenia; though ſhe could not diſengage her hand from the old gentleman, who, trying to draw her on, ſaid: "Come, my dear! don't go away. Though my ſon won't confeſs what he has done for you, he can't make me forget that you were ſuch a dear ſoul as to tell me yourſelf, of his good behaviour, and of your having ſuch a kind opinion of him. And I have been telling him, and I can aſſure you I'll keep my word, that if he has done a ſervice to the niece of my dear old friend, Sir Hugh Tyrold, it ſhall value him fifty pound a-year more to his income, if I ſtraighten myſelf never ſo much. For a lad, that knows how to behave in that manner, will never ſpend his money ſo as to make his old father aſhamed of him. And that's a good thing for a man to know."

"Indeed,

"Indeed, ſir, this is ſome miſtake," ſaid the young man himſelf, now advancing into the paſſage, while Camilla was ſtammering out an excuſe from entering; "it's ſome great miſtake; I have not the honour to know----"

He was going to add Miſs Tyrold, but he ſaw her at the ſame moment, and inſtantly recollecting her face, ſtopt, bluſhed, and looked amazed.

The retreating effort of Camilla, her ſhame and her pride, all ſubſided by his view, and gave place to the more generous feelings of gratitude for his intuitive good opinion, and emotion for the riſk he had run in her defence: and with an expreſſion of captivating ſweetneſs in her eyes and manner, "That you did not know me," ſhe cried, "makes the peculiarity of your goodneſs, which, indeed, I am more ſenſible to than I can expreſs."

"Why, there! there, now! there!" cried Mr. Weſtwyn, while his ſon, enchanted to find whoſe character he had ſuſtained, bowed almoſt to the ground with

reſpectful gratitude for ſuch thanks; "only but liſten! ſhe ſays the very ſame things to your face, that ſhe ſaid behind your back! though I am afraid it's only to pleaſe an old father; for if not, I can't for my life find out any reaſon why you ſhould deny it. Come, Hal, ſpeak out, Hal!"

Equally at a loſs how either to avow or evade what had paſſed in the preſence of Camilla, young Weſtwyn began a ſtammering and awkward apology; but Camilla, feeling doubly his forbearance, ſaid: "Silence may in you be delicate----but in me it would be graceleſs." Then, turning from him to old Mr. Weſtwyn, "you may be proud, ſir," ſhe cried, "of your ſon! It was the honour of an utter ſtranger he was protecting, as helpleſs as ſhe was unknown at the time ſhe excited his intereſt; nor had he even in view this poor mede he now receives of her thanks!"

"My deareſt Hal!" cried Mr. Weſtwyn, wringing him by the hand; "if you have but one ſmall grain of regard for me,

don't perſiſt in denying this! I'd give the laſt hundred pounds I had in the world to be ſure it was true!"

"That to hear the name of this lady," ſaid the young man, "ſhould not be neceſſary to inſpire me with reſpect for her, who can wonder? that any opportunity could ariſe in which ſhe ſhould want defence, is all that can give any ſurpriſe."

"You own it, then, my dear Hal? you own you've done her a kindneſs? why then, my dear Hal, you've done one to me! and I can't help giving you a hug for it, let who will think me an old fool."

He then fervently embraced his ſon, who confuſed, though gratified, ſtrove vainly to make diſclaiming ſpeeches. "No, no, my dear Hal," he cried, "you ſha'n't let yourſelf down with me again, I promiſe you, though you've two or three times tried to make me think nothing of you; but this young lady here, dear ſoul, ſpeaks another language; ſhe ſays I may be proud of my ſon! and I dare ſay ſhe knows why, for ſhe's a charming girl, as ever I ſaw;

ſo I will be proud of my ſon! Poor dear Hal! thou haſt got a good friend, I can tell thee, in that young lady! and ſhe's niece to the beſt man I ever knew; and I value her good opinion more than any body's."

"You are much too good," cried Camilla, in an accent of tender pleaſure, the reſult of grateful joy, that ſhe had not been the means of deſtroying the paternal happineſs of ſo fond a father, joined to the dreadful certainty how narrowly ſhe had eſcaped that miſery; "you are much too good, and I bluſh even to thank you, when I think—"

What ſhe meant to add was in a moment forgotten, and that ſhe bluſhed ceaſed to be metaphorical, when now, as they all three entered the dining-room together, the firſt object that met her eyes was Edgar.

Their eyes met not again; delighted and conſcious, ſhe turned hers haſtily away. He comes, thought ſhe, to reclaim me! he will not ſubmit to the ſeparation; he

he comes to re-aſſure me of his eſteem, and to receive once more my faithful heart!

Edgar had ſeen, by chance, the Weſtwyns paſs to the room of the Cleves party, and felt the moſt ardent deſire to know if they would meet with Camilla, and what would be her reception of her young champion, whoſe ſword, with extreme trouble, he had himſelf that morning ſheathed, and whoſe gallantry he attributed to a vehement, however ſudden paſſion. Dr. Marchmont acknowledged the epoch to be highly intereſting for obſervation, and, preſuming upon their old right of intimacy with all the party, they abruptly made a ſecond viſit.

Miſs Margland and Indiana, who were examining ſome goods ſent by Mrs. Mittin, had received them all four without much mark of civility; and Mr. Weſtwyn immediately deſired Camilla to be ſent for, and kept upon the watch, till her ſtep made him haſten out to meet her.

Edgar

Edgar could not hear unmoved the dialogue which enſued; he imagined an amiable rival was ſuddenly ſpringing up in young Weſtwyn, at the very moment of his own diſmiſſion, which he now even thought poſſible this incipient conqueſt had urged; and when Camilla, walking between the father and the ſon, with looks of ſofteſt ſenſibility, came into the room, he thought he had never ſeen her ſo lovely, and that her moſt bewitching ſmiles were purpoſely laviſhed for their captivation.

With this idea, he found it impoſſible to ſpeak to her; their ſituation, indeed, was too critical for any common addreſs, and when he ſaw that ſhe turned from him, he attempted to converſe with the other ladies upon their purchaſes; and Camilla, left to her two new beaux, had the unavoidable appearance of being engroſſed by them, though the ſight of Edgar inſtantly robbed them of all her real attention.

Soon after, the door was again opened, and Mr. Girt, the young perfumer, came, ſmirking

ſmirking and ſcraping, into the room, with a box of various toys, eſſences, and coſmetics, recommended by Mrs. Mittin.

Ignorant of the miſchief he had done her, and not even recollecting to have ſeen him, Camilla made one to look at his goods; but Edgar, to whom his audacious aſſertions were immediately brought back by his ſight, would have made him feel the effects of his reſentment, had not his paſſion for Camilla been of ſo ſolid, as well as warm a texture, as to induce him to prefer guarding her delicacy, to any poſſible diſplay he could make of his feelings to others, or even to herſelf.

Mr. Girt, in the midſt of his exhibition of memorandum books, ſmelling bottles, tooth-pick caſes, and pocket mirrours; with waſhes to immortalize the ſkin, powders becoming to all countenances, and pomatums to give natural treſſes to old age, ſuddenly recollected Camilla. The groſs miſtake he had made he had already diſcovered, by having dodged her

to

to the houſe of Mrs. Berlinton; but all alarm at it had ceaſed, by finding, through a viſit made to his ſhop by Mrs. Mittin, that ſhe was uninformed he had propagated it. Not gifted with the diſcernment to ſee in the air and manner of Camilla her entire, though unaſſuming ſuperiority to her accidental aſſociate, he concluded them both to be relations of ſome of the upper domeſtics; and with a look and tone deſcending from the moſt profound adulation, with which he was preſenting his various articles to Miſs Margland and Indiana, into a familiarity the moſt facetious, "O dear, ma'am," he cried, "I did not ſee you at firſt; I hope t'other lady's well that's been ſo kind as to recommend me? Indeed I ſaw her juſt now."

Young Weſtwyn, to whom, as to Edgar, the bold defamation of Girt occurred with his preſence, but whom none of the nameleſs delicacies of the peculiar ſituation, and peculiar character of Edgar, reſtrained into ſilence, felt ſuch a diſguſt at the pre-

ſumption of effrontery that gave him courage for this facetious addreſs, to a young lady whoſe innocence of his ill uſage made him think its injury double, that, unable to repreſs his indignation, he abruptly whiſpered in his ear, "Walk out of the room, ſir!"

The amazed perfumer, at this haughty and unexpected order, ſtared, and cried aloud, "No offence, I hope, ſir?"

Mr. Weſtwyn aſked what was the matter? while Camilla, crimſoned by the familiar aſſurance with which ſhe had been addreſſed, retired to a window.

"Nothing of any moment, ſir," anſwered Henry; and again, in a low but ſtill more poſitive voice, he repeated his command to Girt.

"Sir, I'm not uſed to be uſed in this manner!" anſwered he, hardily, and hoping, by raiſing his tone, for the favourable intervention of the company.

Indiana, now, was preparing to ſcream, and Miſs Margland was looking round to ſee whom ſhe ſhould reprehend; but young

young Weſtwyn, coolly opening the door, with a ſtrong arm, and an able jerk, twiſted the perfumer into the paſſage, ſaying, "You may ſend ſomebody for your goods."

Girt, who equally ſtrong, but not equally adroit as Henry, ſtrove in vain to reſiſt, vowed vengeance for this aſſault. Henry, without ſeeming to hear him, occupied himſelf with looking at what he had left. Camilla felt her eyes ſuffuſe with tears; and Edgar, for the firſt time in his life, found himſelf viſited by the baleful paſſion of envy.

Miſs Margland could not comprehend what this meant; Indiana comprehended but too much in finding there was ſome diſturbance of which ſhe was not the object; but Mr. Weſtwyn, loſing his look of delight, ſaid, with ſomething of ſeverity, "Hal! what did you turn that man out of the room for?"

"He is perfectly aware of my reaſon, ſir," ſaid Henry; and then added it was a long

a long ſtory, which he begged to relate another time.

The blank face of Mr. Weſtwyn ſhewed diſpleaſure and mortification. He lifted the head of his cane to his mouth, and after biting it for ſome time, with a frowning countenance, muttered, "I don't like to ſee a man turned out of a room. If he's done any harm, tell him ſo; and if it's worſe than harm, ſouſe him in a horſe-pond; I've no objection: But I don't like to ſee a man turned out of a room; it's very unmannerly; and I did not think Hal would do ſuch a thing." Then ſuddenly, and with a ſuccinct bow, bidding them all good bye, he took a haſty leave; ſtill, however, muttering, all the way along the paſſage, and down the ſtairs, loud enough to be heard: "Kicking and jerking a man about does not prove him to be in the wrong. I thought Hal had been more of a gentleman. If I don't find the man turns out to be a raſcal, Hal ſhall beg his pardon; for I don't like to ſee a man turned out of a room."

Henry,

Henry, whoſe ſpirit was as irritible as it was generous, felt acutely this public cenſure, which, though ſatisfied he did not deſerve, every ſpecies of propriety prohibited his explaining away. With a forced ſmile, therefore, and a ſilent bow, he followed his father.

Miſs Margland and Indiana now burſt forth with a torrent of wonders, conjectures, and queſtions; but the full heart of Camilla denied her ſpeech, and the carriage of Mrs. Berlinton being already at the door, ſhe called upon Eugenia, and followed, perforce, by Mrs. Mittin, left the hotel.

Edgar and Dr. Marchmont gave neither ſurpriſe nor concern by retiring inſtantly to their own apartment.

"Dr. Marchmont," ſaid the former, in a tone of aſſumed moderation, "I have loſt Camilla! I ſee it plainly. This young man ſteps forward ſo gallantly, ſo ingenuouſly, nay ſo amiably, that the contraſt----chill, ſevere, and repulſive----muſt render me----in this deteſtable ſtate----inſupportable

to

to all her feelings. Dr. Marchmont! I have not a doubt of the event!"

"The juncture is, indeed, perilous, and the trial of extremeſt hazard; but it is ſuch as draws all uncertainty to a criſis, and, therefore, is not much to be lamented. You may ſafely, I think, reſt upon it your deſtiny. To a general female heart a duel is the moſt dangerous of all aſſaults, and the moſt faſcinating of all charms; and a duelliſt, though preciſely what a woman moſt ſhould dread, as moſt expoſing her to public notice, is the perſon of all others ſhe can, commonly, leaſt reſiſt. By this teſt, then, prove your Camilla. Her champion ſeems evidently her admirer, and his father her adorer. Her late engagement with you may poſſibly not reach them; or reaching but with its diſſolution, ſerve only to render them more eager."

"Do you ſuppoſe him," cried Edgar, after a pauſe of ſtrong diſturbance; "do you ſuppoſe him rich?"

"Certainly

"Certainly not. That the addition of fifty pounds a-year to his income ſhould be any object, proves his fortune to be very moderate."

"Clear her, then, at leaſt," ſaid he, with a ſolemnity almoſt reproachful; "clear her, at leaſt, of every mercenary charge! If I loſe her----" he gaſped for breath----"ſhe will not, you find, be bought from me! and pique, anger, injuſtice, nay inconſtancy, all are leſs debaſing than the ſordid corruption of which you ſuſpected her."

"This does not, neceſſarily, prove her diſintereſted; ſhe is too young, yet, to know herſelf the value ſhe may hereafter ſet upon wealth. And, independent of that inexperience, there is commonly ſo little ſtability, ſo little internal hold, in the female character, that any ſudden glare of adventitious lure, will draw them, for the moment, from any and every regular plan of ſubſtantial benefit. It remains, therefore, now to be tried, if Beech Park, and its

its maſter united, can vie with the bright and intoxicating incenſe of a life voluntarily riſked, in ſupport----not of her fair fame, that was unknown to its defender----but ſimply of the fair countenance which ſeemed its pledge."

Edgar, heartleſs and ſad, attempted no further argument; he thought the Doctor prejudiced againſt the merits of Camilla; yet it appeared, even to himſelf, that her whole conduct, from the ſhort period of his open avowal, had ſeemed a wilful ſeries of oppoſition to his requeſts and opinions. And while terror for ſurrounding dangers gave weight to his diſapprobation of her viſiting Southampton, with a lady ſhe knew him to think more attractive than ſafe or reſpectable, her ſufferance of the vulgar and forward Mrs. Mittin, with whom again he ſaw her quit the hotel, was yet more offenſive, ſince he could conceive for it no other inducement than a careleſs, if not determined humour, to indulge every impulſe, in equal contempt of his counſel, and her own reflection.

All

All blame, however, of Camilla, was ſhort of his ſelf-diſſatisfaction, in the diſtance impoſed upon him by uncertainty, and the coldneſs dictated by diſcretion. At a period ſo ſenſitive, when her ſpirit was alarmed, and her delicacy was wounded, that a ſtranger ſhould ſtart forward, to vindicate her innocence, and chaſtiſe its detractors, was ſingular, was unfortunate, was nearly intolerable; and he thought he could with thankfulneſs, have renounced half his fortune, to have been himſelf the ſole protector of Camilla.

CHAP. VIII.

The Power of Prepoſſeſſion.

THE two ſiſters were ſilent from the hotel to the houſe of Mrs. Berlinton. —From the height of happieſt expectation, raiſed by the quick return of Edgar, Camilla was ſunk into the loweſt deſpondence, by the abortive concluſion of the meeting: while Eugenia was abſorbed in mute joy, and wrapt expectation. But Mrs. Mittin, undiſturbed by the pangs of uncertainty, and unoccupied by any romantic perſuaſion of bliſs, ſpoke amply, with reſpect to quantity, for all three.

Mrs. Berlinton, though ſomewhat ſtruck at firſt ſight of Eugenia with her ſtrange contraſt to Camilla, received her with all the diſtinguiſhing kindneſs due to the ſiſter of her friend.

She had the poems of Collins in her hand; and, at their joint deſire, inſtead of

putting the book aſide, read aloud, and with tendereſt accent, one of his moſt plaintive odes.

Eugenia was enraptured. Ah! thought ſhe, this is indeed the true ſiſter of the accompliſhed Melmond!----She ſhall ſhare with him my adoration. My heart ſhall be devoted----after my own dear family---to the homage of their perfections!

The ode, to her great delight, laſted till the dinner was announced, when Melmond appeared: but her prepoſſeſſion could alone give any charm to his ſight: he could barely recollect that he had ſeen her, or even Camilla before; he had converſed with neither; his eyes had been devoted to Indiana, and the deſpondence which had become his portion ſince the news of the marriage of his aunt, ſeemed but rendered the more peculiarly bitter, by this intimate connection with the family of an object ſo adored.

Yet, though nothing could be more ſpiritleſs than the hour of dinner, Eugenia diſcovered in it no deficiency; ſhe had

had previouſly ſettled, that the preſence of Melmond could only breathe ſweets and perfection, and the magic of prejudice works every event into its own circle of expectation.

Melmond did not even accompany them back to the drawing-room. Eugenia ſighed; but nobody heard her. Mrs. Mittin ſaid, ſhe had ſomething of great conſequence to do in her own room, and Mrs. Berlinton, to divert the languor ſhe found creeping upon them all, had recourſe to Hammond's elegies.

Theſe were ſtill reading, when a ſervant brought in the name of Lord Valhurſt. "O, deny me to him! deny me to him!" cried Mrs. Berlinton; "'tis a relation of Mr. Berlinton's, and I hate him."

The order was given, however, too late; he entered the room.

The name, as Camilla knew it not, ſhe had heard unmoved; but the ſight of a perſon who had ſo largely contributed to ſhock and terrify her in the bathing-houſe, ſtruck her with horror. Brought up with

the reſpect of other times, ſhe had riſen at his entrance; but ſhe turned ſuddenly round upon recollecting him, and inſtead of the courtſie ſhe intended making, involuntarily moved away her chair from the part of the room to which he was advancing.

This was unnoticed by Mrs. Berlinton, whoſe chagrin at his intruſion made her wiſh to walk away alſo; while with Lord Valhurſt it only paſſed, joined to her riſing, for a mark of her being but little accuſtomed to company. That Eugenia roſe too was not perceived, as ſhe rather loſt than gained in height by ſtanding.

Moſt obſequiouſly, but moſt unſucceſſfully, the peer made his court to Mrs. Berlinton; inquiring after her health, with fulſome tenderneſs, and extolling her good looks with nearly groſs admiration. Mrs. Berlinton liſtened, for ſhe was incapable of incivility; though, weary and diſguſted, ſhe ſeldom made the ſmalleſt anſwer.

The two ſiſters might, with eaſe, equally have eſcaped notice, ſince, though

Mrs.

Mrs. Berlinton occaſionally addreſſed them, the peer never turned from herſelf, had not Mrs. Mittin, abruptly entering in ſearch of a pair of ſciſſars, perceived him, and haſtily called out, "O lauk, ſir, if it is not you! I know you again well enough! But I hope, now you ſee us in ſuch good company as this good lady's, you'll believe me another time, when I tell you we're not the ſort of perſons you took us for! Miſs Tyrold, my dear, I hope you've ſpoke to the gentleman?"

Lord Valhurſt with difficulty recollected Mrs. Mittin, from the very curſory view his otherwiſe occupied eyes had taken of her; but when the concluding words made him look at Camilla, whoſe youth and beauty were not ſo liable to be forgotten, he knew at once her aſſociate, and was aware of the meaning of her harangue.

Sorry to appear before his fair kinſwoman to any diſadvantage, though by no means diſpleaſed at an opportunity of

again ſeeing a young creature he had thought ſo charming, he began an apology to Mrs. Mittin, while his eyes were fixed upon Camilla, vindicating himſelf from every intention that was not reſpectful, and hoping ſhe did not ſo much injure as to miſtake him.

Mrs. Mittin was juſt beginning to anſwer that ſhe knew better, when the words, "Why, my Lord, how have you offended Mrs. Mittin?" dropping from Mrs. Berlinton, inſtantly new ſtrung all her notions. To find him a nobleman was to find him innocent; for, though ſhe did not quite ſuppoſe that a peer was not a mortal, ſhe had never ſpoken to one before; and the power of title upon the ear, like that of beauty upon the eye, is, in its firſt novelty, all-commanding; manifold as are the drawbacks to the influence of either, when awe is loſt by familiarity, and habitual reflection takes place of caſual and momentary admiration. Title then, as well as beauty, demands mental auxiliaries; and thoſe who poſſeſs either,

either, more watched than the common race, ſeem of higher reſponſibility; but proportioned to the cenſure they draw where they err, is the veneration they inſpire where their eminence is complete. Nor is this the tribute of prejudice, as thoſe who look up to all ſuperiority with envy love to aver; the impartial and candid reflectors upon human frailty, who, in viewing it, ſee with its elevation its ſurrounding temptations, will call it but the tribute of juſtice.

To Mrs. Mittin, however, the mere ſound of a title was enough; ſhe felt its aſcendance without examining its claims, and, dropping the loweſt courtſie her knees could ſupport, confuſedly ſaid, ſhe hoped his lordſhip would excuſe her ſpeaking ſo quick and improperly, which ſhe only did from not knowing who he was; for, if ſhe had known him better, ſhe ſhould have been ſure he was too much the gentleman to do any thing with an ill deſign.

His lordſhip courteouſly accepted the apology; and advanced to Camilla, to

expreſs his hopes ſhe had not participated in ſuch injurious ſuſpicions.

She made no anſwer, and Mrs. Berlinton inquired what all this meant.

"I proteſt, my dear madam," ſaid the peer, "I do not well comprehend myſelf. I only ſee there has been ſome miſunderſtanding; but I hope this young lady will believe me, when I declare, upon my honour, that I had no view but to offer my protection, at the time I ſaw her under alarm."

This was a declaration Camilla could not diſpute, and even felt inclined to credit, from the ſolemnity with which it was uttered; but to diſcuſs it was every way impoſſible, and therefore, coldly bowing her head, ſhe ſeemed acquieſcent.

Lord Valhurſt now pretty equally divided his attention between theſe two beautiful young women; looking at and complimenting them alternately, till a ſervant came in and ſaid, "The two Mr. Weſtwyns deſire to ſee Miſs Tyrold."

Camilla

Camilla did not wiſh to avoid perſons to whom ſhe was ſo much obliged, but begged ſhe might receive them in the next apartment, that Mrs. Berlinton might not be diſturbed.

The eager old gentleman ſtood with the door in one hand, and his ſon in the other, awaiting her. "My dear young lady," he cried, "I have been hunting you out for hours. Your good governeſs had not a mind to give me your direction, thinking me, I ſuppoſe, but a troubleſome old fellow; and I did not know which way to turn, till Hal found it out. Hal's pretty quick. So now, my dear young lady, let me tell you my errand; which I won't be tedious in, for fear, another time, you may rather not ſee me. And the more I ſee you, the leſs I like to think ſuch a thing. However, with all my good will to make haſte, I muſt premiſe one thing, as it is but fair. Hal was quite againſt my coming upon this buſineſs. But I don't think it the leſs right for that; and ſo I come. I never yet ſaw any good

of a man's being ruled by his children. It only ſerves to make them think their old fathers ſuperannuated. And if once I find Hal taking ſuch a thing as that into his head, I'll cut him off with a ſhilling, well as I love him."

"Your menace, ſir," ſaid Henry, colouring, though ſmiling, "gives me no alarm, for I ſee no danger. But----ſhall we not detain Miſs Tyrold too long from her friends?"

"Ay now, there comes in what I take notice to be the taſte of the preſent day! a lad can hardly enter his teens, before he thinks himſelf wiſer than his father, and gives him his counſel, and tells him what he thinks beſt. And, if a man i'n't upon his guard, he may be run down for an old dotard, before he knows where he is, and ſee his ſon ſetting up for a member of parliament, making laws for him. Now this is what I don't like; ſo I keep a tight hand upon Hal, that he mayn't do it. For Hal's but a boy, ma'am, though he's ſo clever. Not that I pretend

I'd

I'd change him neither, for e'er an old fellow in the three kingdoms. Well, but, now I'll tell you what I come for. You know how angry I was about Hal's turning that man out of the room? well, I took all the pains I could to come at the bottom of the fray, intending, all the time, to make Hal aſk the man's pardon; and now what do you think is the end? Why, I've found out Hal to be in the right! The man proves to be a worthleſs fellow, that has defamed the niece of my dear Sir Hugh Tyrold; and if Hal had laſhed him with a cat-o'nine-tails, I ſhould have been glad of it. I can't ſay I ſhould have found fault. So you ſee, my dear young lady, I was but a croſs old fellow, to be ſo out of ſorts with poor Hal."

Camilla, with mingled gratitude and ſhame, offered her acknowledgments; though what ſhe heard aſtoniſhed, if poſſible, even more than it mortified her. How in the world, thought ſhe, can I have provoked this ſlander?

She knew not how little provocation is neceſſary for calumny; nor how regularly the common herd, where appearances admit two interpretations, decide for the worſt. Girt deſigned her neither evil nor good; but not knowing who nor what ſhe was, ſimply filled up the doubts in his own mind, by the bias of his own character.

Confuſed as much as herſelf, Henry propoſed immediately to retire; and, as Camilla did not invite them to ſtay, Mr. Weſtwyn could not refuſe his conſent: though, ſending his ſon out firſt, he ſtopt to ſay, in a low voice, "What do you think of Hal, my dear young lady? I'n't he a brave rogue? And did not you tell me I might be proud of my ſon? And ſo I am, I promiſe you! How do you think my old friend will like Hal? I ſhall take him to Cleves. He's another ſort of lad to Maſter Clermont! I hope, my dear young lady, you don't like your couſin? He's but a ſad ſpark, I give you my word. Not a bit like Hal."

* * * *

When the carriage came for Eugenia, who was ſelf-perſuaded this day was the moſt felicitous of her life, ſhe went ſo reluctantly, that Mrs. Berlinton, caught by her delight in the viſit, though unſuſpicious of its motive, invited her to renew it the next morning.

At night, Mrs. Mittin, following Camilla to her chamber, ſaid, "See here, my dear! what do you ſay to this? Did you ever ſee a prettier cloak? look at the cut of it, look at the capes! look at the mode! And as for the lace, I don't think all Southampton can produce its fellow; what do you ſay to it, my dear?"

"What every body muſt ſay to it, Mrs. Mittin; that it's remarkably pretty."

"Well, now try it on. There's a ſet! there's a fall off the ſhoulders! do but look at it in the glaſs. I'd really give ſomething you could but ſee how it becomes

comes you. Now, do pray, only tell me what you think of it?"

"Always the ſame, Mrs. Mittin; that it's extremely pretty."

"Well, my dear, then, now comes out the ſecret! It's your own! you may well ſtare; but it's true; it's your own, my dear!"

She demanded an explanation; and Mrs. Mittin ſaid, that, having taken notice that her cloak looked very mean by the ſide of Mrs. Berlinton's, when ſhe compared them together, ſhe reſolved upon ſurpriſing her with a new one as quick as poſſible. She had, therefore, got the pattern of Mrs. Berlinton's and cut it out, and then got the mode at an haberdaſher's, and then the lace at a milliner's, and then ſet to work ſo hard, that ſhe had got it done already.

Camilla, ſeeing the materials were all infinitely richer than any ſhe had been accuſtomed to wear, was extremely chagrined by ſuch officiouſneſs, and gravely inquired how much this would add to her debts.

"I don't

"I don't know yet, my dear; but I had all the things as cheap as poſſible; but as it was not all at one ſhop, I can't be clear as to the exact ſum."

Camilla, who had determined to avoid even the ſhadow of a debt, and to forbear every poſſible expence till ſhe had not one remaining, was now not merely vexed, but angry. Mrs. Mittin, however, upon whoſe feelings that moſt troubleſome of all qualities to its poſſeſſors, delicacy, never obtruded, went on, extolling her own performance, and praiſing her own good nature, without diſcovering that either were impertinent; and, ſo far from conceiving it poſſible they could be unwelcome, that ſhe attributed the concern of Camilla to modeſty, on account of her trouble; and miſtook her diſpleaſure for diſtreſs, what ſhe could do for her in return. And, indeed, when ſhe finiſhed her double panegyric upon the cloak and its maker, with confeſſing ſhe had ſet up the whole night, in order to get it done, Camilla conſidered herſelf as

as too much obliged to her intention to reproach any further its want of judgment; and concluded by merely intreating ſhe would change her note, pay for it immediately, diſcharge her other accounts with all ſpeed, and make no future purchaſe for her whatſoever.

CHAP. IX.

A Scuffle.

EUGENIA failed not to obſerve her appointment the next morning, which was devoted to elegiac poetry. A taſte ſo ſimilar operated imperceptibly upon Mrs. Berlinton, who detained her till ſhe was compelled to return to prepare for a great ball at the public rooms; the profound deliberations of Miſs Margland, how to exhibit her fair pupil, having finiſhed, like moſt deliberations upon ſuch ſubjects, by doing that which is done by every body elſe upon the ſame occaſion.

Sir Hugh had given directions to Miſs Margland to clear his three nieces equally of all expences relative to public places. Camilla, therefore, being entitled to a ticket, and having brought with her whatever was unſpoilt of her Tunbridge apparel, thought this the moſt ſeaſonable opportunity

opportunity ſhe could take for again ſeeing Edgar, who, in their preſent delicate ſituation, would no longer, probably, think it right to inquire for her at a ſtranger's.

Mrs. Berlinton had not purpoſed appearing in public, till ſhe had formed her own party; but an irrepreſſible curioſity to ſee Indiana induced her to accompany Camilla, with no other attendant than Lord Valhurſt.

Mrs. Mittin ſought vainly to be of the party; Mrs. Berlinton, though permitting her ſtay in her houſe, and treating her with conſtant civility, had no idea of including her in her own ſociety, which ſhe aimed to have always diſtinguiſhed by either rank, talents, or admirers: and Camilla, who now felt her integrity involved in her economy, was firm againſt every hint for aſſiſting her with a ticket.

Lord Valhurſt, who alone, of the faſhionable ſojourners, had yet diſcovered the arrival of Mrs. Berlinton, was highly gratified

gratified by this opportunity of attending two ſuch fair creatures in public.

Mrs. Berlinton, as uſual, was the laſt to enter the room; for ſhe never began the duties of the toilette till after tea-time. Two ſuch youthful beauties were not likely to paſs without obſervation. Mrs. Berlinton, already no longer new to it, had alternately the air of receiving it with the moſt winning modeſty, or of not noticing ſhe received it at all: for though, but a few months ſince, ſhe had ſcarcely been even ſeen by twenty perſons, and even of thoſe had never met a fixed eye without a bluſh, the feelings are ſo often the mere concomitants of the habits, that ſhe could now already know herſelf the principal object of a whole aſſembly, without any ſenſation of timidity, or appearance of confuſion. To be bold was not in her nature, which was ſoft and amiable; but admiration is a dangerous aſſaulter of diffidence, and familiarity makes almoſt any diſtinction met unmoved.

Camilla was too completely engroſſed by her heart, to think of her appearance.

Lord

Lord Valhurſt, from his time of life, ſeemed to be their father, though his adulating air as little ſuited that character as his inclination. He ſcarce knew upon which moſt to laviſh his compliments, or to regale his eyes, and turned, half expiring with extaſy, from the ſoft charms of his kinſwoman, with ſomething, he thought, reſembling animation, to the more quickening influence of her bright-eyed companion.

But the effect produced upon the company at large by the radiant beauty of Indiana, who had entered ſome time, was ſtill more ſtriking than any immediate powers from all the bewitching graces of Mrs. Berlinton, and all the intelligent lovelineſs of Camilla. Her faultleſs face, her perfect form, raiſed wonder in one ſex, and overpowered envy in the other. The men looked at her, as at ſomething almoſt too celeſtial for their devoirs; the women, even the moſt charming amongſt them, ſaw themſelves diſtanced from all pretenſions to rivalry. She was followed,

but

but not approached; gazed at, as if a ſtatue, and inquired after, rather as a prodigy than a mortal.

This awful homage ſpread not, however, to her party; the watchful but diſdainful eyes of Miſs Margland obtained for herſelf, even with uſury, all the haughty contempt they beſtowed upon others: Eugenia was pronounced to be a foil, brought merely in ridicule: and Dr. Orkborne, whom Miſs Margland, though deteſting, forced into the ſet, in preference to being without a man, to hand them from the carriage, and to call it for them at night, had a look ſo forlorn and diſtreſſed, while obliged to parade with them up and down the room, that he ſeemed rather a priſoner than an eſquire, and more to require a guardian to prevent his eſcaping himſelf, than to ſerve for one in ſecuring his young charges from any attack.

Miſs Margland augured nothing ſhort of half a ſcore propoſals of marriage the next day, from the evident brilliancy of this

this firſt opening into life of her beautiful pupil; whoſe own eyes, while they dazzled all others, ſought eagerly thoſe of Melmond, which they meant to vanquiſh, if not annihilate.

The firſt care of Miſs Margland was to make herſelf and her young ladies known to the maſter of the ceremonies. Indiana needed not that precaution to be immediately the choice of the moſt elegant man in the room; yet ſhe was piqued, not delighted, and Miſs Margland felt ſtill more irritated, that he proved to be only a baronet, though a nobleman, at the ſame time, had preſented himſelf to Eugenia. It is true the peer was ruined; but his title was unimpaired; and though the fortune of the baronet, like his perſon, was in its prime, Indiana thought herſelf degraded by his hand, ſince the partner of her couſin was of ſuperior rank.

Eugenia, inſenſible to this honour, looked only for Melmond; not like Indiana, ſplendidly to ſee and kill, but ſilently

to view and venerate. Melmond, however, was not there; he knew his little command over his paſſion, in preſence of its object; he knew, too, that the expence of public places was now beyond the propriety of his income, and virtuouſly devoted his evening to his ſick aunt.

Edgar had waited impatiently the entrance of Camilla. His momentary ſight of Lord Valhurſt, at the bathing-room, did not bring him to his remembrance in his preſent more ſhewy apparel, and he was gratified to ſee only an old beau in her immediate ſuite. He did not deem it proper, as they were now circumſtanced, to aſk her to dance; but he quietly approached and bowed to her, and addreſſed ſome civil inquiries to Mrs. Berlinton. The Weſtwyns had waited for her at the door; and the father had immediately made her give her hand to Henry to join the dancers.

"That's a charming girl," cried old Mr. Weſtwyn, when ſhe was gone; "a very charming girl, I promiſe you. I have taken

taken a prodigious liking to her; and ſo has Hal."

Revived by this open ſpeech, which made him hope there was no ſerious deſign, Edgar ſmiled upon the old gentleman, who had addreſſed it to the whole remaining party; and ſaid, "You have not known that young lady long, I believe, ſir?"

"No, ſir; but a little while; but that I don't mind. A long while and a ſhort while is all one, when I like a perſon: for I don't think how many years they've got over their heads ſince firſt I ſaw them, but how many good things they've got on the inſide their hearts to make me want to ſee them again. Her uncle's the deareſt friend I have in the world; and when I go from this place, I ſhall make him a viſit; for I'm ſure of a welcome. But he has never ſeen my Hal. However, that good girl will be ſure to ſpeak a kind word for him, I know; for ſhe thinks very well of him; ſhe told me herſelf, I might be proud of my ſon. I can't

ſay

ſay but I've loved the girl ever ſince for it."

Edgar was ſo much pleaſed with the perfectly natural character of this old gentleman, that, though alarmed at his intended call upon the favour of Sir Hugh, through the influence of Camilla, for Henry, he would yet have remained in his ſociety, had he not been driven from it by the junction of young Lynmere, whoſe ſhallow inſolence he thought inſupportable.

Mrs. Berlinton, who declined dancing, had arrived ſo late, that when Henry led back Camilla, the company was ſummoned to the tea-table. She was languiſhing for an introduction to Indiana, the abſence of Melmond obviating all preſent objection to their meeting; ſhe therefore gave Camilla the welcome taſk to propoſe that the two parties ſhould unite.

Many years had elapſed ſince Miſs Margland had received ſo ſenſible a gratification; and, in the coalition which took place, ſhe diſplayed more of civility

in a few minutes, than ſhe had exerted during the whole period of her Yorkſhire and Cleves reſidence.

Notwithſtanding all ſhe had heard of her charms, Mrs. Berlinton ſtill ſaw with ſurpriſe and admiration the exquiſite face and form of the choſen of her brother, whom ſhe now ſo ſincerely bewailed, that, had her own wealth been perſonal or tranſferrable, ſhe would not have heſitated in ſharing it with him, to aid his better ſucceſs.

Lord Valhurſt adhered tenaciouſly to his kinſwoman; and the three gentlemen who had danced the laſt dances with Indiana, Eugenia, and Camilla, aſſerted the privilege of attending their partners at the tea-table.

In a few minutes, Lynmere, coming up to them, with "Well, have you got any thing here one can touch?" leant his hand on the edge, and his whole body over the table, to take a view at his eaſe of its contents.

"Suppoſe

"Suppoſe there were nothing, ſir?" ſaid old Weſtwyn; "look round, and ſee what you could want."

"Really, ſir," ſaid Miſs Margland, between whom and Camilla Lynmere had ſqueezed himſelf a place, "you don't uſe much ceremony!"

Having taken ſome tea, he found it intolerable, and ſaid he muſt have a glaſs of Champaigne.

"La, brother!" cried Indiana, "if you bring any wine, I can't bear to ſtay."

Miſs Margland ſaid the ſame; but he whiſtled, and looked round him without anſwering.

Mrs. Berlinton, who, though ſhe had thought his uncommonly fine perſon an excuſe for his intruſion, thought nothing could excuſe this ill-breeding, propoſed they ſhould leave the tea-table, and walk.

"Sit ſtill, ladies," ſaid Mr. Weſtwyn, "and drink your tea in peace." Then, turning to Lynmere, "I wonder," he cried, "you a'n't aſhamed of yourſelf!

If you were a ſon of mine, I'll tell you what; I'd lock you up! I'd ſerve you as I did when I carried you over to Leipſic, eight years ago. I always hated pert boys. I can't fancy 'em."

Lynmere, affecting not to hear him, though inwardly firing, called violently after a waiter; and, in mere futile vengeance, not only gave an order for Champaigne, but demanded ſome Stilton cheeſe.

"Cheeſe!" exclaimed Miſs Margland, "if you order any cheeſe, I can't ſo much as ſtay in the room. Think what a nauſeous ſmell it will make!".

The man anſwered, they had no Stilton cheeſe in the houſe, but the very beſt of every other ſort.

Lynmere, who had only given this command to ſhew his defiance of control, ſeized, with equal avidity, the opportunity to abuſe the waiter; affirming he belonged to the worſt ſerved hotel in Chriſtendom.

The man walked off in dudgeon, and Mr. Weſtwyn, loſing his anger in his aſtoniſhment

aſtoniſhment at this effrontery, ſaid, "And pray, Mr. Lynmere, what do you pretend to know of Stilton cheeſe? do they make it at Leipſic? did you ever ſo much as taſte it in your life?"

"O, yes! excellent! excellentiſſimo! I can eat no other."

"Eat no other! it's well my Hal don't ſay the ſame! I'd churn him to a cheeſe himſelf if he did! And pray, Mr. Lynmere, be ſo good as to let me know how you got it there?"

"Ways and means, ſir; ways and means!"

"Why you did not ſend acroſs the ſea for it?"

"A travelled man, ſir, thinks no more of what you call acroſs the ſea, than you, that live always over your own fire-ſide, think of ſtepping acroſs a kennel."

"Well, ſir, well," ſaid the old gentleman, now very much piqued, "I can't but ſay I feel ſome concern for my old friend, to have his money douſed about

at ſuch a rantipole rate. A boy to be ſending over out of Germany into England for Stilton cheeſe! I wiſh it had been Hal with all my heart! I promiſe you I'd have given him enough of it. If the leaſt little thought of the kind was but once to have got in his head, I'd have taken my beſt oaken ſtick, and have done him the good office to have helped it out for him: and have made him thank me after too! I hate daintineſs; eſpecially in boys. I have no great patience with it."

Only more incenſed, Lynmere called aloud for his Champaigne. The waiter civilly told him, it was not uſual to bring wine during tea: but he perſiſted; and Mr. Weſtwyn, who ſaw the ladies all riſing, authoritatively, told the waiter to mind no ſuch directions. Lynmere, who had entered the ball-room in his riding-dreſs, raiſed a ſwitch at the man, which he durſt not raiſe at Mr. Weſtwyn, and proteſted, in a threatening attitude, he would

would lay it acroſs his ſhoulders, if he obeyed not. The man, juſtly provoked, thought himſelf authoriſed to ſnatch it from him: Clermont reſiſted; a fierce ſcuffle enſued; and though Henry, by immediate intervention, could have parted them, Mr. Weſtwyn inſiſted there ſhould be no interference, ſaying, "If any body's helped, let it be the waiter; for he's here to do his duty: he don't come only to behave unmannerly, for his own pleaſure. And if I ſee him hard run, it's odds but I lend him my own fiſt to right him.—I like fair play."

The female party, in very ſerious alarm at this unpleaſant ſcene, roſe to hurry away. Lord Valhurſt was ambitious to ſuffice as guardian to both his fair charges; but Henry, when prohibited from ſtopping the affray, offered his ſervices to Camilla, who could not refuſe them; and Mrs. Berlinton, active and impatient, flew on foremoſt; with more ſpeed than his lordſhip could follow, or even keep in ſight.

Indiana was handed out by her new adorer, the young baronet; and Eugenia was aſſiſted by her new aſſailer, the young nobleman.

Edgar, who had hurried to Camilla at the firſt tumult, was ſtung to the heart to ſee who handed her away; and, forcing a paſſage, followed, till Henry, the envied Henry, depoſited her in the carriage of Mrs. Berlinton.

The confuſion in the room, meanwhile, was not likely ſoon to decreaſe, for old Mr. Weſtwyn, delighted by this mortifying chaſtiſement to Clermont, would permit neither mediation nor aſſiſtance on his ſide; ſaying, with great glee, "It will do him a great deal of good! My poor old friend will bleſs me for it. This is a better leſſon than he got in all Leipſic. Let him feel that a Man's a Man; and not take it into his head a perſon's to ſtand ſtill to be ſwitched, when he's doing his duty, according to his calling. Switching a man is a bad thing. I can't ſay I like it.

A gentle-

A gentleman ſhould always uſe good words; and then a poor man's proud to ſerve him; or, if he's inſolent for nothing, he may trounce him and welcome. I've no objection."

Miſs Margland, meanwhile, had not been remiſs in what ſhe eſteemed a moſt capital feminine accompliſhment, ſcreaming; though, in its exerciſe, ſhe had failed of any ſucceſs; ſince, while her voice called remark, her countenance repelled its effect. Yet as ſhe ſaw that not one lady of the group retreated unattended, ſhe thought it a diſgrace to ſeem the only female, who, from internal courage, or external neglect, ſhould retire alone; ſhe therefore called upon Dr. Orkborne, conjuring, in a ſhrill and pathetic voice, meant more for all who ſurrounded than for himſelf, that he would protect her.

The Doctor, who had kept his place in defiance of all ſort of inconvenience, either to himſelf or to others; and who, with ſome curioſity, was viewing the combat,

which he was mentally comparing with certain pugiliſtic games of old, was now, for the firſt time in the evening, receiving ſome little entertainment, and therefore compoſedly anſwered, "I have a very good place here, ma'am; and I would rather not quit it till this ſcene is over."

"So you won't come, then, Doctor?" cried ſhe, modulating into a ſoft whine the voice which rage, not terror, rendered tremulous.

Dr. Orkborne, who was any thing rather than loquacious, having given one anſwer, ſaid no more.

Miſs Margland appealed to all preſent upon the indecorum of a lady's being kept to witneſs ſuch unbecoming violence, and upon the unheard-of inattention of the Doctor: but a ſhort, "Certainly!—" "To be ſure, ma'am!—" or, "It's very ſhocking indeed!" with a haſty decampment from her neighbourhood, was all of ſympathy ſhe procured.

The entrance, at length, of the maſter of the houſe, ſtopt the affray, by calling

off the waiter. Clermont, then, though wiſhing to extirpate old Weſtwyn from the earth, and ready to eat his own fleſh with fury at the double diſgrace he had endured, affected a loud halloo, as if he had been contending for his amuſement; and proteſting Bob, the waiter, was a fine fellow, went off with great apparent ſatiſfaction.

"Now, then, at leaſt, ſir," cried Miſs Margland, imperiouſly to the Doctor, who, ſtill ruminating upon the late conteſt, kept his ſeat, "I ſuppoſe you'll condeſcend to take care of me to the coach?"

"Theſe modern clothes are very much in the way," ſaid the Doctor, gravely; "and give a bad effect to attitudes." He roſe, however, but not knowing what *to take care of a lady to a coach* meant, ſtood reſolutely ſtill, till ſhe was forced, in deſperation, to walk on alone. He then ſlowly followed, keeping many paces behind, notwithſtanding her continually looking back; and when, with a heavy

ſigh at her hard fate, ſhe got, unaſſiſted, into the carriage, where her young ladies were waiting, he tranquilly mounted after her, tolerably reconciled to the loſs of his evening, by ſome new annotations it had ſuggeſted for his work, relative to the games of antiquity.

CHAP. X.

A Youthful Effuſion.

CAMILLA now thought herſelf ſafe in harbour; the ſtorms all over, the dangers all paſt, and but a light gale or two wanting to make good her landing on the boſom of permanent repoſe. This gale, this propitious gale, ſhe thought ready to blow at her call; for ſhe deemed it no other than the breath of jealouſy. She had ſeen Edgar, though he knew her to be protected, follow her to the coach, and ſhe had ſeen, by the light afforded from the lamps of the carriage, that her ſafety from the crowd and tumult was not the ſole object of his watchfulneſs, ſince though that, at the inſtant ſhe turned round, was obviouſly ſecure, his countenance exhibited the ſtrongeſt marks of diſturbance. The ſecret ſpring, therefore, ſhe

ſhe now thought, that was to re-unite them, was in her own poſſeſſion.

All the counſels of Mrs. Arlbery upon this ſubject occurred to her; and imagining ſhe had hitherto erred from a ſimple facility, ſhe rejoiced in the accident which had pointed her to a ſafer path, and ſhewn her that, in the preſent diſordered ſtate of the opinions of Edgar, the only way to a laſting accommodation was to alarm his ſecurity, by aſſerting her own independence.

Her difficulty, however, was ſtill conſiderable as to the means. The ſevere puniſhment ſhe had received, and the ſelf blame and penitence ſhe had incurred, from her experiment with Sir Sedley Clarendel, all rendered, too, abortive, by Edgar's contempt of the object, determined her to ſuffer no hopes, no feelings of her own, to engroſs her ever more from weighing thoſe of another. The end, therefore, of her deliberation was to ſhew general gaiety, without appropriate favour,

and

and to renew ſolicitude on his part by a diſplayed eaſe of mind on her own.

Elated with this idea, ſhe determined upon every poſſible public exhibition by which ſhe could execute it to the beſt advantage. Mrs. Berlinton had but to appear, to ſecure the moſt faſhionable perſons at Southampton for her parties, and ſoon renewed the ſame courſe of life ſhe had lived at Tunbridge, of ſeeing company either at home or abroad every day, except when ſome accidental plan offered a ſcheme of more novelty.

Upon all theſe occaſions, young Weſtwyn, though wholly unſought, and even unthought of by Camilla, was inſtinctively and incautiouſly the moſt alert to ſecond her plan; he was her firſt partner when ſhe danced, her conſtant attendant when ſhe walked, and always in wait to converſe with her when ſhe was ſeated; while, not purpoſing to engage him, ſhe perceived not his faſt growing regard, and intending to be open to all alike, obſerved not the thwarting

thwarting effect to her design of this peculiar assiduity.

By old Mr. Westwyn this intercourse was yet more urgently forwarded. Bewitched with Camilla, he carried his son to her wherever she appeared, and said aloud to every body but herself: "If the boy and girl like one another, they shall have one another; and I won't inquire what she's worth; for she thinks so well of my son, that I'd rather he'd have her than an empress. Money goes but a little way to make people happy; and true love's not a thing to be got every day; so if she has a mind to my Hal, and Hal has a mind to her, why, if they have not enough, he must work hard and get more. I don't like to cross young people. Better let a man labour with his hands, than fret away his spirit. Neither a boy nor a girl are good for much when they've got their hearts broke."

This new experiment of Camilla, like every other deduced from false reasoning, and formed upon false principles, was

flattering in its promiſe, pernicious in its progreſs, and abortive in its performance. Edgar ſaw with agony what he conceived the aſcendance of a new attachment built upon the declenſion of all regard for himſelf; and in the firſt horror of his apprehenſions, would have reſiſted the ſupplanter by enforcing his own final claim; but Dr. Marchmont repreſented that, ſince he had heard in ſilence his right to that claim ſolemnly withdrawn, he had better firſt aſcertain if this apparent connection with young Weſtwyn were the motive, or only the conſequence of that reſumption: "If the firſt be the caſe," he added, "you muſt truſt her no more; a heart ſo inflammable as to be kindled into paſſion by a mere accidental blaze of gallantry and valour, can have nothing in conſonance with the chaſte purity and fidelity your character requires and merits: If the laſt, inveſtigate whether the net in which ſhe is entangling herſelf is that of levity, delighting in change, or of pique, diſguiſing its own agitation in efforts to agitate others."

"Alas!"

"Alas!" cried the melancholy Edgar, "in either caſe, ſhe is no more the artleſs Camilla I firſt adored! that fatal connection at the Grove, formed while her character, pure, white, and ſpotleſs, was in its enchanting, but dangerous ſtate of firſt ductility, has already broken into that clear tranſparent ſingleneſs of mind, ſo beautiful in its total ignorance of every ſpecies of ſcheme, every ſort of double meaſure, every idea of ſecret view and latent expedient!"

"Repine not, however, at the connection till you know whether ſhe owe to it her defects, or only their manifeſtation. A man ſhould ſee the woman he would marry in many ſituations, ere he can judge what chance he may have of happineſs with her in any. Though now and then 'tis a bleſſed, 'tis always a perilous ſtate; but the man who has to weather its ſtorms, ſhould not be remiſs in ſtudying the clouds which precede them."

"Ah, Doctor! by this delay----by theſe experiments----ſhould I loſe her!----"

"If

"If by finding her unworthy, where is the loſs?"

Edgar ſighed, but acknowledged this queſtion to be unanſwerable.

"Think, my dear young friend, what would be your ſufferings to diſcover any radical, inherent failing, when irremediably her's! run not into the very common error of depending upon the gratitude of your wife after marriage, for the inequality of her fortune before your union. She who has no fortune at all, owes you no more for your alliance, than ſhe who has thouſands; for you do not marry her becauſe ſhe has no fortune! you marry her becauſe you think ſhe has ſome endowment, mental or perſonal, which you conclude will conduce to your happineſs; and ſhe, on her part, accepts you, becauſe ſhe ſuppoſes you or your ſituation will contribute to her's. The object may be different, but neither ſide is indebted to the other, ſince each has ſelf, only, in contemplation; and thus, in fact, rich or poor, high or low, whatever be the previous diſtinction between the parties, on the

the hour of marriage they begin as equals. The obligation and the debt of gratitude can only commence when the knot is tied: ſelf, then, may give way to ſympathy; and whichever, from that moment, moſt conſiders the other, becomes immediately the creditor in the great account of life and happineſs."

* * * *

While Camilla, in gay ignorance of danger, and awake only to hope, purſued her new courſe, Eugenia had the infinite delight of improving daily and even hourly in the good graces of Mrs. Berlinton; who ſoon diſcovered how wide from juſtice to that excellent young creature was all judgment that could be formed from her appearance. She found that ſhe was as elegant in her taſte for letters as herſelf, and far more deeply cultivated in their knowledge; that her manners were gentle, her ſentiments were elevated, yet that her mind was humble; the ſame authors delighted and the ſame paſſages ſtruck them; they met every morning; they thought every

morning

morning too ſhort, and their friendſhip, in a very few days, knit by ſo many bands of ſympathy, was as fully eſtabliſhed as that which already Mrs. Berlinton had formed with Camilla.

To Eugenia this treaty of amity was a delicious poiſon, which, while it enchanted her faculties by day, preyed upon her vitals by night. She frequently ſaw Melmond, and though a melancholy bow was almoſt all the notice ſhe ever obtained from him, the countenance with which he made it, his air, his figure, his face, nay his very dreſs, for the half inſtant he beſtowed upon her, occupied all her thoughts till ſhe ſaw him again, and had another to con over and dwell upon.

Melmond, inexpreſſibly wretched at the deprivation of all hope of Indiana, at the very period when fortune ſeemed to favour his again purſuing her, dreamt not of this partiality. His time was devoted to deliberating upon ſome lucrative ſcheme of future life, which his literary turn of mind rendered difficult of ſelection, and which his refined

refined love of ſtudy and retirement made hateful to him to undertake.

He was kind, however, and even conſoling to his aunt, who ſaw his nearly deſolate ſtate with a compunction bitterly increaſed by finding ſhe had thrown their joint properties, with her own perſon, into the hands of a rapacious tyrant. To ſoften her repentance, and allow her the ſoothing of all ſhe could ſpare of her own time, Mrs. Berlinton invited her to her own houſe. Mr. Ulſt, of courſe included in the invitation, made the removal with alacrity, not for the pleaſure it procured his wife, but for the money it ſaved himſelf; and Mrs. Mittin voluntarily reſigned to them the apartment ſhe had choſen for her own, by way of a little peace-offering for her undeſired length of ſtay; for ſtill, though inceſſantly Camilla inquired for her account, ſhe had received no anſwer from the creditors, and was obliged to wait for another and another poſt.

Mrs. Ulſt, though not well enough, at preſent, to ſee company, and at all times, fanatically

fanatically averſe to every ſpecies of recreation, could not entirely avoid Eugenia, whoſe viſits were conſtant every morning, and whoſe expected inheritance made a ſimilar wiſh occur for her nephew, with that which had diſpoſed of her niece; for ſhe flattered herſelf that if once ſhe could ſee them both in poſſeſſion of great wealth, her mind would be more at eaſe.

She communicated this idea to Mr. Ulſt, who, moſt willing, alſo, to get rid of the reproach of the poverty and ruin of Melmond, imparted it, with ſtrong exhortation for its promotion, to the young man; but he heard with diſdain the mercenary project, and proteſted he would daily labour for his bread, in preference to proſtituting his probity, by ſoliciting a regard he could never return, for the acquirement of a fortune which he never could merit.

Mr. Ulſt, much too hard to feel this as any reflection upon himſelf, applied for the intereſt of Mrs. Berlinton; but ſhe ſo completely thought with her brother, that

ſhe

ſhe would not interfere, till Mr. Ulſt made ſome obſervations upon Eugenia herſelf, that inclined her to waver.

He ſoon remarked, in that young and artleſs character, the ſymptoms of the partiality ſhe had conceived in favour of Melmond, which, when once pointed out, could not be miſtaken by Mrs. Berlinton, who, though more than equally ſuſceptible with Eugenia, was ſelf-occupied, and ſaw neither her emotion at his name, nor her timid air at his approach, till Mr. Ulſt, whoſe diſcernment had been quickened by his wiſhes, told her when, and for what, to look.

Touched now, herſelf, by the double happineſs that might enſue, from a gratified choice to Eugenia, and a noble fortune to her brother, ſhe took up the cauſe, with delicacy, yet with pity; repreſenting all the charming mental and intellectual accompliſhments of Eugenia, and beſeeching him not to ſacrifice both his intereſt and his peace, in ſubmitting to a hopeleſs

hopeleſs paſſion for one object, while he inflicted all its horrors upon another.

Melmond, amazed and ſoftened, liſtened and ſighed; but proteſted ſuch a change, from all of beauty to all of deformity, was impracticable; and that though he revered the character ſhe painted, and was ſenſible to the honour of ſuch a preference, he muſt be baſe, double, and perjured, to take advantage of her great, yet unaccountable goodneſs, by heartleſs profeſſions of feigned participation.

Mrs. Berlinton, to whom ſentiment was irreſiſtible, urged the matter no longer, but wept over her brother, with compaſſionate admiration.

Another day only paſſed, when Mrs. Mitiin picked up a paper upon the ſtairs, which ſhe ſaw fall from the pocket of Eugenia, in drawing out her handkerchief, but which, determining to read ere ſhe returned, ſhe found contained theſe lines.

"O Reaſon!

" O Reaſon! friend of the troubled
" breaſt, guide of the wayward fancy,
" moderator of the flights of hope, and
" ſinkings of deſpair, Eugenia calls thee!

" O! to a feeble, ſuppliant Maid,
" Light of Reaſon, lend thy aid!
" And with thy mild, thy lucid ray,
" Point her the way
" To genial calm and mental joy!
" From Paſſion far! whoſe flaſhes bright
" Startle—affright—
" Yet ah! invite!
" With varying powers attract, repel,
" Now fiercely beam,
" Now ſoftly gleam,
" With magic ſpell
" Charm to conſume, win to deſtroy!
" Ah! lead her from the chequer'd glare
" So falſe, ſo fair!—
" Ah, quick from Paſſion bid her fly,
" Its ſway repulſe, its wiles defy;
" And to a feeble, ſuppliant heart
" Thy aid, O Reaſon's light, impart!

" Next, Eugenia, point thy prayer
" That He whom all thy wiſhes bleſs,
" Whom all thy tendereſt thoughts confeſs,
" Thy calm may prove, thy peace may ſhare.
" O, if the griefs to him aſſign'd,
" To thee might paſs—thy ſtrengthened mind
" Would

" Would meet all woe, ſupport all pain,
" Suffering deſpiſe, complaint diſdain,
" Brac'd with new nerves each ill would brave,
" From Melmond but one pang to ſave!"

Overjoyed by the poſſeſſion of the important ſecret this little juvenile effuſion of tenderneſs betrayed, Mrs. Mittin ran with it to Mrs. Berlinton, and without mentioning ſhe had ſeen whence the paper came, ſaid ſhe had found it upon the ſtairs: for even thoſe who have too little delicacy to attribute to treachery a clandeſtine indulgence of curioſity, have a certain inſtinctive ſenſe of its unfairneſs, which they evince without avowing, by the care with which they ſoften their motives, or their manner, of according themſelves this ſpecies of gratification.

Mrs. Berlinton, who ſcrupulouſly would have withheld from looking into a letter, could not ſee a copy of verſes, and recogniſe the hand of Eugenia, already known to her by frequent notes, and refrain reading. That ſhe ſhould find any thing perſonal, did not occur to her; to peruſe,

therefore, a manuſcript ode or ſonnet, which the humility of Eugenia might never voluntarily reveal, cauſed her no heſitation; and ſhe ran through the lines with the warmeſt delight, till, coming ſuddenly upon the end, ſhe burſt into tears, and flew to the apartment of her brother.

She put the paper into his hand without a word. He read it haſtily. Surpriſed, confounded, diſordered, he looked at his ſiſter for ſome explanation or comment; ſhe was ſtill ſilently in tears; he read it again, and with yet greater emotion; when, holding it back to her, "Why, my ſiſter," he cried, "why would ſhe give you this? why would you deliver it? Ah! leave me, in pity, firm in integrity, though fallen in fortune!"

"My brother, my dear brother, this matchleſs creature merits not ſo degrading an idea; ſhe gave me not the precious paper----ſhe knows not I poſſeſs it; it was found upon the ſtairs: Ah! far from thus openly confeſſing her unhappy prepoſſeſſion, ſhe conceals it from every human being;

being; even her beloved ſiſter, I am convinced, is untruſted; upon paper only ſhe has breathed it, and breathed it as you ſee----with a generoſity of ſoul that is equal to the delicacy of her conduct."

Melmond now felt ſubdued. To have excited ſuch a regard in a mind that ſeemed ſo highly cultivated, and ſo naturally elegant, could not fail to touch him; and the concluding line deeply penetrated him with tender though melancholy gratitude. He took the hand of his ſiſter, returned her the paper, and was going to ſay: "Do whatever you think proper;" but the idea of loſing all right to adore Indiana checked and ſilenced him; and mournfully telling her he required a little time for reflection, he entreated to be left to himſelf.

He was not ſuffered to ruminate in quiet; Mrs. Mittin, proud of having any thing to communicate to a relation of Mrs. Berlinton's, made an opportunity to ſit with Mrs. Ulſt, purpoſely to communicate to her the diſcovery that Miſs Eugenia

Tyrold was in love with, and wrote verſes upon, her nephew. Melmond was inſtantly ſent for; the important ſecret was enlarged upon with remonſtrances ſo pathetic, not to throw away ſuch an invitation to the moſt brilliant good fortune, in order to caſt himſelf, with his vainly nouriſhed paſſion, upon immediate hardſhips, or laſting penury; that reaſon as well as intereſt, compelled him to liſten; and, after a ſevere conflict, he gave his reluctant promiſe to ſee Eugenia upon her next viſit, and endeavour to bias his mind to the connexion that ſeemed likely to enſue.

Camilla, who was in total ignorance of the whole of this buſineſs, received, during the dinner, an incoherent note from her ſiſter, conjuring that ſhe would ſearch immediately, but privately, in her own chamber, in the dreſſing-room of Mrs. Berlinton, in the hall, and upon the ſtairs, for a paper in her hand-writing, which ſhe had ſomewhere loſt, but which ſhe beſought her, by all that ſhe held dear, not to read when ſhe found; proteſting ſhe ſhould

ſhut

ſhut herſelf up for ever from the whole world, if a ſyllable of what ſhe had written on that paper were read by a human being.

Camilla could not endure to keep her ſiſter a moment in this ſuſpenſive ſtate, and made an excuſe for quitting the table that ſhe might inſtantly ſeek the manuſcript. Melmond and Mrs. Berlinton both conjectured the contents of the billet, and felt much for the modeſt and timid Eugenia; but Mrs. Mittin could not confine herſelf to ſilent ſuggeſtion; ſhe roſe alſo, and running after Camilla, ſaid: "My dear Miſs, has your ſiſter ſent to you to look for any thing?"

Camilla aſked the meaning of her inquiry; and ſhe then owned ſhe had picked up, from the ſtairs, a ſort of love letter, in which Miſs Eugenia had wrote couplets upon Mr. Melmond.

Inexpreſſibly aſtoniſhed, Camilla demanded their reſtoration; this ſoon produced a complete explanation, and while, with equal ſurpriſe and concern, ſhe learnt the ſecret of Eugenia, and its diſcovery to

its object, she could not but respect and honour all she gathered from Mrs. Berlinton of the behaviour of her brother upon the detection; and his equal freedom from presumptuous vanity, or mercenary projects, induced her to believe her sister's choice, though wholly new to her, was well founded; and that if he could conquer his early propensity for Indiana, he seemed, of all the characters she knew, Edgar alone and always excepted, the most peculiarly formed for the happiness of Eugenia.

She begged to have the paper, and entreated her sister might never know into whose hands it had fallen. This was cheerfully agreed to; but Mrs. Mittin, during the conference, had already flown to Eugenia, and amidst a torrent of offers of service, and professions of power to do any thing she pleased for her, suffered her to see that her attachment was betrayed to the whole house.

The agony of Eugenia was excessive; and she resolved to keep her chamber till she

ſhe returned to Cleves, that ſhe might neither ſee nor be ſeen any more by Melmond nor his family. Scarce could ſhe bear to be broken in upon even by Camilla, who tenderly haſtened to conſole her. She hid her bluſhing conſcious face, and proteſted ſhe would inhabit only her own apartment for the reſt of her life.

The active Mrs. Mittin failed not to carry back the hiſtory of this reſolution; and Melmond, to his unſpeakable regret in being thus precipitated, thought himſelf called upon in all decency and propriety to an immediate declaration. He could not, however, aſſume fortitude to make it in perſon; nor yet was his mind ſufficiently compoſed for writing; he commiſſioned, therefore, his ſiſter to be the bearer of his overtures.

He charged her to make no mention of the verſes, which it was fitting ſhould, on his part, paſs unnoticed, though ſhe could not but be ſenſible his preſent addreſs was their conſequence; he deſired her ſimply

to ſtate his high reverence for her virtues and talents, and his conſciouſneſs of the inadequacy of his pretenſions to any claim upon them, except what aroſe from the grateful integrity of eſteem with which her happineſs ſhould become the firſt object of his future life, if ſhe forbade not his application for the conſent of Sir Hugh and Mr. Tyrold to ſolicit her favour.

With reſpect to Indiana, he begged her, unleſs queſtioned, to be wholly ſilent. To ſay his flame for that adorable creature was extinguiſhed would be utterly falſe; but his peace, as much as his honour, would lead him to combat, henceforth, by all the means in his power, his ill-fated and woe-teeming paſſion.

This commiſſion was in perfect conſonance with the feelings of Mrs. Berlinton, who, though with difficulty ſhe gained admiſſion, executed it with the moſt tender delicacy to the terrified Eugenia, who, amazed and trembling, pale and incredulous, ſo little underſtood what ſhe heard, ſo little was able to believe what ſhe wiſhed,

that,

that, when Mrs. Berlinton, with an affectionate embrace, begged her anſwer, ſhe aſked if it was not Indiana of whom ſhe was ſpeaking!

Mrs. Berlinton then thought it right to be explicit; ſhe acknowledged the early paſſion of her brother for that young lady, but ſtated that, long before he had ventured to think of herſelf, he had determined its conqueſt; and that what originally was the prudence of compulſion, was now, from his altered proſpects in life, become choice: "And believe me," added ſhe, "from my long and complete knowledge of the honour and the delicacy of his opinion, as well as of the tenderneſs and gratitude of his nature, the woman who ſhall once receive his vows, will find his life devoted to the ſtudy of her happineſs."

Eugenia flew into her arms, hung upon her boſom, wept, bluſhed, ſmiled, and ſighed, alternately; one moment wiſhed Indiana in poſſeſſion of her fortune, the next thought ſhe herſelf, in all but beauty, more formed for his felicity, and ulti-

mately gave her tacit but tranſported conſent to the application.

Melmond, upon receiving it, heaved what he fondly hoped would be his laſt ſigh for Indiana; and ordering his horſe, ſet off immediately for Cleves and Etherington; determined frankly to ſtate his ſmall income and cruſhed expectations; and feeling almoſt equally indifferent to acceptance or rejection.

Camilla devoted the afternoon to her agitated but enraptured ſiſter, who deſired her ſecret might ſpread no further, till the will of her father and uncle ſhould decide its fate; but the loquacious Mrs. Mittin, having ſome cheap ribands and fine edgings to recommend to Miſs Margland and Indiana, could by no means refrain from informing them, at the ſame time, of the diſcovered manuſcript.

"Poor thing!" cried Indiana, "I really pity her. I don't think," imperceptibly gliding towards the glaſs; "I don't think, by what I have ſeen of Mr. Melmond,

mond, ſhe has much chance; I've a notion he's rather more difficult."

"Really this is what I always expected!" ſaid Miſs Margland; "It's juſt exactly what one might look for from one of your learned educations, which I always deſpiſed with all my heart. Writing love verſes at fifteen! Dr. Orkborne's made a fine hand of her! I always hated him, from the very firſt. However, I've had nothing to do with the bringing her up, that's my conſolation! I thank Heaven I never made a verſe in my life! and I never intend it."

CHAP. XI.

The Computations of Self-Love.

CAMILLA left her ſiſter to accompany Mrs. Berlinton to the Rooms; no other mode remaining for ſeeing Edgar, who, ſince her rejection, had held back from repeating his attempt of viſiting Mrs. Berlinton.

In mutual ſolicitude, mutual watchfulneſs, and mutual trials of each other's hearts and eſteem, a week had already paſſed, without one hope being extirpated, or one doubt allayed. This evening was ſomewhat more, though leſs pleaſantly deciſive.

Accident, want of due conſideration, and ſudden recollection, in an agitated moment, of the worldly doctrine of Mrs. Arlbery, had led Camilla, once more, into the ſemblance of a character, which,

without thinking of, ſhe was acting. Born ſimple and ingenuous, and bred to hold in horror every ſpecies of art, all idea of coquetry was foreign to her meaning, though an untoward contrariety of circumſtances, playing upon feelings too potent for deliberations, had eluded her into a conduct as miſchievous in its effects, and as wide from artleſſneſs in its appearance, as if ſhe had been brought up and nouriſhed in faſhionable egotiſm.

Such, however, was not Camilla: her every propenſity was pure, and, when reflection came to her aid, her conduct was as exemplary as her wiſhes. But the ardour of her imagination, acted upon by every paſſing idea, ſhook her Judgment from its yet unſteady ſeat, and left her at the mercy of wayward Senſibility—that delicate, but irregular power, which now impels to all that is moſt diſintereſted for others, now forgets all mankind, to watch the pulſations of its own fancies.

This

This evening brought her back to recollection.—Young Weſtwyn, urged by what he deemed encouragement, and prompted by his impatient father, ſpoke of his intended viſit to Cleves, and introduction to Sir Hugh, in terms of ſuch animated pleaſure, and with a manner of ſuch open admiration, that ſhe could not miſtake the ſerious purpoſes which he meant to imply.

Alarmed, ſhe looked at him; but the expreſſion of his eyes was not ſuch as to ſtill her ſuſpicions. Frightened at what now ſhe firſt obſerved, ſhe turned from him, gravely, meaning to avoid converſing with him the reſt of the evening; but her caution came too late; her firſt civilities had flattered both him and his father into a belief of her favour, and this ſudden drawback he imputed only to virgin modeſty, which but added to the fervour of his devoirs.

Camilla now perceived her own error: the perſeverance of young Weſtwyn not merely ſtartled, but appalled her. His character,

character, unaſſuming, though ſpirited, was marked by a general decency and propriety of demeanour, that would not preſumptuouſly brave diſtancing; and awakened her, therefore, to a review of her own conduct, as it related, or as it might ſeem, to himſelf.

And here, not all the guiltleſſneſs of her intentions could exonerate her from blame with that finely ſcrutinizing monitor to which Heaven, in pity to thoſe evil propenſities that law cannot touch, nor ſociety reclaim, has devolved its earthly juriſdiction in the human breaſt. With her hopes ſhe could play, with her wiſhes ſhe could trifle, her intentions ſhe could defend, her deſigns ſhe could relinquiſh —but with her conſcience ſhe could not combat. It pointed beyond the preſent moment; it took her back to her imprudence with Sir Sedley Clarendel, which ſhould have taught her more circumſpection; and it carried her on to the diſappointment of Henry and his father, whom while heedleſsly ſhe had won, though without

out the moſt remote view to beguile, ſhe might ſeem artfully to have caught, for the wanton vanity of rejecting.

While advice and retroſpection were thus alike oppreſſive in accuſation, her penſive air and withdrawn ſmiles proved but more endearing to young Weſtwyn, whoſe internal interpretation was ſo little adapted to render them formidable, that his aſſiduities were but more tender, and allowed her no repoſe.

Edgar, who with the moſt ſuffering ſuſpenſe, obſerved her unuſual ſerioufneſs, and its effect upon Henry, drew from it, with the cuſtomary ingenuity of ſenſitive minds to torment themſelves, the ſame inference for his cauſeleſs torture, as proved to his rival a deluſive bleſſing. But while thus he contemplated Henry as the moſt to be envied of mortals, a new ſcene called forth new ſurpriſe, and gave birth to yet new doubts in his mind. He ſaw Camilla not merely turn wholly away from his rival, but enter into converſation, and give, apparently, her whole attention

attention to Lord Valhurſt, who, it was palpable, only ſpoke to her of her charms, which, alternately with thoſe of Mrs. Berlinton, he devoted his whole time to worſhipping.

Camilla by this action, meant ſimply to take the quickeſt road ſhe ſaw in her power to ſhew young Weſtwyn his miſtake. Lord Valhurſt ſhe held nearly in averſion; for, though his vindication of his upright motives at the bathing-houſe, joined to her indifference in conſidering him either guilty or innocent, made her conclude he might be blameleſs in that tranſaction, his perpetual compliments, enforced by ſtaring eyes and tender glances, wearied and diſguſted her. But he was always by her ſide, when not in the ſame poſition with Mrs. Berlinton; and while his readineſs to engage her made this her eaſieſt expedient, his time of life perſuaded her it was the ſafeſt. Little aware of the effect this produced upon Edgar, ſhe imagined he would not more notice her in any converſation with

Lord

Lord Valhurſt, than if ſhe were diſcourſing with her uncle.

But while ſhe judged from the ſincerity of reality, ſhe thought not of the miſchief of appearance. What in her was deſigned with innocence, was rendered ſuſpicious to the obſervers by the looks and manner of her companion. The pleaſure with which he found, at laſt, that incenſe received, which hitherto had been ſlighted, gave new zeſt to an adulation which, while Camilla endured merely to ſhew her coldneſs to young Weſtwyn, ſeemed to Edgar to be offered with a groſs preſumption o welcome, that muſt reſult from an opinion it was addreſſed to a confirmed coquette.

Offended in his inmoſt ſoul by this idea, he ſcarce deſired to know if ſhe were now ſtimulated moſt by a wiſh to torment Henry, or himſelf, or only by the general pleaſure ſhe found in this new mode of amuſement. "Be it," cried he, to Dr. Marchmont, "as it may, with me all is equally over! I ſeek not to recall an attachment liable to ſuch intermiſſions, ſuch commotions.

commotions. What would be my peace, my tranquillity, with a companion ſo unſtable? A mind all at large in its purſuits? —a diſſipated wife!—No!—I will remain here but to let her know I acquieſce in her diſmiſſion, and to learn in what form ſhe has communicated our breach to her friends."

Dr. Marchmont was ſilent, and they walked out of the room together; leaving the deceived Camilla perſuaded he was ſo indifferent with regard to the old peer, that all her influence was loſt, and all her late exertions were thrown away, by one evening's remiſſneſs in exciting his fears of a young rival.

* * * *

Melmond returned to Southampton the next morning with an air of deep and ſettled melancholy. He had found the two brothers together, and the candour of his appearance, the plainneſs of his declaration, the openneſs with which he ſtated his ſituation,

ation, and his near relationſhip to Mrs. Berlinton, procured him a courteous hearing; and he ſoon ſaw that both the father and the uncle, though they deſired time for conſideration and inquiry, were diſpoſed to favour him. Mr. Tyrold, though, to his acknowledged recent diſappointment of fortune, he attributed his addreſs, had ſo little hope that any man at once amiable and rich would preſent himſelf to his unfortunate Eugenia, that, when he ſaw a gentleman well educated, well allied, of pleaſing manners, and with every external promiſe of a good and feeling character, modeſtly, and with no profeſſions but of eſteem and reſpect, ſeek her of her friends, he thought himſelf not even entitled to refuſe him. He told him, however, that he could conclude upon nothing in a matter of ſuch equal intereſt to himſelf and his wife, without her knowledge and concurrence; and that during the time he demanded before he gave a final anſwer, he required a forbearance of all intercourſe, beyond that of a common acquaintance.

quaintance. His firſt deſign was immediately to ſend for Eugenia home; but the young man appeared ſo reaſonable, ſo mild, ſo unlike a fortune-hunter, that, conſtitutionally indulgent where he apprehended nothing criminal, he contented himſelf with writing to the ſame effect to Eugenia, fully ſatisfied of her ſcrupulous punctuality, when once his will was known.

Melmond, though thus well received, returned back to Southampton with any air rather than that of a bridegroom. The order, not to wait upon Eugenia in private, was the only part of his taſk he performed with ſatisfaction; for though a mind really virtuous made him wiſh to conquer his repugnance to his future partner, he felt it could not be by comparing her with Indiana.

Eugenia received the letter of her father, written in his own and her uncle's name, with tranſport; and, to teſtify her grateful obedience, reſolved to name the impending tranſaction to no one, and even

to

to relinquiſh her viſits to Mrs. Berlinton, and only to ſee Melmond when accident brought him before her in public.

But Mrs. Mittin, through words caſually dropt, or converſations not very delicately overheard, ſoon gathered the particulars of her ſituation, which happily furniſhed her with a new ſubject for a goſſipping viſit to Miſs Margland and Indiana. The firſt of theſe ladies received the news with unconcern, rather pleaſed than otherwiſe, that the temptation of an heireſs ſhould be removed from any rivalry with the charms of her fair pupil; who, by no means, however, liſtened to the account with equal indifference. The ſight of Melmond at Southampton, with the circumſtance of his being brother to the Honourable Mrs. Berlinton, had awakened all the pleaſure with which ſhe had firſt met his impaſſioned admiration; and while ſhe haughtily expected from every public exhibition, "to bring home hearts by dozens," the ſecret point ſhe had in view, was ſhewing Melmond that her

power over others was as mighty as it had been over himſelf. She had not taken the trouble to aſk with what end: what was paſſed never afforded her an obſervation; what was to come never called forth an idea. Occupied only by the preſent moment, things gone remained upon her memory but as matters of fact, and all her expectations ſhe looked forward to but as matters of courſe. To loſe, therefore, a conqueſt ſhe had thought the victim of her beauty for life, was a ſurpriſe nearly incredible; to loſe him to Eugenia an affront ſcarcely ſupportable; and ſhe waited but an opportunity to kill him with her diſdain. But Melmond, who dreaded nothing ſo much as an interview, availed himſelf of the commands of Mr. Tyrold, in not going to the lodgings of Eugenia, and lived abſorbed in a melancholy retirement, which books alone could a little alleviate.

The concluſion of the letter of Mr. Tyrold gave to Camilla as much pain as every other part of it gave to Eugenia

 pleaſure:

pleaſure: it was an earneſt and parentally tender prayer, that the alliance with Melmond, ſhould his worth appear ſuch as to authoriſe its taking place, might prove the counterpart to the happineſs ſo ſweetly promiſed from that of her ſiſter with Edgar.

While Camilla ſighed to conſider how wide from the certainty with which he mentioned it was ſuch an event, ſhe bluſhed that he ſhould thus be uninformed of her inſecurity: but while a reconciliation was not more her hope than her expectation with every riſing ſun, ſhe could not endure to break his repoſe with the knowledge of a ſuſpenſe ſhe thought as diſgraceful as it was unhappy. Yet her preſent ſcheme to accelerate its termination, became difficult even of trial.

The obviouſly ſerious regard of Henry was a continual reproach to her; and the undiſguiſed approbation of his father was equally painful. Yet ſhe could now only eſcape them by turning to ſome other, and that other was neceſſarily Lord Valhurſt,

whoſe cloſe ſiege to her notice forced off every aſſailant but himſelf. This the deluded Camilla thought an expedient the moſt innoxious; and gave to him ſo much of her time, that his ſuſceptibility to the charms of youth and beauty was put to a trial beyond his fortitude; and, in a very few days, notwithſtanding their diſproportion in age, his embarraſſed though large eſtates, and the little or no fortune which ſhe had in view, he determined to marry her: for when a man of rank and riches reſolves to propoſe himſelf to a woman who has neither, he conceives his acceptance not a matter of doubt.

In any other ſociety, his admiration of Camilla might eaſily, like what he had already experienced and forgotten for thouſands of her ſex, have eſcaped ſo grave or decided a tendency; but in Mrs. Berlinton he ſaw ſo much of youth and beauty beſtowed upon a man whom he knew to be his own ſenior in age, that the idea of a handſome young wife was perpetually preſent to him. He weighed,

like all people who ſeek to entice themſelves to their own wiſhes, but one ſide of the queſtion; and riſked, like all who ſucceed in ſuch ſelf-ſeduction, the inconvenience of finding out the other ſide too late. He ſaw the attractions of his fair kinſwoman; but neglected to conſider of how little avail they were to her huſband; he thought, with exultation of that huſband's age, and almoſt childiſhneſs; but forgot to take into the ſcales, that they had obtained from his youthful choice only diſguſt and avoidance.

While he waited for ſome trinkets, which he had ordered from town, to have ready for preſenting with his propoſals, Edgar only ſought an opportunity and courage to take his laſt farewel. Whenever Camilla was ſo much engaged with others that it was impoſſible to approach her, he thought himſelf capable of uttering an eternal adieu; but when, by any opening, he ſaw where and how he might addreſs her, his feet refuſed to move, his tongue became parched, and his pleading

heart ſeemed exclaiming: O, not to-night! yet, yet, another day, ere Camilla is parted with for ever!

But ſuddenly, ſoon after, Camilla ceaſed to appear. At the rooms, at the plays, at the balls, and at the private aſſemblies, Edgar looked for her in vain. Her old adulator, alſo, vaniſhed from public places, while her young admirer and his father hovered about in them as uſual, but ſpiritleſs, comfortleſs, and as if in the ſame ſearch as himſelf.

CHAP. XII.

Juvenile Calculations.

MRS. NORFIELD, a lady whom circumſtances had brought into ſome intimacy with Mrs. Berlinton upon her marriage, had endeavoured, from the firſt of her entrance into high life, to draw her into a love of play; not with an idea of doing her any miſchief, for ſhe was no more her enemy than her friend; but to anſwer her own purpoſes of having a Faro table under her own direction. She was a woman of faſhion, and as ſuch every-where received; but her fortune was ſmall, and her paſſion for gaming inordinate; and as there was not, at this time, one Faro table at Southampton, whither ſhe was ordered for her health, ſhe was almoſt wearied into a lethargy, till her reiterated intreaties prevailed, at length, with Mrs. Berlinton to hold one at her own houſe.

The

The fatigue of life without view, the peril of talents without prudence, and the ſatiety of pleaſure without intermiſſion, were already dangerouſly aſſaulting the early independence and premature power of Mrs. Berlinton; and the moment of vacancy and wearineſs was ſeized by Mrs. Norfield, to preſs the eſſay of a new mode of amuſement.

Mrs. Berlinton's houſe opened, failed not to be filled; and opened for a Faro table, to be filled with a peculiar ſet. To game has, unfortunately, always its attractions; to game with a perfect novice is not what will render it leſs alluring; and to ſee that novice rich and beautiful is ſtill leſs likely to be repelling.

Mr. Berlinton, when he made this marriage, ſuppoſed he had engaged for life a fair nurſe to his infirmities; but when he ſaw her fixed averſion, he had not ſpirit to cope with it; and when ſhe had always an excuſe for a ſeparation, he had not the ſenſe to acquaint himſelf how ſhe paſſed her time in his abſence. A natural imbe-

cility of mind was now nearly verging upon dotage, and as he rarely quitted his room but at meal times, ſhe made a point never to ſee him in any other part of the day. Her antipathy rendered her obdurate, though her diſpoſition was gentle, and ſhe had now left him at Tunbridge, to meet her aunt at Southampton, with a knowledge he was too ill to follow her, and a determination, upon various pretences, to ſtay away from him for ſome months. The ill fate of ſuch unequal alliances is almoſt daily exemplified in life; and though few young brides of old bridegrooms fly their mates thus openly and decidedly, their retainers have ſeldom much cauſe to rejoice in ſuperior happineſs, ſince they are generally regarded but as the gaolers of their young prey.

Moderation was the laſt praiſe to which Mrs. Berlinton had any claim; what ſhe entered upon through perſecution, in an interval of mental ſupineneſs, ſhe was ſoon awake to as a pleaſure, and next purſued as a paſſion. Her beloved correſpondent was neglected; her favourite authors were

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ſet aſide; her country rambles were given up; balls and the rooms were forgotten; and Faro alone engroſſed her faculties by day, and her dreams during the ſhort epoch ſhe reſerved for ſleep at night. She loſt, as might be expected, as conſtantly as ſhe played; but as money was not what ſhe naturally valued, ſhe diſdained to weigh that circumſtance; and ſo long as ſhe had any to pay, reſigned it with more grace than by others it was won.

That Camilla was not caught by this ruinous faſcination, was not ſimply the effect of neceſſity. Had the ſtate of her finances been as flouriſhing as it was decayed, ſhe would have been equally ſteady in this forbearance: her reaſon was fair, though her feelings frequently chaced it from the field. She looked on, therefore, with ſafety, though not wholly with indifference; ſhe had too much fancy not to be amuſed by the ſpirit of the buſineſs, and was too animated not to take part in the ſucceſſive hopes and fears of the ſeveral competitors; but though her quick ſenſa-

tions prompted a readineſs, like that of Mrs. Berlinton, to enter warmly into all that was preſented to her, the reſemblance went no further; what ſhe was once convinced was wrong ſhe was incapable of practiſing.

Upon Gaming, the firſt feeling and the lateſt reflection are commonly one; both point its hazards to be unneceſſary, its purpoſes rapacious, and its end deſperate loſs, or deſtructive gain; ſhe not only, therefore, held back; ſhe took the liberty, upon the privilege of their avowed friendſhip, to remonſtrate againſt this dangerous paſtime with Mrs. Berlinton. But that lady, though eminently deſigned to be amiable, had now contracted the fearful habit of giving way to every propenſity; and finding her native notions of happineſs were blighted in the bud, concluded that all which now remained for her was the indulgence of every luxury. She heard with ſweetneſs the expoſtulation of her young friend; but ſhe purſued her own courſe.

In

In a very few days, however, while the bluſh of ſhame died her beautiful cheeks, ſhe inquired if Camilla could lend her a a little ready money.

A bluſh of no leſs unpleaſant feelings overſpread the face of her fair gueſt, in being compelled to own ſhe had none to lend; but ſhe eagerly promiſed to procure ſome from Mrs. Mittin, who had a note in her hand to exchange for the payment of ſome ſmall debts contracted at Tunbridge. Mrs. Berlinton, gathering, from her confuſion, how ill ſhe was ſtored, would not hear of applying to this reſource, "though I hate," ſhe cried, "to be indebted to that odious old couſin, of whom I was obliged to borrow laſt night."

Glaring imprudence in others is a leſſon even to the moſt unthinking; Camilla, when ſhe found that Mrs. Berlinton had loſt every guinea ſhe could command, ventured to renew ſtill more forcibly her exhortations againſt the Faro table; but Mrs. Berlinton, notwithſtanding ſhe poſſeſſed an excellent capacity, was ſo little

fortified with any practical tenets either of religion or morality, that where ſentiment did not take the part of what was right, ſhe had no preſervative againſt what was wrong. The Faro table, therefore, was ſtill opened; and Lord Valhurſt, by the ſums he lent, obtained every privilege of intimacy in the family, except that of being welcome.

Againſt this perilous mode of proceeding Camilla was not the only warner. Mrs. Ulſt ſaw with extreme repugnance the mode of life her niece was purſuing, and reprimanded her with ſevere reproach; but her influence was now loſt; and Mrs. Berlinton, though ſhe kindly attended her, and ſought to alleviate her ſufferings, acted as if ſhe were not in exiſtence.

It was now Mrs. Mittin gained the higheſt point of her ambition; Mrs. Berlinton, tired of remonſtrances ſhe could not controvert, and would not obſerve, was extremely relieved by finding a perſon who would ſit with her aunt, comply with her humours, hear her lamentations, ſubſcribe

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to her opinions, and beguile her of her rigid fretfulneſs by the amuſement of goſſiping anecdotes.

Mrs. Mittin had begun life as the apprentice to a ſmall country milliner; but had rendered herſelf ſo uſeful to a ſick elderly gentlewoman, who lodged in the houſe, that ſhe left her a legacy, which, by ſinking into an annuity, enabled her to quit her buſineſs, and ſet up, in her own conception, for a gentlewoman herſelf; though with ſo very ſmall an income, that to ſuſtain her new poſt, ſhe was frequently reduced to far greater dependence and hardſhips than ſhe experienced in her old one. She was good-humoured, yet laborious; gay, yet ſubſervient; poor, yet diſſipated. To be uſeful, ſhe would ſubmit to any drudgery; to become agreeable, devote herſelf to any flattery. To pleaſe was her inceſſant deſire, and her rage for popularity included every rank and claſs of ſociety. The more eminent, of courſe, were her firſt objects, but the ſame aim deſcended to the loweſt. She would work, read, go of errands, or cook a dinner; be a paraſite,

a paraſite, a ſpy, an attendant, a drudge; keep a ſecret, or ſpread a report; incite a quarrel, or coax contending parties into peace; invent any expedient, and execute any ſcheme----all with the pretext to oblige others, but all, in fact, for ſimple egotiſm; as prevalent in her mind as in that of the more highly ambitious, though meaner and leſs dangerous.

Camilla was much relieved when ſhe found this officious perſon was no longer retained ſolely upon her account; but ſtill ſhe could neither obtain her bills, no anſwers ever arriving, nor the money for her twenty pound note, Mrs. Mittin always evading to deliver it, and aſſerting ſhe was ſure ſomebody would come in the ſtage the next day for the payment ſhe had promiſed; and when Camilla wanted caſh for any of the very few articles ſhe now allowed herſelf to think indiſpenſable, inſtead of reſtoring it into her hands, ſhe flew out herſelf to purchaſe the goods that were required, and always brought them home with aſſurances they were cheaper than the ſhopkeepers would let her have them for herſelf.

Camilla

Camilla reſiſted all incitements to new dreſs and new ornaments, with a fortitude which muſt not be judged by the aged, nor the retired, who weighing only the frivolity of what ſhe withſtood, are not qualified to appreciate the merit of this ſort of reſignation; the young, the gay, the new in life, who know that, amongſt minor calamities, none are more alarming to the juvenile breaſt than the fear of not appearing initiated in the reigning modes, can alone do juſtice to the preſent philoſophy of Camilla, in ſeeing that all ſhe wore, by the quick changes of faſhion, ſeemed already out of date; in refuſing to look at the perpetual diverſity of apparel daily brought, by various dreſs modellers, for the approbation of Mrs. Berlinton, and in ſeeing that lady always newly, brightly, and in a diſtinguiſhed manner attired, yet appearing by her ſide in exactly the ſame array that ſhe had conſtantly worn at Tunbridge. Nor was Camilla indifferent to this contraſt; but ſhe ſubmitted to it as the duty of her preſent involved ſituation, which exacted from her every privation, in preference

ference to beſtowing upon any new expence the only ſum ſhe could command towards clearing what was paſt.

But, after a very ſhort time, the little wardrobe exhibited a worſe quality than that of not keeping pace with the laſt devices of the *ton;* it loſt not merely its newneſs, but its delicacy. Alas! thought ſhe, how long, in the careful and rare wear of Etherington and Cleves, all this would have ſerved me; while here, in this daily uſe, a fortnight is ſcarce paſſed, yet all is ſpoilt and deſtroyed. Ah! public places are only for the rich!

Now, therefore, Mrs. Mittin was of ſerious utility; ſhe failed not to obſerve the declining ſtate of her attire; and though ſhe wondered at the parſimony which ſo reſolutely prohibited all orders for its renewal, in a young lady ſhe conſidered as ſo great an heireſs, ſhe was yet proud to diſplay her various powers of proving ſerviceable. She turned, changed, rubbed, cleaned, and new made up all the ſeveral articles of which her dreſs was compoſed, to ſo much advantage, and with ſuch

ſuch ſtriking effect, that for yet a few days more all ſeemed renewed, and by the arts of ſome few alterations, her appearance was rather more than leſs faſhionable than upon her firſt arrival.

But this could not laſt long; and when all, again, was fading into a ſtate of decay, Mrs. Berlinton received an invitation for herſelf and her fair gueſt, to a great ball and ſupper, given upon the occaſion of a young nobleman's coming of age, in which all the dancers, by agreement, were to be habited in uniform.

This uniform was to be clear fine lawn, with lilac plumes and ornaments.

Camilla had now, with conſuming regret, paſſed ſeveral days without one ſight of Edgar. This invitation, therefore, which was general to all the company at Southampton, was, in its firſt ſound, delicious; but became, upon conſideration, the reverſe. Clear lawn and lilac plumes and ornaments ſhe had none; how to go ſhe knew not; yet Edgar ſhe was ſure would be there; how to ſtay away ſhe knew leſs.

This

This was a ſevere moment to her courage; ſhe felt it faultering, and putting down the card of invitation, without the force of deſiring Mrs. Berlinton to make her excuſe, repaired to her own room, terrified by the preponderance of her wiſhes to a conſent which ſhe knew her ſituation rendered unwarrantable.

There, however, though ſhe gained time for reflection, ſhe gathered not the reſolution ſhe ſought. The ſtay at Southampton, by the deſire of Lynmere, had been lengthened; yet only a week now remained, before ſhe muſt return to her father and her uncle----but how return? ſeparated from Edgar? Edgar whom ſhe ſtill believed ſhe had only to ſee again in ſome more auſpicious moment, to re-conquer and fix for life! But when and where might that auſpicious moment be looked for? not at Mrs. Berlinton's; there he no more attempted to viſit: not at the Rooms; thoſe now were decidedly relinquiſhed, and all general invitations were inadequate to draw Mrs. Berlinton from her new purſuit: where, then, was this happy explanation to paſs?

When

When our wiſhes can only be gratified with difficulty, we conclude, in the ardour of combating their obſtacle, that to loſe them, is to loſe every thing, to obtain them is to enſure all good. At this ball, and this ſupper, Camilla painted Edgar completely reſtored to her; ſhe was certain he would dance with her; ſhe was ſure he would ſit by no one elſe during the repaſt; the many days ſince they had met would endear to him every moment they could now ſpend together, and her active imagination ſoon worked up ſcenes ſo important from this evening, that ſhe next perſuaded her belief that all chance of reconciliation hung wholly upon the meeting it offered.

Impelled by this notion, yet wavering, diſſatisfied, and uncomfortable, ſhe ſummoned Mrs. Mittin, and intreated ſhe would make ſuch inquiries concerning the value of the ball-dreſs uniform, as would enable her to eſtimate its entire expence.

Her hours paſſed now in extreme diſquietude; for while all her hopes centred in the approaching feſtival, the eſtimate which was to determine her power of enjoying

joying it was by no means eaſy to procure. Mrs. Mittin, though an adept in ſuch matters, took more pleaſure in the parade than in the performance of her taſk; and always anſwered to her inquiries, that it was impoſſible to ſpeak ſo ſoon; that ſhe muſt go to ſuch another ſhop firſt; that ſhe muſt conſult with ſuch and ſuch a perſon; and that ſhe muſt conſider over more cloſely the orders given by Mrs. Berlinton, which were to be her direction, though with the ſtipulation of having materials much cheaper and more common.

At length, however, ſhe burſt into her room, one morning, before ſhe was dreſſed, ſaying: "Now, my dear miſs, I hope I ſhall make you happy;" and diſplayed, upon the bed, a beautiful piece of fine lawn.

Camilla examined and admired it, aſked what it was a yard, and how much would ſuffice for the dreſs.

"Why, my dear, I'll anſwer for it there's enough for three whole dreſſes; why it's a whole piece; and I dare ſay I can get

get a handkerchief and an apron out of it into the bargain."

"But I want neither handkerchief, nor apron, nor three dreſſes, Mrs. Mittin; I ſhall take the ſmalleſt quantity that is poſſible, if I take any at all."

Mrs. Mittin ſaid that the man would not cut it, and ſhe muſt take the whole, or none.

Camilla was amazed ſhe could ſo far have miſunderſtood her as to bring it upon ſuch terms, and begged ſhe would carry it back.

"Nay, if you don't take this, my dear, there's nothing in the ſhops that comes near it for leſs than fifteen ſhillings a-yard; Mrs. Berlinton gives eighteen for her's, and it don't look one bit to chooſe; and this, if you take it all together, you may have for ten, for all its width, for there's 30 yards, and the piece comes to but fifteen pound."

Camilla proteſted ſhe would not, at this time, pay ten ſhillings a-yard for any gown in the world.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mittin, who had flattered herſelf that the handkerchief and apron, at leaſt, if not one of the gowns, would have fallen to her ſhare, was much diſcompoſed by this unexpected declaration; and diſappointed, murmuring, and conceiving her the moſt avaricious of mortals, was forced away; leaving Camilla in complete deſpondence of any power to effect her wiſh with propriety.

Mrs. Mittin came back late, and with a look of diſmay; the man of whom ſhe had had the muſlin, who was a traveller, whom ſhe had met at a friend's, had not waited her return; and, as ſhe had left the fifteen pounds with him, for a pledge of the ſecurity of his goods, ſhe ſuppoſed he had made off, to get rid of the whole piece at once.

Camilla felt petrified. No poſſible pleaſure or deſire could urge her, deliberately, to what ſhe deemed an extravagance; yet here, in one moment, ſhe was deſpoiled of three parts of all ſhe poſſeſſed, either for her own uſe, or towards the reſtitution of her juſt debts with others.

Obſerving

Obſerving her diſtreſs, though with more diſpleaſure than pity, from believing it founded in the moſt extraordinary covetouſneſs, Mrs. Mittin propoſed meaſuring the piece in three, and diſpoſing of the two gowns ſhe did not want to Mrs. Berlinton, or her ſiſter and Miſs Lynmere.

Camilla was a little revived; but the reſpite of difficulty was ſhort; upon opening the piece, it was found damaged; and after the firſt few yards, which Mrs. Mittin had ſeduloufly examined, not a breadth had eſcaped ſome rent, fray, or miſchief.

The ill being now irremediable, to make up the dreſs in the cheapeſt manner poſſible was the only conſolation that remained. Mrs. Mittin knew a mantua-maker who, to oblige her, would undertake this for a very ſmall payment; and ſhe promiſed to procure every thing elſe that was neceſſary for the mereſt trifle.

Determined, however, to riſk nothing more in ſuch hands, ſhe now poſitively demanded that the reſidue of the note ſhould be reſtored to her own keeping.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mittin, though much affronted, honeſtly refunded the five pounds. The little articles ſhe had occaſionally brought were ſtill unpaid for; but her paſſion for detaining the money was merely with a view to give herſelf conſequence, in boaſting how and by whom ſhe was truſted, and now and then drawing out her purſe, before thoſe who had leſs to produce; but wholly without any deſign of impoſition or fraud; all ſhe could obtain by hints and addreſs ſhe conceived to be fair booty; but further ſhe went not even in thought.

Three days now only remained before this event-promiſing ball was to take place, and within three after it, the Southampton expedition was to cloſe. Camilla ſcarce breathed from impatience for the important moment, which was preceded by an invitation to all the company, to take a ſail on the Southampton water on the morning of the entertainment.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.